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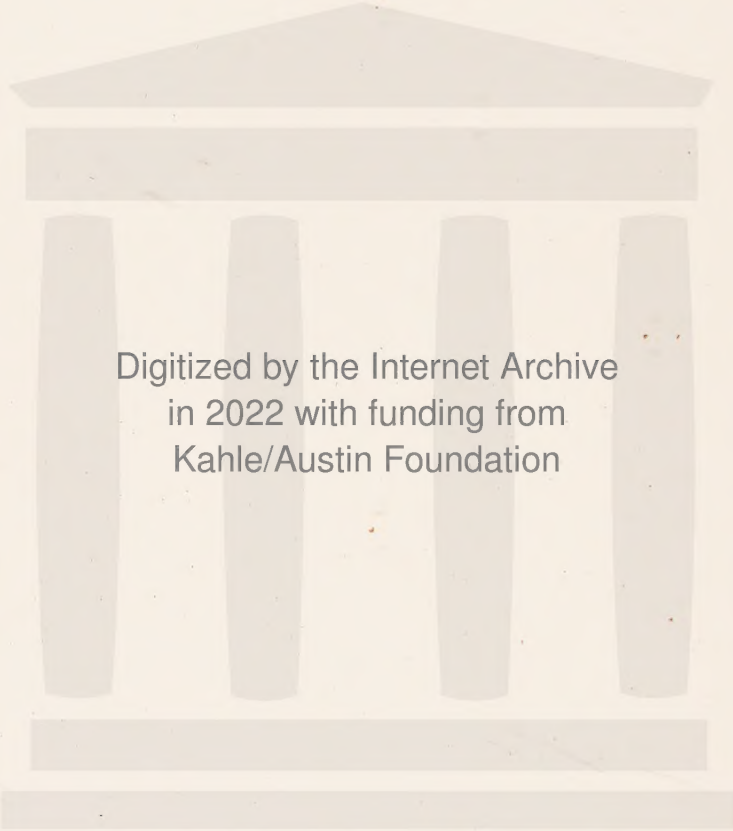
CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS

*Familiar Talks About Countries
and Peoples*

WITH THE AUTHOR ON THE SPOT AND THE
READER IN HIS HOME, BASED ON A
HALF MILLION MILES OF TRAVEL
OVER THE GLOBE

"READING CARPENTER IS SEEING THE WORLD"

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY



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IN INDIA

A land where women are generally despised, stands the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in all the world, erected by a prince to the memory of his wife.

CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY

*Siam, French Indo-China, Burma,
Hindustan*

BY
FRANK G. CARPENTER
LITT. D., F. R. G. S.



WITH 102 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

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While most of the illustrations in *CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS* are from my own negatives, those in this volume have been supplemented by photographs from the Publisher's Photo Service, R. B. Pendergast, Ewing Galloway, Hugh M. Smith, Charles C. Batchelder, the Board of Missionary Coöperation of the Northern Baptist Convention, and the World Service Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

F. G. C.

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FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY

CHAPTER I

JUST A WORD BEFORE WE START

FROM Bangkok to Bombay, from the home of the white elephant where the gentle Buddha reigns, to the Towers of Silence where the fire worshipping Parsees lay out their naked dead for the vultures to eat! A world lies between. It is the great world of Hindustan and the Indo-Chinese peninsula, the home of more than one fifth of mankind. It is an old world and a new world. Four thousand years ago, when Babylon flourished and Abraham sat before his tents in Shechem, people of the same family of the human race as that from which we are supposed to have sprung came down from the north and established themselves in India. To-day the country is inhabited by hundreds of millions of descendants of these Aryans, who are groping for the light and, stimulated by the example of our civilization, are clamouring for freedom.

Siam, Burma, India, Malaysia!—all the peoples of southern Asia are awake and rubbing their eyes. They are stretching their mighty limbs and girding themselves for the conflict of the future. This book gives my impressions of the old and the new, and is composed of the notes made from day to day as I travelled. We start

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY

among the floating homes of the city of Bangkok and then go around through the Strait of Singapore and up the Bay of Bengal to Burma. We see

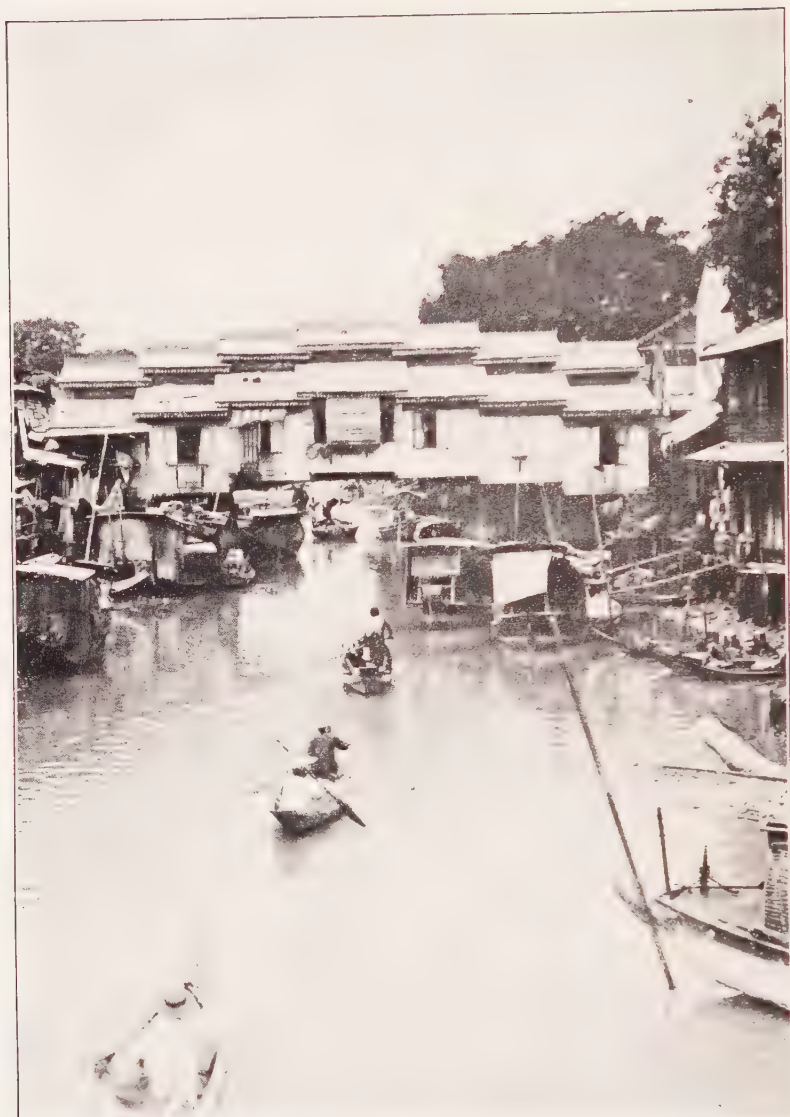
the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

We go next to the world of Kipling and of Gandhi, the world of Siva and Buddha and of the many races and castes that make up the restless Hindustan of to-day. The Empire of India has almost twice as many Hindus as we have people in the United States; it has more than eleven million Buddhists and in it sixty-nine million Mohammedans turn daily toward Mecca as they pray. There are nearly two thousand castes, or classes, the members of which will not eat, 'drink, or sleep with each other. It has between one hundred and thirty-two different languages and some claim that there are forty-five different races among its people.

In our travels we shall find the jugglers vying with the movies, and the snake charmers competing with the phonograph and the radio as it broadcasts speeches and songs. The burning ghats still flame on the banks of the Ganges, and a gasoline launch will carry us by the bathers in holy Benares. We shall hear the shrill voices of the muezzin calling to prayers from the minarets of the Jumma Musjid, the great mosque of Delhi, half drowned in the shriek of the locomotive that brings the English to that new capital of India. We shall ride to the Taj Mahal in an automobile, and in the native states shall joggle along upon the elephants of the rajahs to visit the ruins of past splendours. The itinerary is fascinating. Let us be on our way.



Not so many years ago New Road, the main thoroughfare of Bangkok, was only a winding elephant track along the Menam River. Nowadays motors, rickshaws, and handcarts are mingled in the stream of traffic flowing past temples and pagodas.



The canals of Bangkok are flushed by the tides, which bear away the refuse thrown out by the people living along the banks. These canal-dwellers do their shopping in the bridges of stores spanning the waterways here and there.

CHAPTER II

IN BANGKOK

SOME fifteen hundred miles off the beaten path of travel around the world and twenty-five miles up a mighty river from the South China Sea I sit writing these lines. All about me are scenes so different from those surrounding my readers at home that the latter scarcely seem to me real. It is December. Is it possible that in my home city of Washington people are muffled to the ears in furs as they fight against the sharp winds sweeping down Pennsylvania Avenue, while I, here in Bangkok, with doors and windows wide open, find the lightest of white linen clothing oppressive? It makes me perspire just to think of the overcoats and thick underwear being worn on the other side of the globe, and the Siamese costume of three yards of cotton material appeals to me more and more.

The click of my typewriter mingles with the songs of hundreds of birds of splendid plumage. Now and then the perfumes of myriads of flowers drift in, blended, it is true, with other scents not so delightful but just as characteristic of this Siamese capital. The Menam River is lined with coconut palms, and boats flit in and out of watery jungles where monkeys chatter in the branches of the trees.

I wish I could give you a picture of our sail up the Menam to Bangkok. This is the largest river in Siam

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and the natives call it the "Mother of All Waters." From its mouth in the Gulf of Siam, an arm of the South China Sea, we wound and twisted our way through a low, flat country to Bangkok. At frequent intervals along the banks were clusters of floating houses anchored to piles and half hidden by palm trees. Here and there were canals, branching off into the jungle and lined with huts built of bamboo, their sides and roofs thatched with palm leaves. Some of the huts stood on piles high above the water, but more often they floated on its surface, being moored to poles driven into the bed of the river so they might rise and fall with the tide. The huts looked not unlike two large dog kennels fastened together and covered with palm leaves.

Here and there through an opening in the palm trees I caught glimpses of a country as flat as the surface of the river itself, with ploughed fields as black as my boots. The only beasts upon it were ugly water buffaloes. There were no fences, no barns—only the thatched houses on piles. As we neared Bangkok the stream was alive with craft of all kinds. Naked brown youngsters paddled long canoes not over two feet wide in which the least shifting of the balance would upset the rowers. There were women wearing great straw hats, which looked like inverted work-baskets, sitting bare-legged and barebreasted in their boats. Smart motor launches went putt-putting along as if they were shouldering aside the more primitive craft and snorting with contempt as they did so.

And once landed in the streets of Bangkok, what a city of contrasts I found it! Palaces and hovels side by side. Straight, wide, tree-shaded boulevards set with substantial houses, and evil-smelling canals lined with

IN BANGKOK

tumble-down huts perched on piles or floating on bamboo rafts. The honk of the automobile and the clang of the trolley car mingling with the cry of the rickshaw coolie and the shouts of the driver of the horse-drawn gharry. Fine hotels, luxuriously appointed, with native food-stands at their very doors.

Everywhere I go in this capital I am surprised by the modern character of a city that is at the same time so strange and picturesque. Bangkok has one of the finest race-courses in the East. There are several clubs, among them the United Club, which is open to all nationalities. There are banks, well-equipped hospitals, and up-to-date hotels managed by Europeans. Among the best of the hostelrys is the Royal, which is run by a Neapolitan woman. She leases this white marble castle from the King, who got it in satisfaction of an unpaid claim on its bankrupt owner's estate. But royalty already had more palaces than it needed, so this one was turned over to the Italian woman to manage as a hotel for the rest of her life. She is charged only a nominal rent but must cater for important court functions. To her has been awarded the highest decoration the King can bestow, that of the Order of the White Elephant.

The busiest thoroughfare is the New Road, which stretches away from the royal palace to the southeast. Not so many years ago this was a winding elephant track along the river. Now it is a broad modern avenue lined for some three miles with shops, department stores, and other business buildings, and traversed by electric street cars, following each other at intervals of a few minutes. Here, too, one sees bullock carts, native omnibuses, jinrikishas, and motors.

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY

The people are even more varied than the vehicles. One may see Japanese, Chinese, Javanese, Koreans, Burmese, Afghans, Klings, Malays, Cambodians, Siamese—all the various elements that go to make up this cosmopolitan city of seven hundred thousand souls. Now and then through the midst of these Orientals, each of whom still clings for the most part to his native costume, strides a Britisher, an American, or a Frenchman, dressed in the “whites” of the tropics. There are only about one thousand Europeans and Americans in Bangkok, but they are an important part of the population, for King Rama VI, an Oxford man and the first Asiatic ruler educated in western schools, encourages the introduction of occidental civilization.

New Road is intersected at right angles by numerous streets leading to the river. Two of the most beautiful are the Bhyadhai Road and the Rajadammeren Road, or King's Walk. On the latter the branches of tamarisk trees meet over the avenue leading to the hill on which is one of the finest of the many Buddhist temples of Bangkok, the Wat Sa Ket.

The centre of the city is the royal palace, which rises on a bend of the river. Its outer walls enclose an immense area, though the space occupied by the palace and its garden is comparatively small. Inside the walls are the Foreign Office, the Treasury, the Ministry of the Interior, and other departments, as well as the Royal Library, the barracks, and a splendid Buddhist temple. Surrounding the palace on the land side is the city proper, which was once girdled by a massive wall, most of which has now been pulled down. Next to the palace is a big, open, grassy place fringed with trees. This is the Pre-



Many of Bangkok's canals run far into the interior and connect the Menam with other rivers. They are always crowded with boats that bring in rice and other farm products or furnish floating homes for thousands.



Although they are a good-natured and happy-looking lot, the Siamese girls and women, even when taking their daily baths, are not exactly alluring. They all wear their hair boy-style and most of them chew betelnut, which blackens their teeth and stains their lips.

IN BANGKOK

mane, formerly used for cremations of the royal dead but now the scene of military drills, kite-flying contests, and cricket and football matches. From the Premane to the northeast runs a wide boulevard of three carriage ways separated from each other by lines of trees and bordered by shady footpaths. This road leads to the private residence of the King at Dusit Park.

All through Bangkok are canals, or *klongs*, as they are called, bridged over at frequent intervals and crossed by modern highways lined with trees and electric lights. Once they were the main lines of communication between different parts of the city, and they are still alive with traffic. On one of them is the cold storage plant. All the way along it, from the Cold Storage anchorage, which is a sort of Times Square of Bangkok, out to the river, this *klong* is full of trading and pleasure craft. Coal barges, motor launches, and boats loaded with poultry and all sorts of produce crowd the waterway. Native merchants sell fans to the occupants of passing boats, while travelling cooks in mere cockle shells dispense hot soup or rice from pots on little charcoal stoves. Along comes the postman with his bag of mail in the bottom of his boat to be distributed to families dwelling on the banks or in the floating houses in the river. In the main stream are anchored vessels flying the flags of many nations, ships taking on loads of teak for Europe or America, big rice boats bringing the harvest to the Bangkok mills, rafts of teak logs, and priests' boats paddled by pupils of the temple schools. Along the wharves are the fine offices of the European traders, and the Standard Oil depot is visible amid clustering betel-nut trees.

I find that the canals are responsible for two features

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY

of Bangkok—the croaking of numerous frogs and a variety of bad smells. Some of the klongs have drainage systems as modern as any to be found in Europe or America, but for the most part they are like so many open sewers and depend upon the tides to flush them out twice a day. At low tide the boats that line many of them are embedded in the mud. Whole families live and die on their boats, and when the tide is out the rubbish they have thrown overboard year after year lies exposed to view on the mud bottoms of the canals. Yet the people do not in the least mind taking their baths in these refuse-laden waters. Indeed, a daily bath is a part of their religion and, moreover, the heat makes it a necessity.

The Siamese wash clothes and body all at once. The chief garment of the native dress is the *panung*, worn by both men and women and not removed when they take a dip in the river or the canals. It consists of a strip of cotton or silk three yards long and one yard wide, which is wound about the waist and hangs over the hips. The ends are brought between the legs and tucked in at the back of the waist, giving the garment a sort of trousers effect. The men complete this costume with a coat or bright scarf, while the women wear jackets or bodices, sometimes elaborately embroidered and stuck full of jewelled ornaments. I am told that among the wealthy Siamese it is customary to wear a different colour on each day of the week—red for Sunday, yellow for Monday, and so on through a seven-day scale of colours. Few of either sex wear shoes or stockings.

In the evening one sees the natives bathing everywhere. The girls step down into the water in their *panungs* and sport about like mermaids. The men bathe in the

IN BANGKOK

same way. The bathers also delight in standing or sitting on the platforms or floats in front of their houses and pouring buckets of water over themselves. I watched a Siamese maiden after she had had her bath to-day. She stood a minute to let the water run off; then, slipping another cloth loosely about her waist, she let the wet garment fall and wrung it out, to be dried for the next wearing.

The river is the playground of the children of Bangkok. They are veritable water rats, and even the smallest seem to be able to take care of themselves. Children of the poorer classes under ten wear no clothing, but nearly every one of them has some gold or silver jewellery upon his naked body. Most of them wear anklets and bracelets, as well as necklaces of gold or silver. The boy wears around his waist a string of charms of silver and jewels, while the girl has about her body a string from the centre of which a silver or gold heart depends like a miniature fig-leaf apron. When the mother carries her baby girl this metal heart, which is about the size of the bottom of a tumbler, has to be thrust aside, for here in Siam, as in most oriental countries, the native woman carries her naked infant astride her hip.

The children of the better classes, those of the princes and nobles, often wear bands of woven gold and silver about the waist. Yesterday, as I patted the head of the son of one of the city officials, I noted over his waistcloth of bright green silk a heavy silver belt of woven links. It was at least an inch wide and of the most beautiful workmanship. The Siamese children seem to be quite as happy as though they had trousers, jackets, and underwear, and the music of childish voices is as sweet here

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on the waters of the Menam as it is anywhere in the world.

The head of every Siamese child is shaved except for a kind of topknot on the crown. Among the upper classes this scalplock is well cared for. It is tied into a knot fastened with a gold pin and is sometimes wreathed with flowers. Between the ages of eleven and thirteen the lock is cut with great ceremony, and thus announcement is made that the boy has entered upon his young manhood and that the girl is ready for matrimony. Relatives and friends assemble, bringing gifts of jewellery and money, which are put aside as a wedding fund or dowry. In the case of a prince the celebration lasts for several days.

Everybody in Siam smokes—men, women, and children. The favourite place for carrying cigars and cigarettes is behind the ear, just as our American grocery clerks carry their pencils. Yesterday I saw a naked boy of four smoking a cigarette. He was puffing away lustily at the one in his mouth, and he had two others yet unlit, one behind each ear. He apparently enjoyed his tobacco, and smoked and spit and spit and smoked as though it were an every-day matter, as I doubt not it was. His brown-skinned father stood beside him and when he started away he picked up the still smoking youngster, set him astride his hip, and walked off.

The Siamese are not Negroes; they are not Chinese; they are not whites; and yet they have some points of resemblance to the people of all these races. Their eyes are shaped like half almonds. The lids look like buttonholes spread wide apart, and out of the holes shine the blackest of lustrous black eyes. Their rich olive-brown skins turn

IN BANGKOK

almost black under the hot sun, and their high cheekbones mark them as tinged with the blood of the Mongolians. Their lips are much thicker and their noses much flatter than ours. Their hair is as black as the wings of the crows that fly by the thousands over their city. Both men and women wear it cut short all around the head, though the King's preference for long-haired women is affecting the style among the ladies of the court.

A Siamese woman is not, as a rule, a person of great beauty, though she is rather pretty while in her teens. The plump young girls I see every day sculling their boats on the water look attractive. They have straight, well-rounded bodies and are wonderfully supple. Their short black hair above their roguish dark eyes gives them a rakish, boyish appearance. They are a good-natured lot, but their smiles and laughter are likely to spoil any illusion one may have about them. Like the rest of the nation, old and young, they almost invariably have teeth stained black and tongues dyed violet from chewing the betel-nut. The betel-nut is a product of a variety of the areca palm. It looks not unlike a green walnut and has a spongy kernel with a bitter taste. The people chew little pellets of the powdered nut mixed with lime and rolled in pieces of betel leaf. The habit ruins the teeth and drives the gums almost down to the roots. From the mouth comes a disgusting trickle of blood-red saliva. The Siamese laugh at our objection to black teeth. "Any dog," say they, "can have white teeth."

The women of Siam are old at thirty-five. After that, with their lean, scraggy necks and arms, their bare legs and busts, their short white hair rising brush-like above their wrinkled foreheads, and their cracked, dirty red lips

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bordering black and half-toothless gums, they are the worst specimens of womankind I have yet seen. The old men are not much better to look at, for they have the same dried-up features and their bodies, all skin and muscle, seem more like skeletons wrapped in brown parchment than anything else. The younger men are more attractive, but have not as fine figures as the maidens.

As a rule the girls seem to be the workers of Siam. Even they, however, do not over-exert themselves. The housework in a Siamese home is light, and the family wants are few and easily satisfied. Clothes are washed without soap or starch and are never ironed. The people eat only two meals a day, living on a diet that is mostly rice and vegetables, with the occasional addition of fish. Meat is seldom eaten, because the Buddhist faith frowns upon the killing of animals. Food is cooked over coals in a box filled with earth or ashes, the chief utensils being a rice pot, a kettle, and a frying pan. Many of the eatables are bought cooked. Rice forms the bread of the country and the Siamese knows nothing of the after joys of the underdone American pie crust or Boston baked beans. These Siamese girls never learn how to make cake or pudding; they have no roasts and no soups. When they eat, the family squat on the floor around a little table not more than a foot high, on which is the common dish. There are no individual plates, and no knives, forks, or spoons. The men, as lords of the household, get the first choice, the women taking what is left. In eating rice, the Siamese puts his whole hand into the steaming kettle, and, rolling the mass into a hard ball between his fingers, crowds it into his betel-stained mouth.

I visited one of the big markets of Bangkok yesterday.

IN BANGKOK

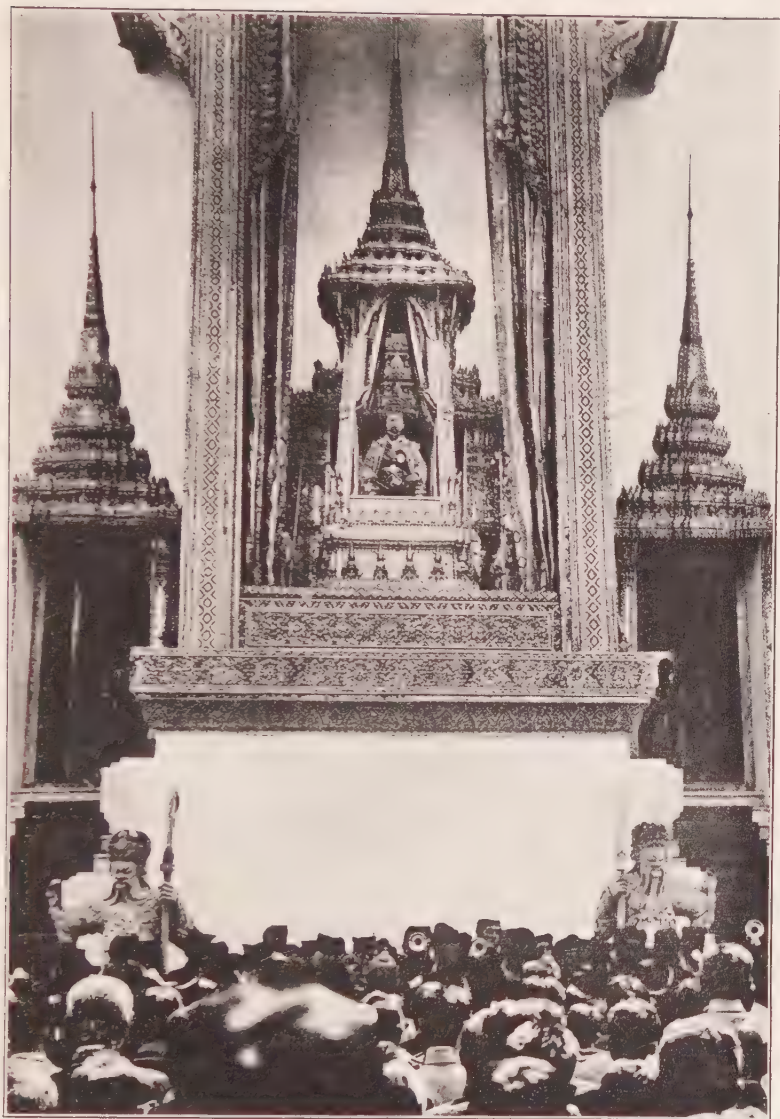
It consisted of a great, low shed filled with platforms about a foot high and twenty feet square. Through the centre of each platform was a pillar which helped support the roof of the shed, and there were four women to every platform, each with her wares spread out upon palm leaves before her. The merchants squatted with their backs against the pillars and their bare legs crossed. Each had a betel box and some cigarettes beside her, and they either chewed or smoked all the time. Their wares were little piles of onions, pieces of cabbages, and other vegetables. The quantities were not measured except by the eye, and in place of paper the purchaser wrapped up his food in green palm leaves and fastened it with a little wooden skewer the size of a toothpick.

CHAPTER III

KING RAMA AND HIS REALM

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the palace of the King of Siam. I have gone by the golden elephants at the portals, walked past the soldiers at the gate, and viewed the reception rooms and the audience chambers. I have gone into the stables of his sacred white elephants and have given the ugly beasts a taste of heathen grass. Official letters from Washington gave me access to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and one of the English-speaking nobles connected with the ministry, a copper-coloured, black-moustached young Siamese, acted as my guide.

The royal palace at Bangkok, which was built in the reign of Chulalongkorn, father of the present king, looks not unlike the homes of rulers in Europe. It is of three stories and in the French style, but has a typical Siamese roof covered with green and gold tiles. At a distance it appears to be made of marble, but a closer inspection shows that what seems to be stone is merely stucco. The golden elephants, each about half life-size, which guard the entrance, change as you come near them from massive gold to gilded iron. Between the elephants wide marble stairways lead to heavy doors of carved teakwood opening into a great vestibule. The ceiling of the vestibule is about forty feet high and the walls of polished teak are hung with ancient Siamese armour.



Though educated at Oxford and Sandhurst, and imbued with western ideas, Rama VI pledged himself upon his coronation to uphold the ancient Buddhistic faith of his fathers. Theoretically a despotic monarch, he is in fact a wise and progressive ruler of his ten million subjects.



In the White Royal Palace roofed with green and gold tiles, King Rama receives distinguished guests and grants audiences to the diplomats of other nations and to the princes and officials of his realm.



Early in May the Siamese minister of Agriculture, known for the day as the "Rice King," opens the rice-sowing season and, following an ancient custom, ploughs a few furrows with a gilded plough and scatters handfuls of grain.

KING RAMA AND HIS REALM

At the right is the king's council chamber. His throne is like a bed and he lies on his arm or sits Siamese fashion, à la Turk, while he receives his advisers and discusses matters of state. The ministers and nobles sit on leather-cushioned benches, and the portraits of Siamese heroes, done in oil by European artists, look down upon them from the walls. Just back of the throne there is a portrait of a shaven-headed, half-naked Buddhist *bonze*. It is a likeness of the high priest of the kingdom, and thus the proceedings go on under the eye of a representative of Buddha himself. The priests, by the way, claim that the royal family are lineal descendants of Buddha.

On the other side of the vestibule is a grand reception room fully as wide and nearly as long as the East Room of the White House at Washington. This is paved with marble mosaic and its ceiling, twice as high as that of the East Room, is gorgeously decorated with carvings of gold. Brilliant chandeliers depend from it and about the walls are oil paintings of the royal family. The furniture of this room is European and there are rare vases from Dresden, filigree work from Venice, and other objects of art from the western world. Beyond is still another great reception room, into which I was escorted by the Siamese noble who conducted me through the palace. Here two of the largest elephant's tusks I have ever seen, wonderfully carved, stand beside the mantel, and there are cabinets filled with gold knick-knacks, from card cases to betel boxes.

Leaving these rooms, we crossed the vestibule and entered the throne room. This is a splendid hall with a lofty vaulted ceiling inlaid with many pieces of coloured glass like a Tiffany window. The light shining through

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makes this coloured ceiling look as though it were made of jewels. The walls below are decorated with gilt frescoes. The three immense glass chandeliers, like those of the East Room of the White House, were made for the palace of Franz Josef of Austria, but were bought by Chulalongkorn. The floor is of marble mosaic and the King sits on a great chair on a rostrum at the back. Five steps lead up to it, and beside it are the royal umbrellas. Directly over it is a nine-story, pagoda-like umbrella of white and gold.

Theoretically, at least, the man who holds forth in all this state is the absolute ruler of ten millions of people, over whom he has the power of life and death. His subjects are his slaves. He has the right to call them into his service either with or without pay and any man in Siam may be forced to give him either the whole or a part of his time. His word can throw a man into chains or put him to death; can deprive him of his property or rob him of his daughter. All the women of Siam are supposed to belong to him. He may tax the people as he pleases and he can spend tens of thousands of dollars in cremating a dead wife, in establishing a navy, or in gratifying any other whim that may be his.

So much for theory. It is true that Rama VI, King of Siam, is one of the few absolute rulers left upon earth and that there is no democratic institution to say him nay. But in actual practice he exercises none of the tyrannical prerogatives that I have named, and is not at all the kind of ruler that such absolute power usually breeds. I have not been so fortunate as to meet His Royal Highness. I have, however, met many men connected with the court, who are well informed about him and his kingdom. My

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talks with them and with old residents of the country have given me almost as good an understanding of his personality as though I had interviewed him. A recent photograph of King Rama lies on the table before me; it is a picture of a pleasant, round-faced man of early middle age. He wears a plain military uniform, which seems to be his favourite dress, and he appears generally unassuming and likeable.

I am told that King Rama is much impressed with his responsibility as head of his people. He is determined to lead them farther along in the paths of progress in which their feet were set in the time of his father, Chulalongkorn, and even of his grandfather, Mongkut. When Mongkut was heir to the Siamese throne, he was for years cheated out of the succession by one of his father's wives. She had gained possession of the treasury and had bought up enough votes in the council of nobles, without whose sanction no one could then take the imperial office, to give her own son the crown. For twenty-six years Mongkut remained in a Buddhist monastery, where he learned Latin from the Jesuits, read and wrote English with the missionaries, and corresponded with men of letters in England and America. Thus, when at last he came to the throne, he was acquainted with western ideas and fired with an ambition to make his obscure little state one of the nations of the world.

His son Chulalongkorn succeeded Mongkut at the age of fifteen, and reigned for fifty-eight years. Educated by European tutors, he had great respect for western ideals and institutions. He sent his son, Rama, the present king, to Sandhurst and Oxford, while ten of his other sons were educated at Eton. He established and en-

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dowed a full-fledged university at Bangkok, with departments of law, medicine, and engineering, and even opened a college for women. A Harvard man, Professor Strobel, was employed as general adviser to the King and his government. When Strobel died of blood poisoning, due to an insect bite received in Egypt as he was on his way home for a vacation, another American was selected in his place. Moreover, Professor Strobel's old mother was pensioned for life by the Siamese government.

In Mongkut's time, the person of the monarch was considered so sacred that none dare approach him or remain in his presence save on hands and knees. At the first assembly convened by Chulalongkorn he commanded those in attendance to stand. Mongkut rode in a golden sedan chair carried on the shoulders of one hundred men in liveries of scarlet and gold. Chulalongkorn drove over the new macadam roads of his kingdom in a basket phaeton drawn by twenty white ponies. When the present ruler returned from his studies and his travels abroad he brought back eighty-three different models of automobiles of American and European makes. It was Rama, too, who introduced the typewriter into the kingdom. He was pleased with the first machine he saw as a youngster and ordered one made specially for him with a keyboard of Siamese characters. His father was delighted and decreed that all manuscripts presented at court be typed on the new kind of machine.

In 1911, in the presence of a number of representatives of the Powers formally invited to witness the ceremony, Rama VI assumed the Siamese crown. On that occasion he swore to rule as "Buddha's prince." The kingdom that Rama inherited had an area nearly four fifths that of Texas,



In the upper Menam Valley primitive paddle wheels are worked on the principle of the treadmill to force the water along the irrigation ditches in the rice fields. Like nearly all the hard farm work in Siam, this task is done by women.



The journey of the rafts of teak logs from the forests of upper Siam to the timber mills of Bangkok, which involves many a battle with strong currents and frequent tie-ups, may take four or five years. British companies hold most of the teak-lumbering concessions.

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with a population almost equal to that of the state of New York. It came into his possession intact, and without any strings upon it. During the last century, when the Powers were helping themselves to slices of China, Siam maintained her independence, although for years the British on the north and the French on the south watched for a chance to gobble her up between them. Now England, France, and Siam are restrained by treaties and common interests and Siam seems likely to remain *Muang Thai*, "Land of the Free," as the Siamese call it in recognition of the fact that it has never been under foreign rule.

The principal product of the country is rice, which is also the staple food of the people. After domestic needs are met there is an annual surplus of something over a million tons for export. Most of this business is handled from Bangkok, which, with the surrounding district, has eighty rice mills. The bulk of the grain comes down the rivers and through the canals that form a network over the whole country, but some is shipped to the capital by rail. Siam now has about fourteen hundred miles of government-owned railways. There is through service from Bangkok to Penang in the Federated Malay States and Singapore in the Straits Settlements. In the northern part of the country are dense forests which furnish valuable teak, used by ship-builders and furniture makers all over the world. The forests are under control of a British conservator appointed by the King and assisted by several British foresters. Siam has also extensive mineral resources, including deposits of tin, tungsten, coal, iron, and wolfram. Many of her young men are studying mining engineering.

King Rama has extended his father's plans for the

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educational advancement of his people. It is said that every man in the kingdom can read and write, though the girls and women are mostly illiterate. The literacy of the men is partly due to their training under the Buddhist monks. King's College, a boarding school for sons of the Siamese nobility, has been enlarged and the institution for the daughters of nobles has quite as high a standard as have some of the best of our schools for girls. In the Civil Service School young men are trained for positions in the Department of the Interior. Many others are being sent abroad to complete their educations, and scholarships of fifteen hundred dollars a year are awarded annually for four-year courses in the colleges of Europe and America. Some of the prize men at Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Oxford, and Cambridge are from Siam. These Siamese youths often excel in athletics, too; one of the King's brothers was coach of a crew at Oxford.

Rama VI himself approves of athletic and military training. The Siamese Boy Scout troops are affiliated with the Wild Tigers, a body of fifty companies of young officials and other civilians organized for special training. As in most European countries to-day, universal military service prevails, and on a war basis the Siamese Army musters about eighty thousand horse and foot. Siam joined in the war against Germany in 1918 and in June of that year sent her regiments of yellow-skinned troops to take part in the great conflict. In the city of Bangkok is a white shaft erected to the memory of the Siamese who fell in the World War. Some say there was literally only one of him, as the troops under the flag of the White Elephant arrived too late to get into the fight. At any rate, Siam's action won for her a place at the treaty-

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making councils of Versailles, to which she sent a delegation to look after her interests.

Two of the pet vices of Siam, which is, by the way, not an especially vicious country, have been attacked with vigour by the present king. These are opium smoking and gambling. In the past a large part of the government's revenue came from licensed gambling and the opium traffic. By increasing trade and by developing the resources of Siam, Rama's government has been able to dispense with these sources of income. The opium traffic has been taken under strict control and gambling is no longer licensed or even officially sanctioned.

I should say, however, that it will be a long time before the Siamese will be broken of the gambling habit. There is nothing that appeals more to these happy-go-lucky people than a game of chance. One of the favourites seems to be *fantan* and I have seen many Siamese collected in groups about mats presided over by the Chinamen who act as the bankers. Little shells are used instead of cash and the game is substantially the same as that played in China. Gambling is especially common among the people living along the river and it is not unknown, I am told, among the palace ladies.

King Rama's attitude toward the women of his country was regarded by his subjects as nothing short of revolutionary, and he is still regarded with wonder because he has but one wife. Among the ordinary Siamese the status of women is far above that in most Asiatic countries. They are not secluded and young men and girls meet with such freedom that usually they form attachments for each other which are taken into consideration when marriages are arranged by their parents. In case of a

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divorce the wife retains her dowry as well as the custody of half the children of the marriage. According to the Siamese the uneven numbers are the lucky ones, and it is the divorced wife who gets the first, third, and the rest of the odd-numbered offspring. Polygamy is permitted but does not generally exist among the mass of the people.

In the earlier days the ladies of the royal household, however, had not so much freedom as had their common sisters. The sovereign was expected to have in his harem a member of every influential family in his domain; for it was thought that in no other way could he keep in close touch with his people and also hold in check any over-ambitious nobleman. Therefore, besides his several hundred wives, the Siamese king had a number of concubines and dancers, called collectively the "palace ladies." These were kept secluded, appearing only at private gatherings and never at public functions. Even Chulalongkorn, father of the present king, had between seven and eight thousand wives and palace ladies.

When the young Crown Prince returned from his stay abroad he was told that he might choose for himself a hundred or so of the most attractive of the court beauties. He astonished his father by declaring that he would marry only one wife and that he would marry for love alone. As a matter of fact, he remained a bachelor until eleven years after his coronation, when, in his forty-second year, he married his cousin, the Princess Lakshmi. Even before his coronation he did away with the seclusion of the women of the royal household, and on that occasion the court ladies were everywhere in evidence—at the royal theatre, at the public receptions, and at the coronation ball. Many of them are now adopting European dress



Travelling troupes of entertainers follow the course of the canals through Siam, giving performances in the villages and towns. The plays are of gods and spirits and ancient national heroes.



Along the tidal rivers the Siamese build their houses on tall bamboo stilts. The space underneath is given over to the family cows, pigs, and dogs, which feed on the scraps dropped down from above through the loosely laid floor.

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and, in short, Siamese court society is undergoing a complete revolution.

Another example of the modernization of Siam under its present ruler is the decline in the glory of its famous white elephants. Though the white elephant is the imperial beast of the kingdom and his likeness still appears on the national flag, his former prestige has disappeared. Traditionally, he is supposed to be the embodied spirit of some ancient king or hero, and time was when the people worshipped him. In King Mongkut's day, for example, when a party of hunters reported the capture of a white elephant, the news spread like lightning, and all Siam was wild with delight. The monarch dispatched an escort of great personages to mount guard over the royal animal, which was tied by silken ropes in the forest where he had been found. There for a period he was tamed and taught the proper etiquette for his exalted rôle. He was then conducted along special roads cut through the forest to the former capital at Ayuthia, where he was put aboard a floating wooden palace hung with crimson curtains and carpeted with gilded matting.

All the way down the Menam to Bangkok obsequious attendants bathed him, perfumed him, fanned and flattered him. The sweetest of sugar-cane, the brownest of wheat-cakes, the tenderest of grass were served him from trays of gold and silver, and in his drink were fragrant jessamine flowers. King and court met him with appropriate honours and he was baptized by the priests, being christened with the name and title chosen for him by the sovereign. This name was inscribed on a piece of sugar-cane, which was extended to the elephant, who swallowed it at once, thus indicating that he accepted the

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honours bestowed upon him. Then he was inducted into a palace scarcely less gorgeous than that of royalty itself. He had his own special retinue some of whom looked after his wardrobe of velvet and silk coverings embroidered in gold and jewels. Thus he passed his days, at enormous expense to the kingdom.

It might be, however, that for some reason the King would present one of the royal white elephants to a courtier. Indeed, it was said that he made such a gift only to one whom he wished to ruin, for the expense of maintaining the pampered beast in the style to which he was accustomed was guaranteed to bankrupt even the wealthiest noble. This, by the way, is supposed to be the origin of the expression "to have a white elephant on one's hands."

Well, the three scraggy old fellows I saw in the royal stables this morning were a sorry sight compared to those of other days. As everybody knows, there is no such thing as a really white elephant, but some are found with pale gray or pinkish skins and these are called "white." The only white parts of the animals I saw were their long, flopping ears, which were spotted with the pale blotches of some skin disease. The beasts were in dirty stables and were attended by dirty keepers, and there was not the slightest sign of imperial pomp about them. The last one to be captured came down in a reinforced freight car from Ayuthia to Bangkok. The King neither went himself nor sent the royal elephants to meet him, though in the evening His Highness did visit the stables and give the newcomer a title beginning with "Count." I think it is probable that the King's elephant stables are now maintained solely out of regard for the superstitions of some of the more ignorant Siamese.

CHAPTER IV

SOME SHRINES AND RITES OF SIAM

IN SIAM about one in every ten of the male population between the ages of sixteen and eighty has a shaved head and wears a yellow robe. Counting both monks and novices, there are in this country close to two hundred thousand Buddhist priests, and, judging from the numbers I have seen in Bangkok, I think about half of them must make their headquarters here. They wear yellow robes because when Buddha went forth from his palace to beg his way among men he donned this dress. By taking it he humbled himself to the level of the lowliest, and so it is worn by the Buddhist priests to this day as an evidence of their humility.

The priests are under the immediate control of the King, who gives them every year the material for their yellow gowns, but they are dependent upon the public for their one meal a day. Every morning the streets of the city are alive with priests going quietly about with their begging bowls, which they hold out for rice as they pass along. They never ask for food and if it is not offered the bowl is quickly withdrawn, so that any one who wants to contribute has to be in a hurry about it. In fact, these men have almost a supercilious air as they stand while rice is dropped into their bowls, and the reason for this is the idea that the giver and not the receiver is benefited by the gift. Buddhists are taught that those who give to the

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support of their religion acquire merit for themselves in so doing, and that the priests really render a service in affording such an opportunity.

The regular priesthood numbers about ninety thousand, most of whom serve the government by conducting schools. They charge no fees for their instruction, but the pupils are expected to attend the temples and perform certain menial duties for their teachers. Every Siamese youth is obliged to spend some part of his life in the priesthood. His service may not be longer than three months, but during that time he must conform strictly to the rules, even to the extent of begging his food. Like his father and his grandfather before him, the present King has gone about in a yellow robe, with shaven head and unsandalled feet, asking his one meal a day of the people over whom he is now absolute ruler. With other young men he has studied the tenets of Buddha in the Temple of the Emerald Idol. Immediately on ascending to the throne he announced that his reign should be devoted to upholding and strengthening "Our Holy Buddhistic Faith."

There are in his kingdom, which, you remember, is smaller than Texas, no less than fourteen thousand Buddhist temples. Bangkok fairly bristles with their gilded spires, and an aviator flying low over the capital would have to look sharp to dodge them. On the only elevation in the city rises Wat Sa Ket, built upon an artificial hill made of brick. Its spires are studded with sapphires and its porches are guarded by huge stone images. From it one gets a fine view of Bangkok, with its banyans, its bamboos, and its tamarind trees, pierced here and there by four- and even six-story government and office buildings and department stores, and by the spires of





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still other *wats*, or temples. Curving around the city is the majestic Menam with its teeming river life.

The Buddhist temples of Bangkok are costly beyond description. The finest of them all is the Wat Phra Keo, or Temple of the Emerald Idol, which is connected with the palace of the King. Here he worships daily and it was here that he declared himself Defender of the Faith of his people. Its lofty spire is made of coil after coil of masonry covered with gold leaf. All the woodwork of the temple, inside and out, is overlaid with gold leaf. I visited it yesterday. Passing by the armed men at the gate of the palace, my guide conducted me beyond great walls into a vast court filled with buildings faced with painted porcelain and decorated with gold and pieces of coloured glass. Some of the structures clustered about the temple had massive square pillars enclosing wide cloisters and others rose story after story into spires decorated with thousands of figures of men and beasts, and showing here and there golden images of the sacred elephant. Around the base of these buildings and in the courtyard of the *wat* were marble statues of men of all nations in the most curious costumes. I noted a Dutchman with his pipe, a Chinese mandarin with his umbrella, and a daimio of Japan with his two swords. At one gate of the temple there is a statue said to represent St. Peter. I was told that King Mongkut bought it of an Italian sculptor, along with a marble Ceres, taking them both, I doubt not, because they were cheap. It seems strange to see St. Peter attending the gate of a Buddhist temple, but then there are many strange things in Bangkok.

Entering one of the halls through doors of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl, I found ranged below golden statues

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of Buddha a mixture of rubbish gathered from the four corners of the earth. Here are glass oil lamps from America beside china candlesticks from Germany. Old Dutch clocks and glass fruit-dishes of the ten-cent-store variety are set side by side with costly Dresden vases and real objects of art in gold and silver. There are candles of every size burning in all sorts of candlesticks, some as big around as the body of a man and some plated with gold. The largest candles will burn for weeks before a Buddha, and their flickering flame is supposed to expiate a multitude of sins. From the ceiling, which is a mass of gold fretwork, hang magnificent chandeliers. The high altar is pyramidal in shape and sixty feet high. Upon it sits the Emerald Idol, an image of Buddha twelve inches high and eight inches wide. The superstitious believe that Buddha himself alighted upon this spot in the form of a great emerald and by a flash of lightning conjured into being the temple and the altar for his house and throne. Close observers have declared, however, that the image is carved, not from emerald, but from jade. The collar and the hair are of the purest gold and while the metal was in a molten state diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones were embedded in it. Below the Emerald Idol there are numerous other images of gold plate.

In the rooms opening off from this great hall I saw monks clad in yellow, sitting cross-legged on the ground or lying down with their heads upon pillows. Many were studying long strips of palm-leaf an inch wide, upon which were printed the prayers of their religion. In the temple I looked at the holy fire burning on the altar, and my guide told me that this fire was used for lighting the funeral pyres of royalty. It went out about a century ago, and

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the people of Bangkok were in despair, until one of the buildings was struck by lightning and from the heaven-sent flame they rekindled the fire which has been burning ever since.

The next temple I visited was that of the Sleeping Buddha. Here also there is a wilderness of buildings crowned by lofty spires, gorgeous and gaudy with white stucco, gilt, coloured porcelains, and bits of glass of many hues. The Sleeping Buddha, which is one of the largest idols in the world, is one hundred and fifty feet long. A room sixteen feet wide makes a good-sized bedroom, yet you could not put the two soles of this Buddha's feet on a floor sixteen feet square. Buddha lies on his side, resting his great head on his arm. The arm near the elbow is as big around as the largest oak tree you have ever seen, and his gilded ears, if stood upon end, would reach about four feet higher than the average ceiling. His body is, I judge, nearly fifty feet thick at the waist. The legs of the statue are almost sixty feet long, and its toe nails measure about fifteen inches. Upon these are engraven the ten attributes of Buddha, and the soles of the feet are covered with bas-reliefs inlaid with mother of pearl. The figure rests upon a platform about four feet high. The body is built of brick heavily coated with lacquer and covered with gold leaf.

Less than a hundred miles to the southwest of Bangkok, on the side of the Palace Mountain at Pechaburi, lies the companion of this Sleeping Buddha. Travellers on the trains through that part of Siam may look out upon the colossal image close to the track there. This figure, too, is made of bricks overlaid with gilded lacquer. The right arm, which is folded under the head, is supported by

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several immense pillows. The ears droop to the shoulders. The Siamese say that when a child shall be born with fingers and toes all the same length and with ears coming down to its shoulders, then another Buddha will have come into the world. So far, however, none has ever seen such an infant.

The Peguans of Burma living in Siam make annual pilgrimages to the Sleeping Buddha at Pechaburi, and the women used to anoint the feet with perfumes and fragrant oil and then wipe them with their beautiful hair as they chanted the praises of the Enlightened One. But the Siamese made so much fun of them that finally they gave up the custom. According to tradition, there was once a door in the back of this idol giving access to a room filled with treasure hidden there in a time of danger to the kingdom. No trace of a door is to be seen to-day, but perhaps the treasure does lie buried beneath the guardian image.

Siam is the land of cremation. All people here burn their dead, for the soul of him whose corpse is not burned is supposed to go directly to hell, there to slave forever for a dog-faced god with a human body whose feet are in the brimstone flames. The uncremated dead are compelled to carry water in baskets over a long bridge to pour upon these hot feet, and they are denied further transmigration of soul. Cremation is thus the only means by which a soul may go on through its cycle of transmigrations, until it at last reaches the Buddhist heaven, Nirvana, the state of complete peace. In Siam it costs more to be buried than to be married, and an Irish wake is nothing to the festivities of a first-class Siamese funeral. As I write this, the sound of the carpenters near by is plainly heard. They are putting up a huge funeral pyre, and are building



The Siamese *wat*, or temple, consists of a number of buildings scattered about a large park-like enclosure. In connection with the temples pagodas of solid masonry are raised over relics of Buddha, and guarded by gigantic, grotesque figures.



When the Siamese cremate a king, they spend months in preparations. Besides the elaborate structure for the funeral pyre, prayer towers and pavilions for royal mourners, foreign diplomats, and native officials are constructed at great cost.

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a structure finer than the home of a well-to-do Siamese family. A nobleman has died. His body, which has been kept for some weeks, is now to be burned. All of his clan will celebrate the occasion, and there will be music, dancing, theatricals, and feasting.

The most splendid funeral of all is, of course, that of a king. King Mongkut's obsequies cost more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. When his successor, Chulalongkorn, was dying, he requested that while his cremation ceremonies should be marked with a magnificence befitting his rank, there should be no unnecessary expenditure and that any funds thus saved should be used for the advancement of the kingdom. His wishes were respected and every church, hospital, and school in Siam, regardless of creed, received useful gifts bought with the money left over after all bills were paid. On the occasion of the funeral the special buildings were smaller than usual, though they were even more beautiful than those set up for the cremation of Mongkut. For months beforehand the artisans exercised their greatest skill. The funeral structures formed a group about a central gilded tower thirty-eight feet square at the base and rising two hundred and forty feet into the air. This was the Phra Meru, prepared for the casket and the funeral pyre. At its corners were four prayer towers, while surrounding all were pavilions for the King, the Queen Mother, the foreign diplomats, and other officials of rank.

In the past the body of a monarch was not cremated until a year after death, but the final ceremonies for Chulalongkorn took place six months after he had breathed his last. Meantime, the embalmed body, placed in a sitting posture in a copper casket enclosed in one of gold,

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was kept in state in a little chapel within the palace grounds. Buddhist services were held before it daily and representatives of all nations came to leave their offerings of flowers, gold and silver wreaths, and artificial trees made of gold.

The ceremonies and celebrations at the time of the cremation lasted for a whole week. On the final day the jewelled casket was lowered from its place and taken to the Phra Meru. In the procession were the state troops; bands playing Chopin's and Handel's Funeral Marches; the scarlet-clad musicians of the palace guard band with silver trumpets, metal gongs, and conch shells; and the Holy Prince, or High Priest, dressed in his yellow robes and seated in a gilded car drawn by one hundred and fifty men in scarlet liveries. In his hands he held a silver ribbon, one end of which was fastened to the royal casket in the car behind him, so that hallowed influences might pass from him to the dead. Behind the funeral car walked King Rama VI dressed in his field-marshal's uniform. After the members of the royal family came the representatives of Great Britain, France, Russia, the United States, and the other Powers, and the officers of the Siamese government departments.

Arrived at the Phra Meru, the King entered his pavilion, the coffin was lowered from its car to a gorgeous palanquin, and the procession marched three times around the tower. Then the casket was drawn up on an inclined plane to the pyre. For a time it was hidden behind golden curtains while the outer casket was removed and replaced by one of sandalwood. At sunset the Meru was lighted with electric lights and the curtains were pushed back. The conch shells and the quaint drums and other ancient

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instruments burst into music as the King ascended the pyre and applied the sacred flame.

Next morning the pyre was extinguished and the royal ashes were gathered and sprinkled with perfume. Enclosed in an urn of gold set with diamonds, they were escorted in a solemn procession to the chapel where the body had been in state. They were removed a few days later to their final resting-place in a Buddhist monastery erected by Chulalongkorn as a monument to his long and enlightened reign.

Far different from the scenes attending the cremation of royalty was the one I viewed many years ago in the courtyard of the beautiful Wat Sa Ket. I shall never forget the horrible sight I beheld when I entered the great enclosure set aside for the disposal of the pauper and criminal dead. At that time it was the practice to cast their bodies into this place, and leave them lying on the ground to be devoured by the dogs and by the flocks of vultures that continually circled overhead. All about me were half-eaten corpses, and as I looked I saw a dozen gray-winged scavengers fighting with the hungry-eyed dogs for a mass that had once been a human being. Beside the bloody corpses being fought over by dogs and buzzards lay quantities of human skulls and odd legs and arms of the dead of yesterday. Within the court were several low brick buildings. Out of one of them came a toothless old hag with gray hair and wrinkled skin, who motioned me to come inside. I did so, and there along a wall were a dozen grinning skulls. She wanted me to buy one, as a souvenir!

Then she led me away to another part of the grounds and showed me some coffins which she said had contained the

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bodies of cholera victims. I was told that many of the poor Siamese used to dedicate their bodies to the vultures of the Wat Sa Ket, and that it was customary to burn the bones after the birds had stripped them clean. Next we peered into a cave where there was a small golden Buddha. Meantime, a little child had come up and was standing beside the old hag. I could not help being struck by the contrast between the little one's freshness and all the horrors amid which she was growing up. Inside the enclosure, not far from the clustering dogs and vultures, was a hut and I caught the gleam of a fire. The woman was cooking dinner for herself and her child there!

I am glad to say that this horrible institution has been abolished and the Wat Sa Ket is to-day unmarred by its former ghastly spectacle.

CHAPTER V

SIAM'S FRENCH NEIGHBOUR

ONCE more I am sweltering at sea off the coast of Siam, headed southward in the gulf named for that country, and on my way around the great Malay Peninsula that dangles down into the Indian Ocean until it almost touches the Dutch Island of Sumatra. I am bound for Rangoon, there to begin my travels in the Indian Empire. By water, it is a journey of four thousand miles from Bangkok, but by airplane I could made it in a flight of hardly one sixth of that distance.

To the east, as I gaze out from the deck of my steamer, lies the coast of Cambodia, whence the French have long looked with land-hungry eyes upon the adjoining kingdom of Siam. Cambodia is now subject to the government at Paris, and with Tongking, Annam, and Cochin China, goes to make up the French territorial holdings in southeastern Asia.

Our steamer does not call at any port of French Indo-China, but on another voyage to this part of the world I visited its chief city, Saigon. Saigon is in Cochin China, which, though it is the smallest of the French Asiatic possessions, is the most prosperous and the centre of French influence in the Orient. I found Saigon a surprisingly beautiful place, but also the hottest I had ever been in. It was hotter than Java, on the edge of the Equator,

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whence I had just come. The thermometer registered one hundred in the shade, and at night the warm moist air made me feel as though I were wrapped in steaming hot blankets.

Saigon is as well built as any city of its size in the tropics and it is one of the most attractive places in this part of the world. It is situated on the river Saigon, a branch of the Donai, about forty miles from the sea. It is not far from the great Mekong River, which rises in China and flows south more than a thousand miles between French Indo-China and Siam until it enters Cambodia, and then sweeps on in a mighty stream to the China Sea. The Saigon River is as wide as the Mississippi at St. Louis, and deep enough for the largest steamers, and it is connected with the Mekong by canals. The surrounding country is flat and cut up by waterways. Near the sea the land is so low that the farmhouses are built on piles to keep them out of the water, but there is a slight elevation as you go up to Saigon. The way is through plains as rich as those of the Nile Valley. The river is lined with thickets of palm trees. There are coconut groves here and there, and back of these lie vast fields of rice and other crops.

The first evidences of European occupation I noticed as we came up the stream were the great oil tanks on the left, and a little later I could see the masts of the shipping at the docks of Saigon. The rosy spires of a great cathedral stood out against the sky, and soon we were winding about between water craft of all kinds into the heart of the city.

Landing on the wharf, I started off for a stroll. It was easy to see that the French rule Saigon. There were French signs over the stores, French buildings in the busi-

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ness part of the town, and French people everywhere. A dozen chic French girls dressed in Parisian styles and with parasols in their hands met our steamer. The customs officers were French, and there were scores of officials and merchants spick and span in white duck and white helmets, who spoke to us in French as we went ashore. The natives about the docks spoke pidgin-French.

The streets are wide, and so well macadamized that the red earth upon them is as hard as iron and as smooth as a floor. Trees have been planted along the roadways in such numbers that even from the river one can see little of the city except the red-tiled roofs of the houses and the rose-coloured spires of the cathedral showing out of the green. Some of the trees have leaves like enormous fans, which whisper to you as you walk the streets; some bear coconuts, and others are great masses of blossoms of the brightest colours. One is the flamboyant, or torch tree, such as I have seen on the Amazon and in the Philippines. It is as tall as the biggest oak and blazes with satiny blossoms of fire. There are other trees equally large bearing blue flowers, and many slender betel palms with fan-like branches thrusting out of their tops. I spent some time in the Botanical Gardens, which are said to be surpassed by those of Java alone.

The stucco houses are painted in bright colours—red, pink, yellow, and blue—and the public buildings are so substantial and well built as to reflect credit on the French. Indeed, they have given Saigon many splendid improvements. Here a great bridge spans the Saigon River, there a steel structure crosses a canal. Along the wharves is a dry dock big enough to float the largest of warships. The city has cable, telegraph, and telephone

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services, and the principal streets are well illuminated by arc lights. The Saigon marine hospital would be worthy of any port.

Saigon has in the neighbourhood of eighty thousand people, of whom only about four thousand are Europeans. The natives seem to be a cross between the Chinese and the Malays. Every crowd is a succotash of races. There are many short, homely women, with yellow skins and jet-black hair, who would remind you of the girls we saw in Siam. They wear jackets and pantaloons, some having chemises falling almost to the feet. Other women dress like those of Burma, and still others wear *sarongs* like the Javanese. Some of the men wear Chinese costumes, some Javanese, and some a mixture of both.

Everywhere there are half-naked children of all shades of yellow and brown. The babies have on no clothing and are carried about astride the hips of their mothers. The women and little girls decorate themselves with collars or hoops of silver, gold, or brass about their necks, and many young women have their fingers covered with rings. I counted as many as five on one finger of a girl I passed. It is the custom to put gold and silver bracelets and anklets on the children. I saw a four-year-old girl dressed solely in three gold anklets, two gold bracelets, and ten finger rings.

Unlike the Siamese, most of the natives of Cochin China wear their hair long, putting it up in a knot on the back of the head. The men bind a cloth about their heads to keep their hair in place, while the women plaster down their tresses with oil. The usual hat among the lower classes is a conical one of straw, either snow-white or oiled to a rich yellow.



As a rice exporter French Indo-China is second only to Burma. The crop is cultivated largely by the Annamese, while the milling and exporting are handled chiefly by the Chinese.



The nearest the Indo-Chinese have come to a threshing machine is a frame-work studded with iron teeth through which rice is pulled to strip off the grain. More usually the crop is threshed by being trampled by oxen, or by beating the stalks.

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Every one chews the betel-nut, and even the prettiest of the girls carry quids in their cheeks. One of the industries of Saigon is preparing the lime to be mixed with the betel-nut. It is obtained from shells which are burned in great kilns.

Saigon is the halfway station between the Chinese and Indian worlds, and one finds there many of the characteristics and customs of both. Much of the business is done in bazaar-like cells similar to those of Calcutta and Bombay. In them dark-faced Hindus squat in the midst of goods calling out to the foreigner: "Sahib, please buy!" Outside the market houses are money changers and many jewellery stores, for the people put most of their savings into bracelets, rings, and anklets.

The chief money changers are Klings, as black as the ace of spades, from southern Hindustan. They sit behind tables with little stacks of coins—gold, silver, and copper—before them. The local currency is in silver and the highest denomination, the piastre, is equivalent to about fifty cents.

I spent some time going through the markets. A number of the dealers were girls in black clothes, each with a collar of silver or brass about her neck and silver bands around her wrists and ankles. Many of the women were sewing and Chinese cobblers were squatting on the stones outside mending shoes. In the meat market I saw a score of Chinese butchers cutting up pork and beef and selling the meat by the pound. They were bare to the waist and their fat yellow backs were beaded with perspiration. Some of them wore bracelets of jade, silver, or gold.

A few miles from Saigon is the native town of Cholon which is considerably larger than Saigon itself. The

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two are connected by a steam tramway over which trains run every few minutes. The round trip is eight miles and the first-class fare is equal to nine cents, American.

Leaving the city on this line, one rides through a vast Chinese graveyard. The ground is peppered with tombs and mounds and the road winds its way through the graves. In twenty minutes the train pulls into Cholon. In my walk through the town I noticed that at least half the people were Chinese. The more important of the business houses belonged to them, and most of the goods on sale had come from China. I looked in vain for anything valuable of native manufacture. The porcelain seemed to be from Canton, as were also the silks. I saw French watches and clocks in some of the stores, and among the dry goods were stuffs from England, Germany, and France. There was little sign of American trade.

Cholon has a number of big rice mills, which handle a large part of the chief crop of this region. The soil of Indo-China is rich and in the vast quantities of rice it exports it ranks second only to Burma, the leading rice exporter of the world. Enough rice goes out of Saigon every year to give a pound to every man, woman, and child on earth. Notwithstanding this, I am told that less than half of the rice land is cultivated. The French say that they hope to make the country the bread basket for China, Japan, and the Philippines, and they are rapidly succeeding. At present, however, the best of the rice mills are owned by Chinese rather than Frenchmen.

Indeed, the French are now doing much to develop their colonies. The telegraph lines reach to all parts of Cochin China, and the colony is connected with Singapore and Hong-Kong by cable. The postal system has been ex-

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tended throughout the country and subsidized mail steamers ply into the interior.

The French have altogether in Indo-China a territory greater than California and Oregon combined, with a population of nearly twenty millions, among whom are some of the least known and most backward peoples on earth. Cochin China, while only about the size of West Virginia, has nearly four and one half million inhabitants. Just back of it is Cambodia, as big as Ohio, while to the north is Annam, bigger than Cochin China and Cambodia combined. Still farther north is the province of Tongking, which with the protectorate of Laos is larger than all France. The French are trying to extend the railroads of Tongking into China so as to claim the southern part of that country as a sphere of their influence. But I should say that they have a big empire to develop in their own territory without seeking control over areas adjoining. Tongking, especially, has rich mines of copper, iron, tin, zinc, silver, and lead, as well as some of the richest coal deposits of southern Asia.

It is in Tongking that the French Governor-General of Indo-China resides. He has his capital at Hanoi, about one hundred and ten miles up the Song-koi, or Red River. Hanoi is a town of more than seventy-five thousand people, of whom less than a thousand are Europeans and about fifteen hundred are Chinese. The remainder are Annamese. The capital has steamship connection with Hong-Kong, and steamers run on up the Red River as far as the boundary of Yunnan, China.

Notwithstanding its small European population, Hanoi is a lively place, and has a good deal of the social atmosphere of the western world. It has French newspapers, a

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race course, a public band, and a club. At the endowed theatre, companies of French actors present the best plays. In the late afternoons the café tables about the Hôtel Métropole remind one of Paris, for around them are seated French men and women, talking and sipping their wine just as if they were at home. There are several large government offices besides the barracks, a hospital, and the residence of the Governor-General. Many new streets have been laid out and planted with trees. They are lighted by electricity and most of them are drained. At Hanoi the Red River is about a mile in width and the districts near the river look not unlike the waterfront of Saigon.

Between the French quarter and the native town lies the Little Lake with a white pagoda rising in the middle of the waters. The Annamese call this the "Lake of the Great Sword," for from it rose the blade with which Le-Loi, one of the national heroes, once freed Tongking from the Chinese. When its work was done the sword returned to the lake in the form of a jade-green dragon.

The native city of Hanoi is composed of one hundred and six villages, each of which was formerly devoted to some particular trade. The ancient guilds still persist to some extent, and certain streets are given over to the different crafts. In Brass Street the metal workers tap away, making vases and pots and kettles and trays. In the Street of Cups, plates and teapots and little teacups without handles are for sale, while on the long Street of the Paper Village men may be seen treading pulp in big tubs and manufacturing the finished product. There are, besides, Sugar Street, Cotton Street, the Street of Sails, and others.

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Hanoi is the headquarters of the military force, the Governor-General having under his command between forty and fifty thousand troops stationed in different parts of the country. Most of the soldiers are natives, although there are a few French regiments of infantry, marines, and artillery, and an airplane squadron. There is also a native militia. The Governor-General rules with the aid of his council and so many subordinate officials that it is said that nearly every Frenchman in Tongking is an officer or a soldier. His Excellency has more power in French China than has the British Viceroy in India.

South of Tongking and lying along the South China Sea is the Kingdom of Annam, which is also under the protection of the Governor-General of French Indo-China. The ruler is Khai-Dinh, whose name means "Era of Peace," and he enjoys nominal sway over six million people. His throne is of gold, his state robes are of rich brocades in the imperial shade of yellow, and on his head he wears a marvellous nine-dragon crown. He lives in oriental luxury surrounded by an abject court and numerous wives and concubines. In actual fact, his power scarcely extends beyond his gorgeous palace, for the French resident and his council do the real work of governing. Provincial chiefs are chosen by Khai-Dinh, but all the native officials are under the eye of the resident, who may annul any act of the puppet king.

The capital of Annam is Hué, a walled city on the Hué River, some distance back from the coast. The city proper stands on a square island, with the river on three sides and a canal on the fourth. The government officials live within fortifications built on this island by the French. Here are the courts of justice, the observatory, the library,

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the mandarins' college, and the palace of the council of state. Farther back, inside another wall, are the palaces of the King and his harem. These palaces are somewhat like those of Peking, being covered with yellow tiles. Only the King has a right to a yellow roof, the nobles being restricted to red. In the suburbs of Hué and that part of the town where the common people live all the buildings are small and dilapidated.

The people along the coast of Annam and in the towns are known as Annamese, while the inhabitants of the hill country are called the Mois. The latter are afraid of the floods of the lowlands and have steadily refused to move down from their mountainous region, which they believe they have inherited directly from Mother Eve. They live in constant fear of tigers and evil spirits of all kinds. The terror of tigers is shared by their more civilized neighbours, the Annamese. The tiger is called the "King of the Mountain," "Lord of the Forest," or simply "My Lord," for the wonderful beast is supposed to hear anything that is said about him even at a distance of a thousand leagues and it would be terrible if he were to catch any insulting remarks. On the edge of the mountainous region little altars are to be seen. These are placed there to gain favour from the forest spirits and also to win the good will of the tiger. Every passing traveller leaves some offering upon them, be it nothing more than a banana.

Between Cochin China and Siam is the province of Cambodia, easily reached from Saigon by the Mekong River. The people of Cambodia are much like the Siamese, and they were in the past far superior to any others of southeastern Asia. The ruins of the ancient city of

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Angkor are almost equal to those of Java or India. The Cambodians are Buddhists, like the Siamese. They believe in polygamy and every rich man has numerous wives.

As I write, Sisowath, the King of Cambodia, is the world's oldest living monarch. His eighty-fourth birthday was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony last August. He dwells within a walled enclosure in his capital city of Pnom-Penh, surrounded by five or six hundred women, who perform every service for him. He maintains at great expense a big troupe of dancers composed of the most beautiful and graceful maidens of his kingdom. The French, however, relieve him of all the cares of state and His Majesty acts as a kind of rubber stamp for the decrees of the council under the French protectorate.

CHAPTER VI

BURMA AND ITS CAPITAL

COMING up to Rangoon from the sea I travelled along one of the greatest of the world's great rivers. The Irrawaddy rises somewhere in Tibet and flows a thousand miles through Burma before it reaches the ocean. It carries down so much silt that the blue waters of the Bay of Bengal are yellowed by it for miles out to sea, and we travelled for hours through what looked like bean soup before we caught sight of land. The mud deposit made by the river is so heavy that the shore creeps out into the ocean several inches a year. Immense sand bars are created and navigation is extremely difficult. There is a regular pilot service, with twenty well-paid men on the list, each one of whom is always on the alert to note and report the frequent changes in the channel.

Between Rangoon and the sea the stream is in many places several miles wide, and at the mouth the shores are so far apart that, as we hugged the north bank, we could hardly see the land on the south. Passing Syriam, where the Burma Oil Company has its enormous refineries, we steamed up toward the city. Long before the town came in sight we could see the tall spire of the Golden Pagoda, and as we sailed closer another shaft of gold pierced the blue sky. It was that of the Sulé Pagoda, under which a Burmese king of the eighteenth century buried alive an



The Sule Pagoda, under which a Burmese king of the eighteenth century buried alive an enemy prince, rises in the midst of the business section of Rangoon.



This photograph was taken on New Year's Day, in the so-called cool season at Rangoon. But even in winter, everyone who exerts himself here is soon drenched with perspiration, and parasols are carried all the year round.

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enemy prince. It rises high out of the business blocks in the midst of the city.

About the landing the river is so full of whirlpools and swift currents that ships seldom come right up to the wharves, but anchor in the stream while the passengers are transferred to small boats. It takes skilful rowing to make the pier without upsetting and I was thankful when I stepped out on dry land in the midst of one of the queerest crowds to be found in all Asia.

Rangoon has people of every nation and of almost every tribe of the Asiatic continent. In its population of nearly 350,000 there are 7,000 Chinese, 5,000 Europeans, and more than 100,000 Indians from different parts of Hindustan. The people are of various colours—black, white, yellow, and brown—and they wear all sorts of costumes. The southern Indian coolies, naked except for their waistcloths, have red or white turbans about their heads, while their black bodies shine like jet. The rich among the yellow-skinned Chinese are clad in silks or fine cottons, while the Burmese strut along in silk skirts of the most delicate colours, their heads covered with gorgeous turbans. They wear jackets of silk or cotton, and look like human butterflies as they move about through the crowds. In addition there are the bankers and traders of Burma; tall-hatted Parsees from Bombay in sober black; and lean, skinny black money-lenders from Madras, who wear only sheets of cotton wrapped around their persons. There are Indian boys in cotton jackets and waistcloths and wearing caps embroidered in gold thread. There are Kling women with rings in their noses, and Burmese girls with plugs in their ears.

The traffic about the wharves and through the city is

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carried by strange animals and pulled in strange vehicles. Though taxis are to be had, the usual passenger cab is the gharry, a four-wheeled open coach somewhat like a victoria, hauled by an Indian pony and driven by a Hindu or a Burman. The native gharry is little more than a box on wheels, with sliding doors. Heavy goods are usually moved in carts drawn by the humped cattle of Hindustan, and I have seen great loads of freight pushed and pulled along by half-naked men, their bodies dripping with sweat like those of so many horses. There are also fine automobiles owned by the Europeans, with chauffeurs from the Punjab of Hindustan at the wheels. On account of the intense heat no one who can afford to ride ever walks in Rangoon, where even slight exertion bathes one in perspiration. I drove up to my hotel in a gharry at a cost of about thirty-two cents, and my baggage was carried on a cart pushed by coolies in breech-clouts. On the way I saw a Burman riding a bicycle with a nickel-plated frame. He had pulled his red silk skirt high up his thighs, and I observed that he had silver clasps on each leg, just over the knee, to hold it in place. He wore a pink silk turban and a white cotton jacket, and sat up straight as he pedalled along.

This afternoon I took a street-car ride out into the country. The railway was an overhead trolley, and the cars were divided into two classes, with the first-class fare double that of the second. In order to rub elbows with the people, I rode second-class, sitting between a Bengali in jacket and calico trousers, and a Burmese girl with a pink shawl thrown over her shoulders. She had a fat cigar in her hand, and asked me to smoke. Behind me were two Hindus wearing gold-embroidered skull caps, and

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a Burmese gentleman, well dressed and with amber plugs in his ears. In front was a Burmese woman with a baby in her arms. The child's head was shaved clean, excepting a patch on the crown the size of a dollar. And then there were Mohammedan women, closely veiled; Indian soldiers in turbans, and Chinese in loose silk shirts and baggy trousers. We went by rice mills and lumber yards in which elephants were working, and every turn of the wheels brought a new picture of this cinema show of the Far East.

Rangoon already stands third among all the great ports of the Indian Empire. Lying here on the Rangoon River and near the mouth of the Irrawaddy, it is at the entrance to one of the most fertile valleys of the world, and in time, by railroads already projected, it may be the gateway to western China as well. The city extends for miles along the river, and is built back into the flat, alluvial delta. About it lie some of the richest rice lands of the earth, and Rangoon exports more rice than any other port on the globe. The river is now filled with steamers loading for Japan, India, and Europe. All along the wharves are river boats and barges which have brought in rice from the country, and there are great fleets of them at the mills unloading their cargoes.

These river boats are the common carriers of interior Burma, where the chief means of transportation is by water. The Irrawaddy runs through the land from one end to the other. It has many tributaries, and these are connected with one another by canals so that one can go over a large part of the lowlands in boats. For nine hundred miles of its course the main stream is navigable all the year for steamers of about six feet draft. It averages

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more than a mile in width and at the floods it is in some places four or five miles across.

The trade of the river is practically monopolized by the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, whose vessels now navigate almost every river and creek. In addition to its freight traffic, which is enormous, it does a large passenger business. Three boats a week leave Rangoon for the six-day voyage to Mandalay, the capital of Burma before the country lost its independence. These comfortable steamers, which are largely patronized by tourists, look not unlike our Mississippi River boats and make about the same speed.

The trip from Rangoon to Mandalay can be made in about eighteen hours by rail on a train that leaves this city every night. From Mandalay, a line has been built to Bhamo, on the edge of China, and trains run also to Myitkyina, on the upper Irrawaddy, near the Chinese border. The British have a number of projects for railroad building in Burma, and expect eventually to establish through service from Rangoon to Calcutta on the west, connecting with the railroads of China on the north and east.

Burma is greatly in need of modern, improved highways. Out of fifteen thousand miles of roads of all kinds in its whole area, only two thousand miles are well surfaced. On account of the dense tropical vegetation and its rapid growth, the cost of building and maintaining roads is unusually high. To keep back the luxuriant growth, the government highway engineers usually clear a right of way from sixty to one hundred feet wide and build a sixteen-foot roadway in the centre. Other difficulties are the scarcity of good crushed stone,

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the inefficiency of the bullock-drawn rollers used in some sections, and the comparatively high cost of labour.

In spite of the mixture of races and costumes, Rangoon impresses one as a modern city. As the capital of the province of Burma, it has many handsome buildings to accommodate the government offices. The Secretariat, for instance, consists of an enormous structure of two stories built about a hollow square several acres in extent and has as many rooms as one of our big government buildings at Washington. It houses the chief departments of the government, and the place fairly hums with the hundreds of Burmese and British clerks who are busy keeping the books of the provincial administration.

Another big building is the post office, situated in the centre of the city. It is a three-story structure, with iron porches, or galleries, around its two upper stories. The post office department is under the Director General of the Posts of India. Some of its methods are antiquated, but it does a business that is enormous and growing. For instance, it uses ox carts to haul the mail from the steamers and railway stations, but, nevertheless, millions of letters, parcels, and newspapers are handled every year. The postal service also manages the telegraphs, and the larger offices have postal savings banks connected with them.

One of the interesting places of Rangoon is the residence of the governor of the province. He is furnished a large retinue of servants and gets a salary of more than thirty thousand dollars a year, besides an allowance for entertaining. The mansion compares favourably with the palaces of Europe. It is a three-story building of wide halls, enormous rooms with twenty-foot ceilings, and the

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great open courts so necessary for comfort in these lands of the sun. It is situated in a rolling park filled with palm trees, and its acres of closely cut grass are as velvety as the lawns of an English estate.

When I called on His Excellency the other day, I drove through the park and past a greenhouse filled with the most beautiful orchids, and my way up to the mansion was bordered with shrubs covered with blossoms. At the door I was met by soldiers in uniform. I first registered my name in the governor's book and then a Burmese, clad in bright silk, took in my card. A moment later I was received by the private secretary, who presented me to the governor.

The governor of this province of the Indian Empire has a big job. I suppose most of us know better than the Bostonian, who, when asked about the location of Burma, replied in a superior way:

"Burma! Burma! Of course I know where it is. I have a cousin out there, but he calls it Bermuda."

The "Burma" from which I am writing lies along the eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal, a few hundred miles southeast of the Himalaya Mountains and just across the way from the peninsula of Hindustan. On the north it extends close to Tibet; and on the east it skirts the Chinese province of Yunnan, French Indo-China, and Siam. On the south lies the ocean. The country is bigger than France, Germany, or the Spanish peninsula, and it has a population of thirteen millions, of whom eight millions are the Burmans, the happiest, best-dressed, and most likeable people of Asia.

Like the other provinces of the Indian Empire, Burma is governed by a dual system, known as the dyarchy.

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Under this, certain matters that concern the maintenance of peace, order, and good government are called "reserved," meaning that they are to be handled by the British governor acting with the men appointed to serve on his Executive Council. "Transferred subjects," such as local self-government, public health and sanitation, agriculture, fisheries, religious and charitable endowments, weights and measures, and similar questions, are looked after by the governor acting with the ministers, who are elected members of the Legislative Council. By this division of authority between her representative and the representatives of the people, Great Britain is endeavouring gradually to give British India the status of one of her self-governing dominions.

The unrest that characterizes the whole Empire of India has gone far in Burma, where it is known as the movement of the Young Burmans. Its promoters are the Buddhist priests who, more than any one else, have taught the Burmese to demand self-government. Thus the agitation in this province is both religious and political. The edict prohibiting Europeans from visiting Buddhist pagodas without taking off their shoes and stockings is a product of the campaign for self-rule. As in India, non-coöperation without violence has been preached as an effective means of securing home rule. For example, when the Prince of Wales visited Rangoon a few years ago, the nationalist schools held their examinations on the day of his arrival instead of encouraging a big turnout to greet him.

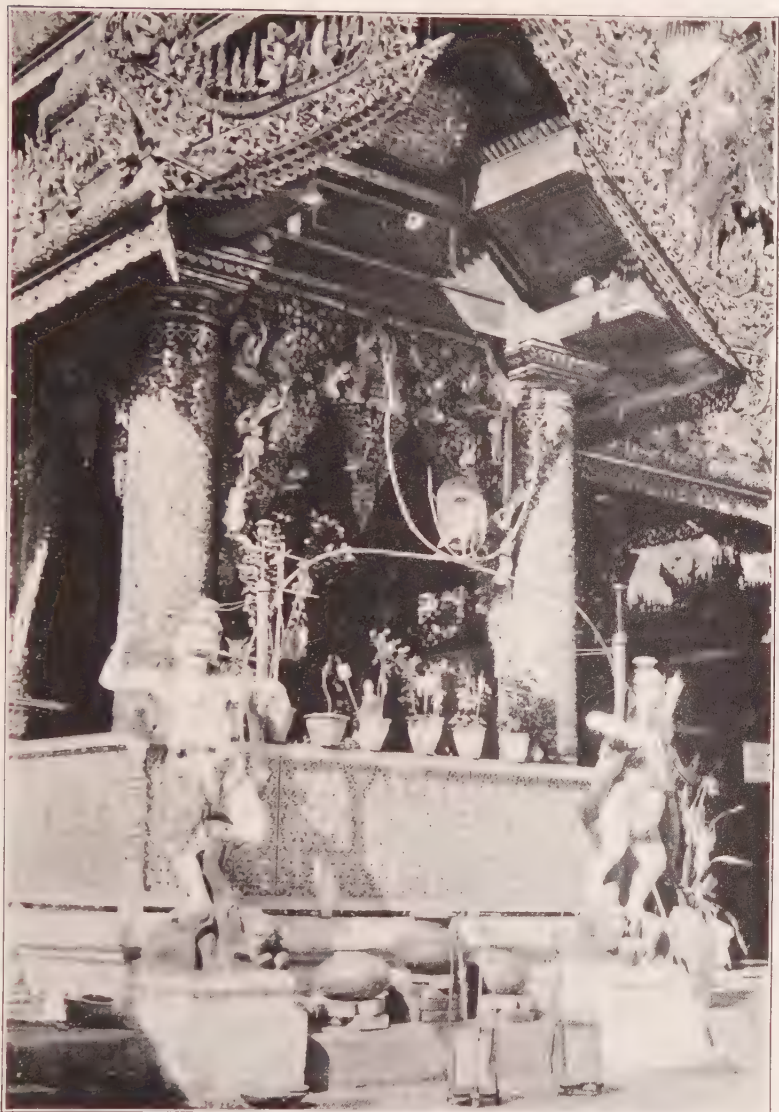
One cause for their unrest, say the Burmans, is the fact that though governed as an Indian province, Burma is really not a part of India at all. They claim that her people belong to another race and another stage of political

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development. Doubtless this is why the Burmese have been particularly successful in getting reforms from the British government, which has been, in some respects, more liberal to Burma than to the rest of the Indian Empire. The forests and the schools are now entirely controlled by the Burmans, and the women of the province have been given the vote.

At the foundation of the whole governing system of Burma are the village headmen. They were a part of the administration of the past, and they still come into close contact with the people. In the larger towns there is a headman in each ward, and in some sections these are assisted by certain others called elders. The headmen, who are appointed by the villagers, act both as tax gatherers and as local magistrates. Each is responsible for good order in his ward or village, and he has the right to inflict certain punishments. No one may take up a residence in a village without permission of the headman, who can order bad characters to leave.

As a rule, the lands and property of the country are fairly assessed by the government and the taxes are justly collected by the headmen. A large number of the people have land of their own and all are far better treated than they were during the days when they had their own kings. Even the Burmese nationalists will admit this, yet law and order, sanitation, schools, and hospitals do not make them any less eager to get rid of the British.



This temple on the Golden Pagoda platform, with its carved teak, its inlaid glasswork, and its statues, cost forty thousand dollars. The two figures represent Nats, the nature spirits taken over by the Burmese Buddhists from more primitive religions.



An endless procession of worshippers passes beneath the carved teak-wood roof built over the long stairs up to the Golden Pagoda. This structure, which contains relics of Buddha, is overlaid with gold leaf and is one of the holiest of Buddhist shrines.

CHAPTER VII

THE GOLDEN PAGODA

SUPPOSE you join me this morning for a visit to the Shwe Dagon, one of the most magnificent Buddhist pagodas on earth. To one tenth of mankind this shrine has a special sanctity, for it contains actual relics, not only of the great Buddha, but of the three Buddhas who preceded him. It is the Mecca of the followers of the Great Enlightened One in this part of Asia.

The sun of Rangoon is deadily at midday, so we rise with the crows, whose cawing begins before dawn. The light is just coming through the palm trees as we sit down in the hotel bedrooms to our breakfast of tea, toast, and jam. Breakfast finished, we get into a gharry and a black-turbaned Indian with a rat-like pony drives us through the wide streets of Rangoon. We pass half-naked coolies on their way to work; jostle the bare-legged men with buckets who are sprinkling the roads; turn out for heavily loaded carts hauled by humped bullocks; pass the fine bungalows of the better class residents, and draw up at the foot of Pagoda Hill.

Rising higher than St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the Shwe Dagon dominates the whole city. With the terraced mound upon which it stands the structure is as tall as the Washington Monument. As we look up we are dazzled by the blaze of the gold with which its sides are literally covered.

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It is only seven o'clock, but the worshippers are out in full force, and the monks are on the streets with their begging bowls. We see hundreds of people on their way to the shrine, and at the entrance find a horde of peddlers with flowers, incense, and candles for the devout.

There is no thoroughfare on earth more remarkable than the approach to the Shwe Dagon. Going to the south entrance and passing between two gigantic monsters with the heads of lions and the bodies of griffins, we start the climb up to the platform on which the pagoda is built. The long flight of stairs leading to the shrine is covered by a series of wonderfully carved teak roofs, supported on pillars of wood and masonry. Through the years these steps have been polished by the bare feet of the millions who have gone up to pray. No Buddhist would dream of ascending such a holy place in his sandals, and now foreigners as well are compelled to take off their shoes if they wish to go up. As we proceed, shoes in hand, we hear the birds sing. Thousands of them have made nests in the carvings, and they fly back and forth through the arcades and all about the pagoda. According to the tenets of the Buddhist religion, it is a sin to kill any living thing, and the birds seem to know they are in the house of their friends.

We pass booths all the way up. Pretty Burmese girls with plugs of gold, silver, or glass in the lobes of their ears, sit cross-legged on mats, selling offerings for Buddha. The candles are of all sizes, from tapers as thin as a baby's finger to great cylinders of wax as tall as the girls and as thick as their waists. I buy a bunch of the tapers and give them to one of the worshippers. She smiles with

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delight at the thought of how much merit she will gain by burning them at the shrine.

Now come out on the platform and look up at the pagoda. It is a gilded mountain ending in a spire nearly four hundred feet high. The stone platform where we are standing would make a half-dozen city blocks, and the monument itself is a quarter of a mile in circumference. That shining umbrella which you see on the spire looks small from this point. It is big enough to cover a good-sized house, and it is studded with jewels. Listen to the golden bells around its rim, tinkling in the breeze.

More than a hundred of the fifteen hundred bells hung about the umbrella are of solid gold and the rest are of silver. On the staff above is a golden vane studded with several thousand emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and the whole ends in a bud of diamonds. Thus, away off up there, out of sight in the blue, is a king's ransom of splendid jewels.

The gorgeous umbrella, which cost more than a quarter of a million dollars, was presented to the pagoda by a Burmese king, Mindon Min, and its installation at Rangoon was almost a political incident. In Burma placing one of these umbrellas on the top of a great pagoda had always been an expression of sovereignty. Therefore Mindon Min was most anxious that his representatives be allowed to put his gift on the summit of the Golden Pagoda, but the British would not permit it, and, instead, supervised the job themselves.

The Golden Pagoda was erected with free-will offerings from the followers of Buddha. When the notice went out that it was to be built, money and jewels flowed in from every part of Burma and all the work was done by vol-

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untee labour. Even now the pagoda is kept up by the gifts of the people, and it has been overlaid with gold leaf again and again. One of the last of the native kings once made a vow that he would give his weight in gold to the Shwe Dagon. After he had taken a bath, and scrubbed off as many pounds as he could, he jumped on one side of the scales and piled up gold on the other. His idea cost him just forty-five thousand dollars' worth of the precious metal. With the money more gold leaf was bought and the upper part of the structure received a fresh coat and soon shone like a new five dollar gold-piece.

The pagoda has no interior, being a solid mass of brick raised over a relic chamber. The lower part is much like a beehive. The whole is terraced around as it goes upward, growing smaller and smaller until it ends in a spire. The structure is covered with gold leaf, which has to be renewed relatively often. Between renewals, however, bits of gold leaf are being constantly furnished by worshippers, who buy pieces perhaps two by four inches in size and go up with a priest to see their offerings attached to the surface of the pagoda. Thus a man can be sure that he gets the merit he has paid for and that his gift is not embezzled.

The relics of Buddha beneath the pagoda include the hairs that he gave to the two brothers who brought them here. Five hundred and eighty-five years before the birth of Christ, so the legend goes, two Burmese merchants dealing in rice came upon Buddha meditating under the trees at Gaya. Satisfied of their piety, the sage pulled four hairs from his head and told the brothers to bury them on a certain hill upon which his three predecessors had left respectively a staff, a water-filter, and a robe. They would know the place by a felled wood-oil tree lying

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in a peculiar manner. After much search, the Burmans found the spot and there buried the relics in a golden casket over which was built the nucleus of the Golden Pagoda.

To-day the Buddhists of Burma consider it an almost sure passport to heaven to erect a small pagoda about the base of the great Shwe Dagon; and now there are hundreds of little temples, most exquisitely carved and often gilded, on all sides of the great monument. These are on the average, I should say, something like thirty feet high, and are topped by gilded spires. They are much like chapels, and inside each of them is a sitting statue of Buddha, often of more than life size. Some of these statues are of gold, others are of silver, and not a few are of alabaster or marble.

Around the edges of the platform, leaving a space several hundred feet wide between them and the Shwe Dagon and its clustering shrines, are other temples. Their spires are from ten to fifty feet high and are of teak so finely carved that it looks like black lace. Some of these temples are decorated with mosaics of coloured glass, set in plaster or in a network of golden wires. When the sun shines on them they reflect the splendours of the peacock's tail. Lying before the Buddhas within are offerings of flowers, fruit, and rice, while gifts of brocades and silks have been placed on their laps.

At one corner of the platform is a great bell, weighing forty-two tons. It is so thick that the yellow-gowned monk who acts as my guide can just touch the inside of the rim with his fingers when the outside rests in the crook of his elbow. He strikes it with a deer horn and the sound booms out on the air.

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This bell was presented to Buddha by a native king nearly a century ago. When the British occupied the country they decided to carry it off to Calcutta as a trophy. They got it as far as the Irrawaddy, but in attempting to load it on a vessel let it fall into the stream and their engineers could not raise it. Some Burmans came up and asked if they might have the bell if they could get it out of the river. The British granted their request, having no idea that they could succeed. But the natives lashed the bell to a system of pontoons put down at low water so that when the tide rose it floated the pontoons and lifted up the bell. It was towed to the bank where the receding tide left it stranded. Then logs were put under it, ropes were attached, and with thousands of Burmans pulling together it was tugged back to its place on Pagoda Hill.

Let us stroll around the pagoda platform and have a look at the people at prayers. There are scores of men, women, and children squatting on the bare bricks. Their hands are folded and they look up at the spire as they pray. They do not worship the spire or the images, but come to this holy place to renew their vows, to think upon Buddha, and to repent of their sins.

Inside the shrines are many other worshippers squatting or kneeling at their devotions. A man and woman perhaps pray that in the next life they may live again as husband and wife; or perhaps they beg that they may have their next existence as well-to-do people. Some desire to reach such spiritual heights as to become Buddhas, or at least Bodhisattvas, men scarcely less holy than the great sage himself.

About the shrines are bells hung on stout cross beams.

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Beside them are deer antlers or wooden stakes, with which the worshipper, his devotions ended, strikes the metal to call attention to what he has done. See this woman squatting here at my right. Her pink silk gown is wrapped tightly about her body, and her bare feet stick out behind. She sways back and forth, counting her beads as she chants her prayers. On the other side of us are three Buddhist nuns wrapped in their sheets of plain yellow cotton. Their heads are shaved close. They hold out cloths, upon which people throw offerings as they pass. Each nun has a rosary about her neck, and tells her beads as she prays. They have made a pilgrimage to the Shwe Dagon from one of the convents in Burma.

We see many monks worshipping about the pagoda. Here comes one now. He must be sixty years old, and his brown face is withered, his neck is shrunken, and his thin legs seem to totter. He is clad only in two strips of bright yellow cotton, his right shoulder and arm being bare. In his left hand is a pair of old sandals, the sweaty outlines of his feet marked on the leather, and in his right he carries a small bunch of roses. He kneels on the bricks with the tropical sun beating down upon his shaven head, and holds up the flowers as he prays. After a time he goes to a chapel and lays them on the knees of the great golden Buddha.

But what is this coming around the corner from the other side of the great spire? It is a dark-skinned man, alternately getting up and falling down. He is a Buddhist from northern India, dressed in turban and waistcloth. Prostrating himself on the bricks, he stretches out his bare arms as far as he can reach, straining every muscle from the ends of his toes to the tips of his fingers. Marking the

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limit of his reach with a candle, he gets up, and repeats the process until he has made the whole circuit of the pagoda by measuring his length on the ground. At the end of his journey he lies praying for three or four minutes, and then rises with a beatific look upon his face, evidently believing that he has done something worth while. I have heard that one fanatic came in this fashion all the way from Peking.

In all their observances, strange as they may seem to us, the people are much in earnest. I am told that the Burman is naturally religious. He is charitable, too, and now and then spends his surplus in erecting rest houses or places along the road where travellers can get a cool drink of water. The whole land is spotted with pagodas; they are to be found in every town and village and on almost every hill, and the country has more religious monuments, perhaps, than any other of its size in the world. It is an act of great merit to build a monastery and there are many old men in Burma who are proud of the title of Kyaung-Taga, or "Builder of a Monastery." Every village has its monastery and every monastery conducts a school for teaching boys reading, writing, and arithmetic. The pupils also commit to memory prayers and hymns to Lord Buddha. They are supposed to pray night and morning. One of their prayers is:

How great a favour has the Lord Buddha bestowed upon me in showing me his law, by keeping which I may escape hell and secure salvation.

The personnel of the monastery is constantly changing. Men come in and go out. Most of the boys put on the yellow robe of the priesthood for a few months only, and



When the monks finish their daily round with begging bowls in hand, they go back to their monasteries, where they lay a part of the food given them before Buddha and spread out the rest for breakfast.



Every Burmese male is expected to spend some period of his youth in a monastery. There a boy is often detailed to act as chela, or servant, to a monk, who teaches his disciple the principles of Buddhism.

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lay it aside in order to marry. Those who remain monks are bound by the strictest rules against having any relations with women. They are not allowed to sleep under the same roof with a nun, must not travel in a cart or boat having a woman as passenger, and must never touch a member of the opposite sex. One of the Buddhist books says that a man should not even offer his hand to his mother to help her out of a ditch. He may hold forth a stick, but if she grasps it he must imagine he is pulling at a log of wood.

Youths are admitted to the monasteries on probation and first act as servants, or *chelas*, for the monks, having about the same duties as Kim had with the old abbot in Kipling's novel. Once admitted, the boys are taught the principles of the Buddhist faith, and are supposed to devote themselves to holy living, thinking, and doing. The monks are awakened at daybreak by a wooden bell, and are supposed to be at their prayers by five-thirty. After that each takes up his household tasks about the establishment; he may sweep the floors of the temple or water the garden, or do odd jobs of various kinds.

Later the monks assemble and start out to beg. Headed by their leader, they walk in company through the main streets of the town. They do not cry out for alms or call at the houses, but merely walk along single file in the middle of the street, their eyes fixed on the ground. Each man holds his bowl out in front of him, and the people come forth and drop in their offerings. As in Bangkok, the monks accept the food in silence, believing that they confer a favour in allowing others to give. The begging procession lasts for an hour or so. When it is over the monks go back to the monastery, where they lay a part of their

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gifts before the statues of Buddha, and spread the rest out for breakfast. I hear it whispered, however, that most of the monasteries serve a hot breakfast as well. There is another meal about noon and a dinner toward evening. The inmates of the monasteries I have visited looked fat and healthy and none appeared any the worse for the fasting and discipline of his religious life.

Education in Burma is not left entirely to the Buddhist monks. There are government schools of all kinds, from kindergartens to colleges and the University of Burma. In the whole province there are more than eight thousand so-called "public" schools, or institutions having a course of study conforming with the standards prescribed by the Department of Public Instruction and the University. Some of these are government schools, some are monastic schools, and some are those established by the Christian missionaries. In all, more than a half million pupils are enrolled in the public and private schools of Burma.

So far as the Buddhists are concerned, the missionaries make comparatively few conversions. But besides the followers of the teachings of Gautama there are in Burma many Animists, or worshippers of nature spirits. Indeed, devil-worship has to some extent permeated the purer Buddhist faith. Among the Animists are the Karens, who live along the eastern side of Burma and inhabit a considerable part of the Irrawaddy delta. More than a hundred thousand of them are Christians. Many observers familiar with missions in Asia and Africa say that, all things considered, American missionaries have made more progress in Burma than anywhere else in the world.

About the first Christian work done in Burma was that

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of the American Baptists, who sent Adoniram Judson here in 1813. Judson made the first Burmese dictionary and grammar and translated the Bible into the vernacular. He remained here when all the foreigners fled at the time of the first troubles with England, and later, during the British-Burmese war, was thrown into prison and almost starved. The story of his sufferings and achievements is one of the most affecting in missionary history.

Since then the Baptist Mission here has steadily grown. That branch of American Protestantism seems to have chosen Burma as its special field, and it has a large number of missionaries, many native churches, and thousands of communicants. It has schools in most of the important towns and a college at Rangoon. The American Baptist Mission Press is one of the largest and most flourishing of its kind. It prints Bibles, tracts, religious newspapers, and many educational works. The American Methodists established a mission here about fifty years ago. They are doing considerable work in Lower Burma and maintain numerous schools.

CHAPTER VIII

RICE MILLS AND PADDY FIELDS OF THE IRRAWADDY

I HAVE just visited the greatest rice mill of the world. It lies here at Pazundaung, on the Irrawaddy River, just below the port of Rangoon and belongs to the Bullock Brothers, who own other large mills and export thousands of tons of the grain every year. It can turn out seven hundred tons of cleaned rice in a day and sometimes has as many as thirteen hundred employees.

Burma is about the best rice patch on the bosom of old Mother Earth. The total rice-growing area of the province is nearly as large as the state of West Virginia, and it produces an annual exportable surplus of between three and four thousand million pounds. This is sufficient to give every human being on earth all the rice he could eat in one day, and still leave enough over to sprinkle all the brides and grooms of one year. Rice is the money crop of Burma, taking the place held by wheat, corn, tobacco, or cotton with us. Poor harvests are practically unknown here, and there is always a steady market in Ceylon, India, the Straits Settlements, and other British possessions in the East, as well as in Europe. Hindustan alone takes about a million tons of rice from Burma in a year.

The British government in Burma, appreciating how much the prosperity of the country depends upon rice, is extending the irrigated areas and employs experts to study seed selection and make forecasts showing the probable



Among the craft swarming the Irrawaddy and the creeks about Rangoon are the rice boats from up country. Their captains steer from perches high up on the poop deck.



Up the Irrawaddy sail heavily laden bazaar boats carrying silks and cottons and canned goods and cheap jewellery to Miss and Madam Burma in the interior. Being good business women, they will drive shrewd bargains for their purchases.



On the eastern edge of Rangoon lie Dalhousie Park and the Royal Lakes, which supply the city drinking water. No place in the Orient has a finer municipal playground than this.

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yield of each season. It has its agents in every part of the country, who report upon the crop prospects, and every village headman informs the government of the number of acres his people will plant.

The grain is harvested as paddy, or unhusked rice. Rice has two outer coats, or husks, both of which stick so tightly to the kernel that it is hard work getting down to the rice of commerce. In the form of paddy the grain keeps better, for weevils do not get at it, nor does it mould so quickly as when the outer coat has been taken off. Paddy loses about one half its bulk when both husks are removed in the milling process.

The Pazundaung rice plant covers as much ground as any of our large flour mills. Its five-story buildings have single rooms as big as a good-sized garden patch. I entered one on the ground floor which was packed to the ceiling with bags of paddy. It held more than two million pounds, and other rooms of equal size adjoining it were filled with the cleaned rice awaiting shipment.

Paddy is brought here from all over Burma. It is floated down the streams to the Irrawaddy River in flat-boats and barges, and towed to Rangoon by steamers. At Rangoon the rice is unloaded by Indian coolies, who carry it from the boats to the mills in basket loads weighing forty-six pounds each. They lift the grain to their heads or shoulders and take it up the bank of the river over a planked roadway.

Some of the unloaders are women —black, buxom Klings, who perform heavy labour that no Burmese women would do. Not a few have gold buttons in their noses and rings in their ears, and all wear armlets and anklets. I saw three with rings on their toes. I remember one

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girl of eighteen with silver bracelets covering her arm from wrist to elbow, and broad bands of silver on each of her bare legs. The lobes and rims of her ears were pierced with gold rivets, and the gold ring in her nose was as big around as a saucer and as thick as a knitting needle. This ring hung down over her mouth, and when she ate lunch she stuffed the rice in through it. Her husband, a black man in a white cotton waistcloth, worked with her.

In one room I saw the men handling the finished product. The white rice is bagged in sacks holding from one hundred and sixty-eight to two hundred and twenty-six pounds. These the coolies carried into the warehouses and piled up in stacks. Each man lifted one of the bags to his shoulders and trotted up an inclined roadway. It looks easy, and three Harvard athletes who visited the mill the other day rather doubted what was told them of the unusual strength of the coolie, saying that any good man could carry such a load. Thereupon the manager asked one of them to try it. He got a bag on his back without much trouble, and was able to make his way easily on the level, but when he tried to go up the incline the weight pulled him over and he fell with the rice to the floor.

These same college men tried to pick out the broken rice grains in competition with the Indians, thinking they could work quite as fast, but they had to give up in despair. The rice is graded by the proportion of the broken grains in it, and every shipment has to be tested by counting the number of whole grains in a given quantity. It takes keen eyes to distinguish the imperfect kernels, and the Harvard boys failed in the test.

It seems strange to think of polishing rice like your

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best silver spoons, but that is what I saw done as I went through the mill. The machinery is the finest known to the industry. The paddy is first run over shakers and sieves to remove dirt, stones, straw, and other matter, and then winnowed. It is next hulled by being passed between grinders which take off the husk, or outer coat, and winnowed once more. It is now known as *loonzain*, in which form it is sometimes marketed. To get white rice, like that used on our tables, the grain is run through cones, or pearlers, which remove the tightly clinging inside husk. After this it goes through sieves so arranged and graded that the percentage of broken rice which it is desired to separate from the whole grain can be removed and bagged separately. Between the coning and the last sieving process, the best grades for the European market get an extra polishing in tubs of wood and wire gauze in which there are revolving cylinders covered with sheepskin. Sometimes paraffin wax is put in with the rice; the friction of the grains hitting against each other melts the wax which coats the kernels, thus giving them a glossy finish. After passing through the polishing processes, the grain falls through a chute into bags. These are sewed up by hand and made ready for shipment abroad. While the polished rice is preferred on the European markets, it is not best for peoples who make rice their chief article of food. The husks contain essential vitamins, and it was found that natives of the Philippines who had lived chiefly on polished rice and were suffering from beri-beri were cured by feeding them paddy or an extract of rice husks.

Of the world's rice crop, the Empire of India produces about forty per cent. or perhaps thirty-six million tons annually. The Indian Empire is also the world's largest

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rice exporter, sometimes shipping as much as two and one half million tons a year, the greater part of which comes from Burma. Although Bengal, Bihar, and Madras all grow more rice than does Burma, these provinces export less because of the enormous domestic consumption by their dense populations. The Burmese rice is much better than that of Hindustan, and it brings such high prices that the natives ship their own product abroad and eat the cheaper imported varieties.

It is hard to see how Burma's rice industry could go on without the coolies from Hindustan. In all the labour of harvesting and transporting the grain they are indispensable. At the beginning of the paddy season, along toward the end of November, tens of thousands of them are brought over from Madras and Bengal and set to reaping the grain fields. All the work is done by hand, for mechanical reapers are unknown in Burma. When the season is over, about the middle of April, they begin their drift back to Hindustan, though year after year some stay behind and settle in and near Rangoon and the other ports. Of the six hundred thousand Indians in Burma, more than one sixth are in Rangoon and the rest are in Lower Burma and along the coasts. There are few or none in the interior.

Many people, in speaking of the Indian labour invasion, criticize the Burmese as being too lazy and shiftless to do their own work. The fact is that the Burman is primarily a farmer and does not readily take to any other sort of work. Agriculture is the chief industry of the province and supports nearly three fourths of the population. For eight months of the year the natives are willing to toil early and late in their fields of beans, peanuts, tobacco,



In the rice fields of Burma, which exceed in area the state of West Virginia, the entire crop is harvested with ancient hand sickles. It takes six days to cut an acre by this method as compared with one hour by machine.



Just as for centuries past, the rice of Burma is still winnowed in the wind. The grain needed for family use is stored in baskets and tubs, while most of the surplus goes down to Rangoon, the world's chief rice port.

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cotton, and rice, but they claim the rest of the time for vacation and their numerous Buddhist holidays. Compared with the other peoples of this part of the world, they are well-to-do. In fact, since the Burman can afford to dress himself and his wife in silk, have a plenty to eat, and hire someone else to do his heavy work, one wonders whether he is not wise, after all, to be satisfied with that rather than driving himself furiously to get more gain. I know that many of our Americans who work harder get less out of life than do these men and women of pagoda land.

Many of the business men of the province, especially the *bunniahs*, or money-lenders, have come here from Hindustan. The latter lend money to the Burmese rice-growers at from twenty-five to forty per cent. a year, taking mortgages on their crops as security. Most of them are natives of Madras, who come to Burma with the single idea of accumulating money, and spending next to nothing while doing so. The money-lender usually lives in a mean house and his dress would not cost a dollar. His legs are bare except for a piece of calico about a yard wide and several yards long which is wrapped about his waist and tucked in. He wears a calico jacket and sometimes has a shawl-like piece of cotton about his shoulders. His shaved black head is usually covered by a turban or cap and he often has lines drawn in ashes upon his forehead to denote his caste. Some of the money-lenders are quite wealthy, all are said to be honest, and their word is accepted by the banks for large sums. Some start in Rangoon as clerks at twelve dollars a month. They live on half that amount and lend the rest out at high rates. When they have accumulated ten thousand rupees or so they go

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back home and thereafter live economically on the interest.

While the Indian money-lenders make many small loans to the farmers, the movement of the rice crop is really financed by the British, who have four large banks in Rangoon, all of which do a general banking and exchange business. Their interest rates vary according to the season of the year. When the rice crop is to be moved there is a great demand for money and the rates go up, while between times there is a smaller demand and the rates are lower. They get from six to eight per cent., receiving the higher rate during the periods when rice is being planted and harvested. In the fall paddy buyers, representatives of the mills and wholesale houses in Rangoon and the other rice-shipping ports, go to the harvested areas, buy the grain, and see that it is loaded on boats. By January the Irrawaddy tributaries are full of rice cargoes on the way down to Rangoon. At the mills the rice is unloaded and weighed as quickly as possible, so that the vessels may make a quick turn-around and start back up stream for another load. Storage warehouses, which used to be few and far between, are now scattered through the up-river districts, so that almost half the exportable surplus can be stored in the up-country godowns.

The trade of Burma is almost altogether in the hands of the British. They control not only the rice export, but most of the rest of Burma's foreign trade as well. American goods are sold here to the value of only about one million dollars a year, and consist mostly of lamps, hardware, machinery, and canned goods. We practically control the automobile market and have latterly out-

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stripped Great Britain in supplying steel, iron pipes, and tubes. The total imports of the province amount to something like seventy million dollars per annum, of which the United Kingdom and the British dominions supply nearly seventy per cent.

CHAPTER IX

AT THE RANGOON JAIL

THE biggest jail in John Bull's domains is at Rangoon. It has a capacity of more than three thousand convicts, and is a unique institution. The jail is situated right in the heart of the city and is surrounded by lilac-coloured brick walls twenty feet tall. High up on their corners are watch towers in which the dark-bearded and brown-faced Indian soldiers stand day and night, ready to shoot down any prisoner who attempts to escape. There are more sentry boxes midway of the walls and still others scattered throughout the vast enclosure, and the prisoners are under surveillance every minute. A squad of soldiers was drilling in front of the entrance when I drove up to it this morning, and inside the jail I found guards everywhere.

An official introduction opened the doors for me and the superintendent gave orders that I was to be shown every part of the institution and allowed to make such photographs as I wished. I was accompanied by one of the Burmese clerks of the jail office, a bright young fellow with a yellow face, brown eyes, and black hair about which was bound a pink turban. Below his khaki jacket was his silk skirt, wound closely about him from waist to ankles. He was known to all the officials, and, at his word, all doors were opened and all cells unlocked. We walked together through ward after ward and visited the

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workshops, where more than two thousand prisoners labour from six in the morning until four in the afternoon.

The first division we entered was the one devoted to the incorrigibles. Most of the prisoners work together in great shops of various kinds, but in this ward every man laboured alone. He could not see or hear anything but the sorrowful shriek of the machinery which he and his fellows were operating, and these noises sounded to me like the wails of the damned. Imagine a long hall fifteen feet wide upon which open perhaps threescore cells. Each is about the size of a hall bedroom, and lighted by a grated window so high up under the roof that the inmate cannot see out. The walls and floors are of cement, and the only furniture is a low bench about two feet wide and eight inches high, with a coarse blanket upon it. This is the prisoner's bed. His pillow is a chunk of wood about the size of an ordinary loaf of bread.

Did I say the only furniture? I am wrong! There is also a great crank in the cell, attached to a bar which extends through the walls, and which, by an arrangement of cog wheels, turns a mill in the hall outside. The hopper of this mill is kept filled with raw peanuts, which are ground and pressed to get out the oil. To turn the crank the convict must use both hands and all the weight and strength of his body. Moreover, he is compelled to keep the mill going throughout the day.

The cell I first inspected was that of Po Sa, a Burmese convicted of assault with intent to kill. Excepting a light iron collar about his neck, on which was a metal tag bearing his number, he was naked to the waist. From the waist down he wore only a breech-cloth, and I could see his muscles ripple as he strained at the crank. He appeared

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to be making so much of an effort that I thought he was shamming, and I asked the guards to let me try turning the mill myself. Thereupon the door was unlocked and I took Po Sa's place. The crank moved easily at first, but after a hundred revolutions every cord in my arms and chest ached, and in a few moments I was ready to drop.

Another kind of work carried on in the institution is making coir, a coarse rope of coconut fibre. The prisoners sit flat on the floor and pound the fibre to reduce it to the proper consistency. They keep up their pounding hour after hour and day after day, and if they stop are forced by the guards to go on again. I asked my guide whether flogging was common. "No," he replied, "but it is done now and then to keep the convicts in order."

We went on through enclosure after enclosure, containing workshops of various kinds. The doors were opened by dark-skinned jailers and the guards presented arms as we went through. The prisoners we met saluted us by dropping on their bare knees or squatting on their heels and folding their hands like the "little cherubs who look aloft." At first I thought they were praying to me, but I afterward learned that they are required to do this in the interests of good order. No one can knock you over or spring at you with a knife while kneeling and keeping his hands folded before him. It looked odd to see hundreds of men squatting down as we went by. In some cases they took tubs of water from their heads, and in others laid down their tools that they might clasp their hands as we passed.

I spent some time in the workshops, where almost every industry known to the Burman is carried on. In the big printing office are many presses, and I saw fully five

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hundred convicts at work there and in the type foundries and engraving plants. In the shop next to the printers were the carpenters and cabinet-makers, and farther on criminals were carving wood and weaving artistic wicker furniture. We next went by groups of tailors working out in the open. All dropped their tasks and folded their hands as we approached.

Most of the expenses of the jail are paid by the profits on the prisoners' labour. They manufacture all sorts of things for the government departments, do much of the official printing and binding, and make most of the weapons and chains used in the jail. I saw scores of prisoners in the blacksmith shop forging swords and dirks to be used by the men who guard them, and also shaping iron collars for the necks of the incorrigibles.

Machinery plays but a small part in the work of this prison, human muscle taking its place. The flour used in the kitchens is ground between millstones turned by prisoners who sweat as they toil. I saw a gang at such work, and was told that each was expected to make and clean about fifty pounds of flour daily. Still, this is not considered punishment or even hard labour, but just ordinary work, for quite half the flour of the Indian Empire is ground in similar hand mills. As for the sweating of the prisoners, any one who exerts himself, even in winter, in this hot climate, is soon drenched with perspiration.

I was interested to see if the great saws and planers were still worked by treadmills as they were when I was in Rangoon years ago. I found the treadmills still in existence, but idle, for they have been displaced by steam-driven machinery. It was not so long ago that the prisoners were used, like so many horses, to furnish the

FROM BANGKOK TO BOMBAY

power for a complete sawmill. Imagine a long narrow room about thirty feet wide, in which six great cogwheels twelve feet in diameter are fastened side by side on a single axle running from one end of the room to the other. Let the cogs of this wheel be boards an inch thick, so made that they form a set of steps upon which men tread to make the wheel move by their weight. There is a bar above the wheel to which the toilers can hold, and to which they can, if necessary, be chained to keep them at work. I saw one hundred and fifty prisoners clinging to that bar as they turned the great wheels by climbing up the steps yet never getting any higher. The main shaft to which the wheels were attached was connected with the saws, planers, and other machinery, and the prisoners kept stepping up, up, up, to the jingling accompaniment of the chains about their legs. The men put at this task were mostly incorrigibles, who had committed the worst crimes.

As far as I can learn, the prisoners are now fairly well treated. I saw no flogging, and I am told brutality is not tolerated. The severest punishment I saw was being administered to a gang of four men, who were exercising with cannon balls. This penalty is imposed upon prisoners who cannot be controlled in other ways. Each man had a cannon ball weighing thirty-two pounds in his hands, and at the tap of a gong they all went through certain movements in unison. As the guard pounded the gong they lifted the iron balls from the ground. Another tap, and they raised them to their shoulders and then high over their heads. At other signals the prisoners lowered their burdens slowly to the ground. This exhausting exercise goes on for hours at a time, and I am told that the fatigue soon becomes so terrible that the men will welcome any



In the workshops of the Rangoon jail the prisoners manufacture all sorts of things for the government, do much of the official printing and binding, make furniture, and forge most of the weapons and chains used in the prison.



Exercise in lifting and lowering cannon balls weighing thirty-two pounds each is imposed on unruly prisoners in the Rangoon jail. It is one of the most dreaded of the prison punishments.

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other punishment rather than be assigned to a cannon-ball drill.

The Rangoon prison is excellently planned and well managed. The buildings are great sheds of one or two stories radiating from a centre like the spokes of a wheel. Guards stand in the central space so that they can keep an eye on a half dozen or more shops at one time. The dormitories are arranged in the same way. Everything is clean and sanitary and the prison death rate is only sixteen per thousand.

Among the jail institutions is a large garden which furnishes enough fresh vegetables to prevent the prisoners from getting scurvy or beri-beri. The prisoners get plenty to eat to keep them in perfect condition, and their sleek, fat forms are in striking contrast to the lean bodies of the hard-working coolies from India. The convicts have three meals a day. Between five and six o'clock in the morning, before going to work, they have rice and vegetables, and a similar meal is given them between nine and ten. They have their last meal about four o'clock, when they quit for the day. Their meals are served simply. The men squat out of doors in long rows, each having a basin before him. Into this the attendants ladle the food, and the prisoners take it out with their fingers.

In the case of the Indians, special consideration is given to their caste prejudices about eating. Among the Hindus, only the pariahs, or men of no caste, would eat from the tin vessels used by the other convicts, and I understand that the Indians generally prefer leaves as plates. They use only the right hand in eating.

According to the government reports, the average cost of feeding each man is about eight cents a day. The ex-

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pense for clothing is likewise small, the average per head being about one dollar a year. The prisoners I saw were clad in little more than breech-cloths, although a few wore calico jackets as well.

In this description, however, I have omitted mention of a costume that some of the criminals wear all their lives. I noticed several hill tribesmen with suits of tattooing that reached from waist to knees. Figures of tigers, monkeys, and other animals had been pricked into the skin with blue and black inks. In some instances there were love charms in red around the eyes. The ink used for such decorations is usually a solution of lamp black obtained from the smoke of sesamum oil. Tattooing was once common throughout the country but the custom has died out among the more civilized people and survives only among the primitive tribes of Upper Burma.

As prisoners, the Burmese are usually not difficult to control. They are high strung and proud and will fight at the drop of a hat, especially when there is any slight to their personal dignity. Once in jail, however, they are amenable to discipline. In comparison with the population of the country, the number of convicts is large. But the jail population includes also what are known as the civil prisoners—men who have been incarcerated for debt. There is a special department of the Rangoon jail for such offenders, who are allowed a certain amount of money for rations, each man doing his own cooking.

Neither in Burma nor in the rest of the Empire of India is the British government neglecting to keep abreast of the latest ideas and practices in prison reform. A few years ago a committee was appointed to investigate the whole question of prison administration with special reference

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to recent legislation and experience in western countries. The committee visited many prisons and industrial and reformatory schools in Great Britain, besides touring in the United States, Japan, and the Philippines. Its exhaustive report contained a number of important recommendations, many of which are now being carried out. Attempts are being made to teach the convicts such trades as will be helpful to them in making a living upon their release and to assist them in becoming useful citizens.

CHAPTER X

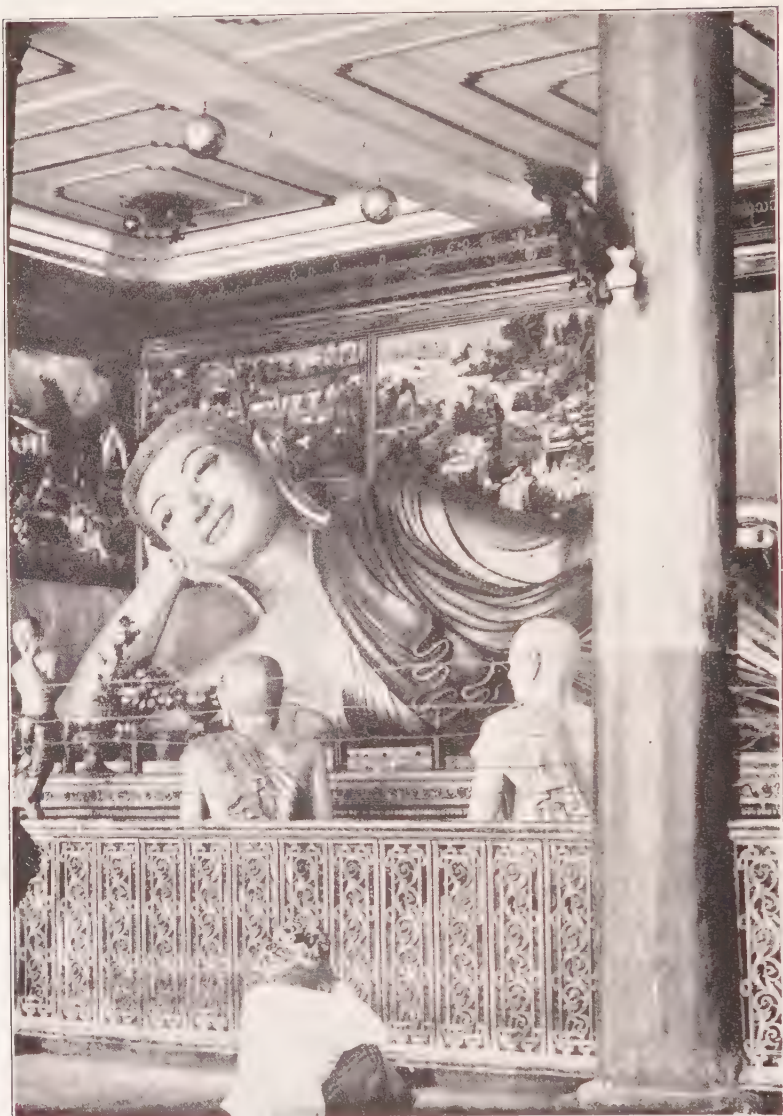
ELEPHANT LUMBER JACKS

A GOOD part of to-day has been spent in watching the elephants at work in the teak sawmills and lumber yards of Rangoon. Burma is now the world's chief source of the best teak and annually produces hundreds of tons of this wood. It is largely used in the Orient for making furniture, as well as for railway ties and general construction purposes. One of its special uses in this part of the world is for building temples; practically all of their decorations in carved wood are of teak. It is the most valuable as well as one of the hardest and most durable of woods. Teak beams, which are known to have stood for more than one thousand years, have been found in good condition. The green wood is so heavy that the trees are first girdled in the forests and allowed to stand for two years until they dry out sufficiently for the logs to be floated down the streams.

Both in the forests and at the ports elephants are indispensable in handling teak. The great beasts drag the logs to the streams and arrange them behind the booms; they stack the cut timbers and break up log jams. Every sawmill here has its elephants, and some companies use several hundred. The average operator, however, can afford but few, for the animals are costly, their prices ranging from fifteen hundred to five thousand dollars.



The Buddhist worshippers do not pray to Buddha or his images, but come to his shrines to renew their vows, to think upon the perfections of the great Enlightened One, and to repent of their sins.



Great reclining Buddhas are scattered throughout Burma and Siam. There is a legend that when a child is born with ears reaching to his shoulders, then another Gautama will have come to enlighten the world.

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The elephants come from the forests of Upper Burma. All those in the province not in captivity are owned by the government, which has a special department to look after them. The elephant commissioner keeps track of the wild herds and every year sends out hunting parties to catch the young bulls. The wild elephants are sometimes trapped in pits and sometimes led into corrals by tame elephants trained for the purpose. The tame beasts mix with the wild ones and lead them into the pens, whereupon the hunters sort out those they wish to keep.

Most of the cow elephants and a certain number of bulls are turned back into the forests. Males are best for lumbering because of their tusks, which they use as levers and upon which they balance the logs. After the bull calves have been trained they are sold to the lumbermen, a few being kept for government use. Like other animals, elephants can be trained effectively only when young, the best age being between three and fifteen years. A bull is full grown at twenty-two and at his best from twenty-five to forty-five. In captivity elephants do not ordinarily live more than thirty years, though normally they would reach a far greater age. There are exceptional cases of elephants more than a hundred years old.

Teak lumbering seems to be one industry wherein machinery is never likely entirely to replace animals. Generally the teak trees grow in rough, hilly country, and in forests they are mixed with bamboo and other growth. The elephants can climb hills almost like mountain sheep, and they can drag the felled trees through the roughest kind of country. The best of them can pull logs weighing two and a half tons, and every animal used in this work is expected to move an average of one thousand board feet of

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logs a distance of a mile and a half or two miles in a day. As a rule, each elephant gets out from fifty to seventy logs in a season. The season lasts from about the first of June until the end of February, when it grows too hot for the animals to work and they go into rest camps until the next rains.

Experienced lumbermen say that an elephant can be worked in the forests about one hundred and fifty days out of the year. In the busy season the animals are often used for three days in succession and then allowed to rest for one. If they do not have enough work to do, their temples swell, a fatty substance oozes out of the glands behind their eyes, and they become savage. Then, unless they are chained up, they run amuck, uprooting bamboos, destroying trees, and trampling down everything in their path.

The elephants do perhaps their best work in the streams. Here they are largely used for breaking up log jams and for working the logs down the beds of the water courses when there is not sufficient depth to float them. They go about knee-deep in the mud, "a-pilin' teak in the sludgy, squidgy creek," as Kipling says. In these marshy places nothing but elephants could do the work; tractors, for example, would be hopelessly stalled in the muck, but the elephants tread down through the soft mire to the hard pan beneath.

These "people", as the natives always call them, are magnificent swimmers and in high water they go from bank to bank pushing the logs about at the direction of the drivers perched on their heads. Sometimes all one can see of a beast is his trunk thrust up through the water so he can breathe, while his rider will be sitting up to his

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waist in the wet. The elephants break up jams by pushing out the key logs. They know the danger of being caught when a jam breaks and if they see such a thing about to happen they trumpet loudly and make for the bank or take out down stream as fast as they can go.

I wish I could show you some of the huge beasts I saw at work in the Rangoon teak yards. They lifted great logs on their tusks and stacked them in piles. They carried timbers to the saws and laid the finished planks in order for shipment. Their every action showed reasoning power, and they seemed to calculate cause and effect. At one sawmill I saw two big fellows piling lumber together. Each of them was directed by a silk-turbaned Burman seated upon his head. The men used both hands and heels, as well as word of mouth, to tell the elephants what to do, and jabbed their mounts with sharp brass hooks at any sign of disobedience. Either of these two elephants could lift on his tusks a log twelve inches in diameter, and carry it across the yard. He would kneel down before the middle of a log, thrust his tusks under it, and then, throwing his great trunk over the top to steady it, would get up and carry it to the truck upon which it was to be rolled up to the buzz saw. If the log proved very heavy he would rest one end on the ground and drag it.

At another part of the yard I watched an elephant piling teak. He would lift a timber and lay it down on the others as evenly as though he had measured each piece. Sometimes he would stop and squint at the pile to see if it were evenly stacked and then butt or kick into place any logs that might be out of line. Where it was necessary to carry two logs at a time the men tied a rope

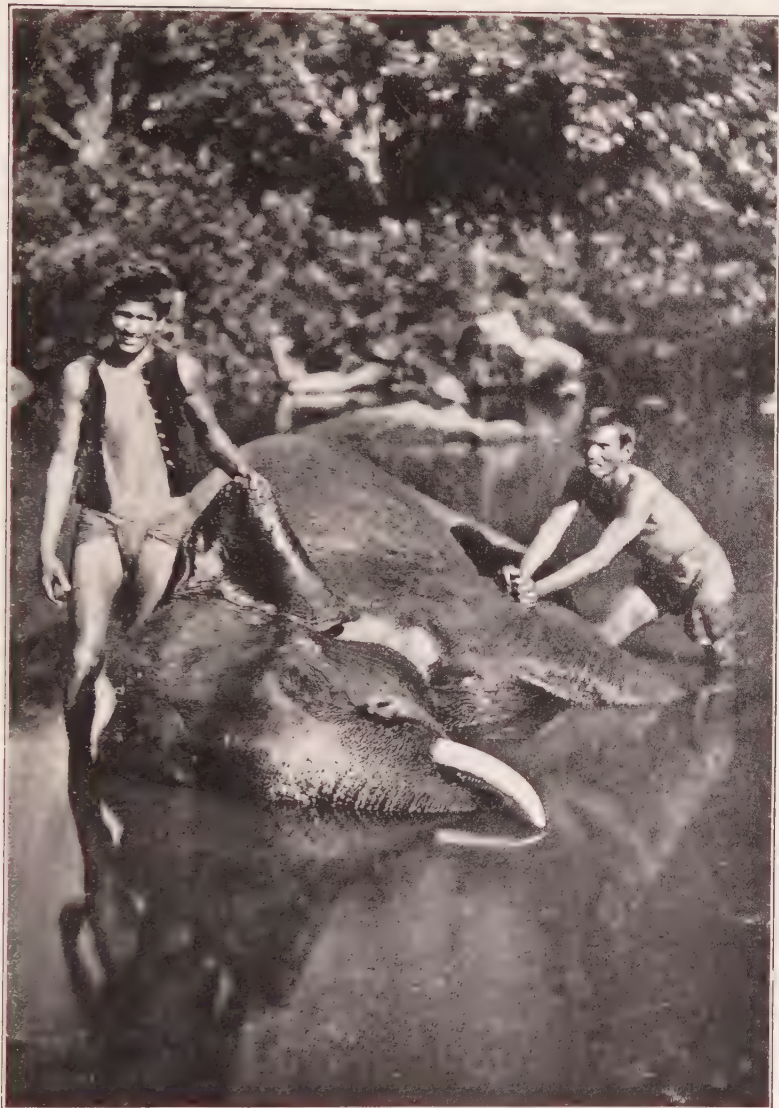
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around them and the elephant would pick up the end of the rope with his trunk, put it over his tusk, and walk off with his load. The elephants are also trained to gather up the scraps of lumber and lay them so that the workmen can rope them into bundles. They help, too, in loading the steamers that come here for teak. In some places the elephants work in gangs, and I am told that there are boss elephants that keep the others up to their work and beat the loiterers with their trunks. In some yards each elephant has his own job, which he does regularly.

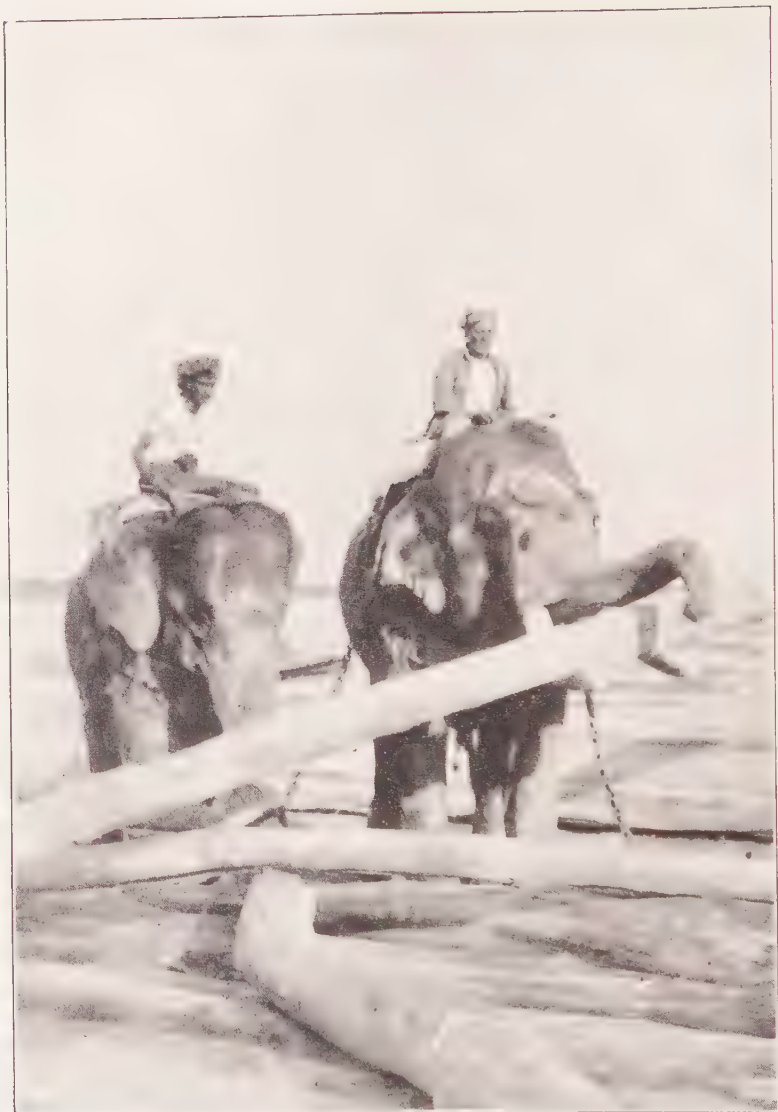
These elephants at Rangoon are particular as to their working hours. They seem almost to watch the clock, for they get restless as the noon hour approaches, and stop now and then to wait for the bell. At twelve o'clock, when the whistle sounds and the bell rings, they drop instantly whatever they have on their tusks and bolt for the feeding sheds.

I have been told that it takes the equivalent of the labour of three men to supply an elephant with his daily ration of bran, molasses, hay, and other food. A full-grown tusker at work in the forests requires as much as eight hundred pounds of food a day. In the jungle the animals are usually allowed to forage for themselves after their work is over, being trailed by their footmen and brought back into camp, no matter how far they wander. Each man knows the footprints of his own charge and pays no attention to other tracks.

Each elephant must have his bath twice a day. At one of the yards I saw the beasts being washed. The elephants knelt down while buckets of water were thrown over them. After that their drivers scrubbed them with



Elephants in captivity demand careful handling and much attention, and must not be overworked. Among their requirements is a daily bath, followed by a scrub down with coarse brushes made of coconut fibre.



Like most highly skilled workers, the elephants in the sawmills of Rangoon are expensive employees. Good ones cost from \$1,500 to \$5,000 each, and in captivity they seldom live more than thirty years.

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rough brushes of coconut husks and then curried them all over. As the water was dashed upon them they flapped their ears and grunted with enjoyment.

I asked one of the men if the beasts were hard to handle. He replied: "No, but we must be always on guard. If one of them should grow angry he would not hesitate to attack us."

The elephant is a touchy creature. For example, if any living thing creeps under the blanket on his back he grows restless and does not work well. He will tremble like a woman at the sight of a mouse, for fear, perhaps, that the animal may run up his trunk.

Some of the drivers teach their mounts to beg. After a visitor has watched one of these trained beggars at work for a while, the beast will throw up his head and salute, then put out his trunk for money. In case it is not forthcoming, he will fumble in the stranger's pockets with his trunk. They tell me that this last trick never fails to work. As I left one of the sawmills I threw a piece of silver to the man on the biggest elephant. He rubbed the head of his mount with his heel and thereupon the elephant threw his great trunk high into the air and gave me a grand salute.

Once Burma ranked with Siam as the land of the white elephant. King Thebaw had a palace for his white elephants, which were treated like royalty. When they went out umbrellas of white and gold were held over them, their ears were decorated with golden tassels, and their foreheads covered with golden plates. The man who found a white elephant and brought it to the palace was ennobled and exempted from paying taxes for the rest of his life. But when the British took over the country they

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deposed all the white elephants from their imperial position. Like the Siamese, many of the Burmese still believe that the white elephant is inhabited by the soul of some departed hero or king, and if one should be found the probability is he would not be set to work hauling logs, but would be given to some monastery and fed by the gifts of the faithful.

CHAPTER XI

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

IN WRITING of Buddha, Edwin Arnold called him "the Light of Asia." To-day, it seems to me, the people of this part of the world are thinking of a material rather than a spiritual illumination and are looking to Burma for the real "light of Asia."

The Empire of India ranks seventh among the oil-producing regions of the world, and most of her production comes from wells in Burma. Of a total yearly output of seven and a half million barrels, Burma's share is something like six million. The entire production is controlled by the Burma Oil Company, a British corporation that enjoys a far greater monopoly than our own Standard Oil Company ever achieved. It has to pay a royalty to the government on every barrel of oil, but it is also largely protected by the administration, and no outsider is allowed even to prospect for oil in this province.

As a matter of fact, the world's first oil trust was established out here in India, and the output of Burma has always been in the hands of a monopoly. Long before our Pennsylvania oil was discovered, the Burma fields were controlled by twenty-four families in two villages of the Yenangyaung oil region, from which most of the petroleum still comes. Generations ago these people gained possession and tied up the oil lands so tightly that no one else could dig for petroleum, much less own an oil well. The

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members of this group of families were known as Yoya, and their chiefs were called Twinsayo. Shares in the property were passed on from father to son, or, in case there were no descendants, went only to other families within the group, so that the corporation was decidedly close.

At first the Yenangyaung owners disposed of the oil wherever they pleased. Then a little over half a century ago King Mindon Min declared himself a partner in their monopoly and decreed that the entire output must be sold over to him.

For a time after the Burma Oil Company began its work farther down the river valley, some of the Yoya continued taking out oil as their forefathers had done. They broke up the rock with pointed lumps of iron, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, and carried the débris out in baskets. When the oil stratum was reached they waited for the petroleum to seep in and then raised it in buckets, which were filled by men lowered in rope slings to the bottom. The wells were seldom more than two hundred and fifty feet deep. As there was much gas in them, the miners could stay below but a few minutes. In order to make the most of their time, they blindfolded themselves before descending, so that their eyes were adjusted to the darkness by the time they reached the bottom. To protect their heads from the rocks and earth continually falling from the sides of the wells, they wore stiff hats made of palm leaves. All the oil thus produced was sold to the Burma Oil Company, which paid such low prices that the owners could make little more than fair wages. Finally the company bought them all out.

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The methods now used are thoroughly modern, and largely American. In fact, our people have in Burma, as they have in nearly every other oil field in the world, a monopoly on the drillers' jobs. In boring a well, the rope to which the drill is attached breaks every now and then, leaving the tool stuck in the hole. The Americans seem to be the only ones who have mastered the trick of dropping a grappling hook, catching the drill, and bringing it up. Moreover, our people are the only ones who can properly sink the iron pipes, or casings.

In the early stages of the drilling in the Burma fields the oil was found at a depth of five hundred feet, but recent wells have gone down several thousand feet. There are no flowing wells and the average output is far under that of wells in the United States.

Although the people of Burma and elsewhere in the Orient have been using petroleum in one form or another for generations, our own American oil trust made it the modern illuminant of the East. You remember how some years ago the Standard Oil Company found itself facing the fact that electricity and gas were replacing kerosene for lighting our homes in the United States. New markets were desperately needed, and accordingly the company began a campaign to educate the big Asiatic populations to the use of kerosene. It erected huge storage tanks along our Pacific coast and set up other tanks, holding tens of thousands of barrels, along the China coast, at Shanghai, Tientsin, and even at Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yangtse Kiang. Great factories were also constructed for making the oil cans now found in even the most remote districts of the Far East.

Here on the Irrawaddy below Rangoon there are

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storage tanks, which belong to the Burma Oil Company. Each will hold half a million gallons of oil and I can see at least two score or so from where I am writing.

The Burma Oil Company is one of the world's big monopolies, and has its own fleet of tank steamers for shipping petroleum to all parts of the earth. Pipe-lines have been laid to Syriam from the fields, which are situated some three hundred miles up the river. At first the pipes were laid on the surface, but they were so much affected by temperature changes that later they were put underground.

I have gone through the refineries at Syriam, which cover a hundred acres or more along the banks of the Irrawaddy, about sixteen miles from its mouth. I shall not attempt to describe the processes except to say that enormous furnaces are kept hot with oil fires and that the boilers above them have pipes to catch the vapour as the oil boils. Refining petroleum is much like distilling whisky. The crude oil is heated to a vapour, which passes into cold pipes, where it is condensed to a liquid and runs out as pure oil. The machinery at Syriam is up-to-date and a good deal of it came from the United States. American refining experts have been imported, also, with the result that Burma's oil is now of good quality and colourless instead of having a yellowish tinge, as formerly.

The residue after the first distillation is carried from boiler to boiler, until all the oil has been extracted. A part of what is left is turned into paraffin wax, and in the end there is also a product which is made into a coke superior to that obtained from coal. The wax is used chiefly for candles, which are manufactured in large quantities to

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be burned at the Buddhist shrines. The largest of the candles are great, round, tapering cylinders six and a half feet tall and as thick as an elephant's leg. Such candles cost about fifteen or twenty dollars.

Another petroleum product consumed in large quantities in British India is the heavy, white, tasteless, mineral oil that we use as medicine. The Indians import a great deal of this from the United States, not for medicinal purposes, but for adulterating their cooking oils.

The labour employed in the Syriam refineries is almost altogether Indian, and largely from Madras. Among the workers I saw little chaps, who should have been in school, packing candles and carrying heavy loads. They worked with all their might for wages of but a few cents a day. I rode about through the plant on a little car pushed by four coolies, and before leaving I took a ride in a big automobile in and out among the great tanks where the oil is stored.

The Burmese oil trust has other refineries at Dunneedaw, on the opposite bank of the Irrawaddy, and is steadily adding to its enterprises. It builds its own barges and carries on almost as many different activities as the Standard Oil Company. The whole province is now being prospected, with the hope of finding new oil territory. The present fields extend over an area of only about one hundred square miles. In addition to the developed fields in Burma, the Indian Empire has another oil region. This is on the west, and includes Baluchistan and the Punjab, the same oil belt being continued beyond the borders of British India into Persia. Of the two, the eastern field is by far the more important, and Burma furnishes the greater part of the oil and gasoline used in

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all India. While Rangoon and Mandalay, like other large towns, have electric lights, throughout the country a vast and increasing number of homes are lighted only by kerosene lamps, and the product of petroleum has largely displaced vegetable oil as an illuminant. Consequently there is a big market for Burma's oil right at her doors.

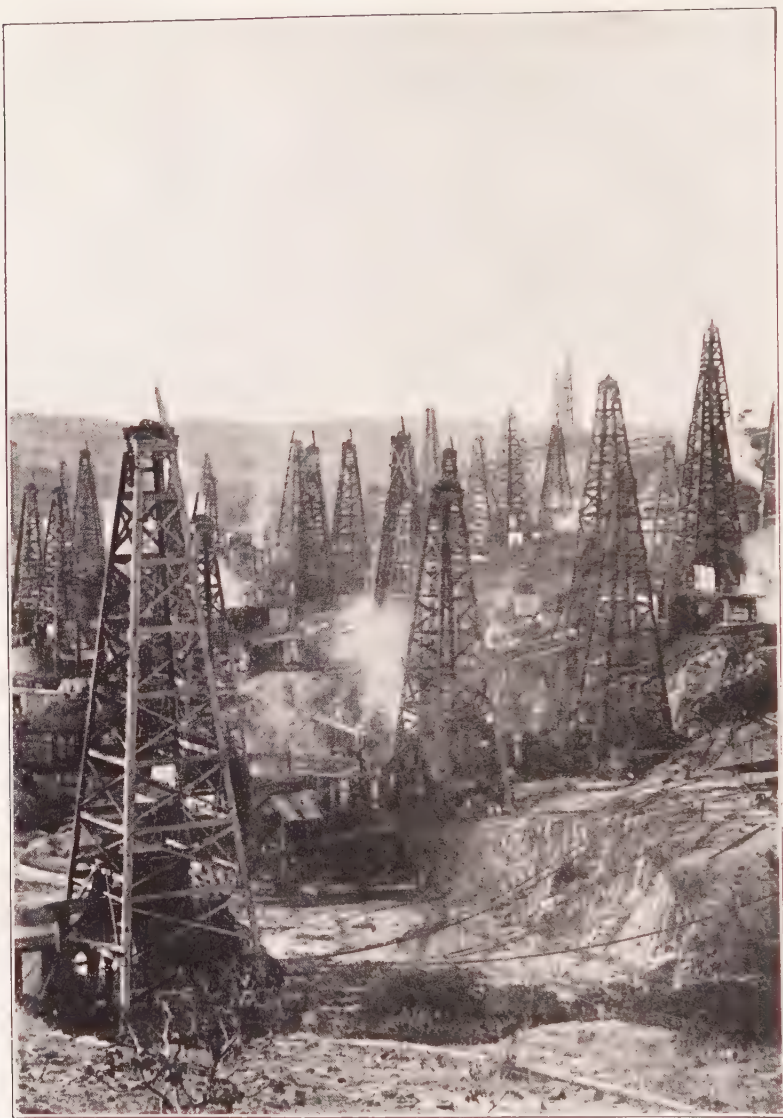
Another monopoly in Burma besides the oil trust is that in rubies. The province produces the finest of these stones and furnishes most of the world's supply. The industry is in the hands of the Burma Ruby Mines Company, which is operating in the Mogok Valley, about ninety miles from Mandalay. A region there four thousand feet above sea level and covering about sixty square miles has produced more and better rubies than any other place upon earth. In some years it has yielded stones worth a half million dollars; and a few years ago there was found a single stone, the Peace Ruby, which sold for one hundred thousand dollars.

A fine ruby is more valuable than the average diamond of the same weight. A five-carat stone of the colour known as "pigeon's blood" will sell for several times as much as a five-carat diamond, and the difference in price increases with the size. A ruby weighing eleven carats was sold in England for thirty-five thousand dollars, whereas a diamond of that size might not bring more than one fifth as much. The largest ruby ever known came from Tibet. It weighed two thousand carats, but it was not of the finest quality. Some of the best stones are owned by Indian rajahs, who consider them among the most beautiful of gems.

Modern methods are now used in working the ruby mines. The pumps and other machinery are operated



Tattooing of the legs, once common throughout the province, now survives only among the more primitive peoples of upper Burma. Among these are the Kachins, who live along the Chinese border.



The Burma oil fields are sown thick with wells, but it is not a case of competitors trying to drain each other's claims, for the entire output belongs to a monopoly. The pipes are often put down several thousand feet and the average production per well is far below that in the United States.

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by hydro-electric power and the processes and equipment are similar to those employed in the diamond mines of South Africa. The stones are run over pulsators, which separate the heavier gravel from the lighter, and the precious stones are sorted out. The rubies obtained are graded by gem experts, who are all Europeans. The best stones are sent to London and Paris, while those of lesser value are auctioned off to the local dealers about the mines. The latter are great gamblers, and will run up the prices if they think a stone may have a valuable centre.

Among the rubies are found spinels, stones which look much like the true ruby, but which are not rubies. Under certain light tests the real rubies will show a violet or blue cast, which is a sign of their genuineness and distinguishes them from spinels and synthetic gems. The rubies lie in matrices in the rocks, and also in clay. With them are sometimes found sapphires—blue, yellow, and green—as well as garnets and spinels.

I have learned from a man of wide experience in Burma and India that out here where the rubies are mined it is hard to get genuine stones. Many of those offered to travellers in Rangoon are synthetic gems made in Paris by melting silica and colouring materials in the heat of an oxy-acetylene flame. This man tells me that a wealthy friend of his commissioned him to purchase some rubies in Rangoon. He went to the leading jeweller in the city, who declared that he would try his best to get the genuine articles but could not guarantee any above the size of the end of a lead pencil. Ten days later, the jeweller had been able to secure only four that stood the test. The pawn-brokers here practically never lend money on rubies and

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sapphires, because such a large proportion of these stones are artificial. The synthetic gems, by the way, do not have any flaws, whereas the good stones often do.

Burma is famous also for its jade. It is mined in the northern part of the country and the best of it is sold to the Chinese, who prize it highly. They employ the word "jade" much as we do the term "pure gold." A fine girl is a jade girl, a beautiful hand is a jade hand, and a jade foot is one that is always on time. Nearly every well-to-do Chinese girl has jade earrings and bracelets, and many have jade hairpins and brooches. In Burma the stone is often used for ear plugs as well as for rings and other jewellery.

The jade found in northern Burma is of a beautiful shade of green, which is greatly desired. The mines have always been regarded as the property of the Kachins, whose exclusive right to the stone was never questioned by the native kings. The mines are still in the hands of the native chiefs of the tribe and are worked by the crudest methods. The rocks are first cracked by building fires upon them and then broken apart by crowbars and wedges, and shaped up with hammers into sizes convenient for transportation. The annual output is valued at about a quarter of a million dollars. Jade is not found anywhere in large quantities, but occurs in small veins or pockets scattered here and there among the rocks. When a vein is cleaned out, often no more is found near by, and that is the reason why modern mining methods would not pay.

Practically all the jade produced in the world comes from Burma, though some, of a rather different chemical composition, is found in Mexico and eastern Turkestan. As the visible supply approaches exhaustion, the stone

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becomes more and more costly. The ordinary jade of commerce is translucent, but the best grade, the kind the wealthy Chinese buy, is transparent and looks not unlike green glass. A jade necklace of perfectly transparent beads may cost as much as fifteen hundred dollars in Rangoon, whereas the ordinary kind would bring only thirty or forty.

Besides her oil, rubies, and jade, Burma has rich silver and lead mines that are operated by the most up-to-date methods, and she has also deposits of zinc, tin, and tungsten. The lack of railroads and of permanent labour are both handicaps to the exploitation of her mineral wealth. The mine labourers are largely Yunnanese from South China, who leave the mines for several months in the wet season to work on their farms at home. Efforts are being made to break up this annual migration by improving labour conditions and providing hospitals and better lodgings at the mines, but the problem still remains perplexing.

CHAPTER XII

THE WOMEN OF BURMA

I HAVE come up "the road to Mandalay," the city that most of us know only through Kipling's song, but a place long famous throughout the East as the capital of the native kings of Burma. Although the British have transferred the seat of government to Rangoon some four hundred miles down the Irrawaddy, Mandalay remains in many respects one of the most interesting places in the country. For one thing, it is pure Burmese, and here one sees best the people of Burma without the mixture of other races that makes Rangoon one of the cosmopolitan cities of the world.

I like especially the girls of Mandalay. You will know why if you go with me to the bazaars and walk through the immense buildings filled with stalls in which hundreds of smiling women are sitting on platforms in the midst of their wares. Here is one selling silk stuffs for skirts. She has the most delicate pinks, blues, yellows, and greens, some of them striped and checked with other gay colours. See, a girl has come up and is making a purchase. The fair merchant takes out of her mouth a cheroot as big around as a stick of shaving soap and lays it aside while she measures the goods with a yardstick. A half-dozen plump girls are sitting on their heels near by watching the bargaining.

Now look at the ears of the girls. They are shaped



"Not many Burmese women can read or write; for the monks cannot teach the girls as they do the boys. In the cities, however, the British have established schools for girls, and in Rangoon a class of girls did sums for my edification."



At all times and places, at home or abroad, the men, the women, and even the children of Burma smoke. Their big white cheroots are milder than they look, as they are a mixture of pith and tobacco.

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like beautiful shells, except at the lobes, which are elongated and plugged with cylinders of gold, silver, or amber. Every girl wears two or more bracelets and several rings. All are bareheaded, and their long black hair is done up in a knot on the crown.

There are crowds of women buying and selling in the bazaars, and hundreds of peddlers move about with trays on their heads. Here comes one selling fruits. She has a bowl of coconuts and bananas and cries her wares as she goes. Behind her is a flower peddler, and farther on are maidens with vegetables, fish, fruit, and all sorts of things. The fish woman is selling a trout. She has chopped off its head, and the fish bleeds as she handles it. She has plugs in her ears and her lips are wrapped around a mighty cheroot at which she puffs as she weighs the fish.

We go to the street of the tailors, where the girls are busily stitching away on sewing machines. The machines are run by hand, and are not mounted on stands like those we use, for in the East almost everybody squats on the ground for work of this kind. The bazaar seamstresses will make you a dress while you wait. We stop before a pretty silk seller, and I buy a yellow striped skirt to send home. The girl sits on her feet, her little brown toes peeping out from under her pink skirt. She looks innocent and I feel safe in making the purchase at her own price. She offers me a whiff from her cigar as I try the goods, and upon my declining, gives it to her sister and then comes down to business. She pulls out one piece of bright silk after another and explains the good points of each, laughing and chatting the while. In the end, I find I have paid three times what I should, but the girl is so charming it is worth twice the money.

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This girl is one of the belles of the bazaar, and typical of the fair maidens of Burma. She is as straight as an arrow, and as plump as a partridge, and her rich Burmese dress makes the most of all her charms. The women here are clad in two garments. One is a jacket of silk, cotton, or gauze reaching to the hips, and the other a bright silken skirt wrapped around the waist and falling to the feet. The skirt is a straight piece of cloth fastened by a half hitch and with the opening down the front. It is so tight that when the girl walks rapidly she shows her bare legs to the knee; but by throwing out her heels and going pigeon-toed she prevents the folds from parting to an immodest degree. In lower Burma many of the skirts are now sewn together on account of the comments that foreigners have made upon the costume. The dresses are of different lengths, and the richer women often have skirts that trail on the ground.

My fair merchant wore a jacket of gauze, and her skirt reached as high as her armpits. The jacket was so thin that the brown neck, shoulders, and arms might be seen through the sheer fabric. She had a beautiful face. Her eyes were large, soft, and brown, with eyelids just a trifle oblique, and high-arching, delicate brows. Her hair, which was glossy black, was rolled up in a pyramid on the crown, and fastened there with a bright golden comb. She wore a necklace to which were hung pendants of amber. There were seven gold bracelets on each of her wrists, rings on her fingers, and gold plugs in her ears. She was, I judge, about fifteen years of age, but girls mature here at thirteen, and she was a woman grown.

All the girls wear ear plugs. As a maiden approaches the marriageable age, which is usually twelve or thirteen,

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her ears are bored, and the ceremony is as important to her as is the coming-out party to an American *débutante*. The rite is performed when the fortune teller has declared that the stars are propitious. A big feast is prepared which all of the friends and relatives attend in their best clothes. A professional ear-borer pierces the maiden's ears, using thick wires of pure gold for the rich and silver ones for the poor.

When the crucial moment has arrived the girl is laid upon a mat in the back of the room and her relatives hold her there while the borer thrusts the wire through each lobe and twists the metal around into a ring, which is left in the ear. While this is going on the little maid's cries are drowned by the music, talk, and laughter. Anyway, her tears are soon dried, for she herself is eager for the operation and proud of being a *débutante*. Afterward there is the feast.

The ring placed in the ear is pulled back and forth until the hole heals. It is then taken out, and the little cylinder of finely rolled gold is pressed in. This is gradually opened from week to week, stretching the hole larger and larger. The poorest people, who cannot afford silver or gold, put stems of elephant grass in their daughters' ears, inserting stem after stem until at last the hole in the lobe will hold a bunch as big around as your thumb. After the ears are well healed, plugs or hollow pipes are inserted.

Some stretch these holes until they reach an incredible size. I have seen peasant girls with ear holes so large that a napkin ring could be thrust through one. There is not a merchant in the bazaar at Mandalay who could not carry a cheroot in her ear, as, indeed, many of them do.

All Burma smokes—men, women, girls, and tiny children.

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Some people even say that infants in arms alternate puffs from their mothers' cheroots with drafts from the breast, but this the Burmese indignantly deny, vowing that smoking is forbidden to children until they have learned to walk. Everywhere I see four-year-olds enjoying their big smokes. The cheroots are worse to look at than to consume, however, for they are extremely mild. They are from six to eight inches long and about an inch in diameter. The filling is of the pith of a plant mixed with chopped tobacco leaves, stiff pieces of pith keeping the loose tobacco from the mouth. About this mixture is wrapped a teak leaf and the ends are tucked in and tied with red silk or string. All the girls are adept in making cheroots, and at a party one girl may roll for the crowd, the big cigars being passed about from one guest to another so that each may take a whiff. I doubt not that in courtships the girl makes the cigar and she and her sweetheart take love smokes turn about.

The Burmese girl is far freer in her marriage than are her sisters in India, Japan, China, Korea, and other oriental countries. The Japanese girl weds the man picked out by a matchmaker, the Korean takes one at the dictation of her parents, while, upon marriage, the Chinese maiden becomes virtually the slave of her mother-in-law. In Burma, however, I understand that there are many love matches, and that if the parents object the young people sometimes elope. There are but few marriages for money.

In Burma there is no seclusion of girls and women such as exists in Mohammedan countries and among the Hindus. Here the maiden is accorded life, liberty, and the pursuit of a husband as freely as in any western coun-



In Burma, more than elsewhere in the Orient, a young woman is accorded the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of a husband. Many Burmese maidens become street merchants for the sake of the matrimonial opportunities.



The great banyan tree of Calcutta, the pride of the Royal Botanical Gardens, covers an area nearly one thousand feet in circumference. From its branches some six hundred stems have come down to earth and taken root.

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try. From childhood she is used to association with boys. As a young girl she meets the youths of her own age in the bazaars, on the streets, at the shrines, and particularly at the typical Burmese entertainments known as *pwes*. The *pwes* take place in the larger towns on nearly all moonlight nights and consist of acting, singing, dancing, and clowning that last from eight in the evening until sunrise. The performers are paid by the person giving the entertainment, which is free to all who care to come. The Burmese maiden of the large towns now shares with her sweetheart a joy unknown to her grandmother's courting days. She goes with him to the movies, and, judging from the lurid advertisements the native theatre managers publish in the newspapers, she finds there as many thrills as do any of her sisters on Third Avenue.

But it is said that the quickest way to attract a desirable husband is to set up a market stall. I understand that in the smaller towns there is scarcely a house where the women have not a booth for the sale of cheap articles, the profits from which furnish pin money for the wives and daughters, while the trading gives the girls matrimonial and social opportunities.

The Burmese marry early and one is an old bachelor or an old maid if the end of the teens finds him or her unwed. During the courtship the young man brings presents of oranges or sweets; he writes verses in praise of his lady's beautiful ear plugs, and she in return gives him cigars and perhaps a turban or scarf of her own weaving.

The marriage is usually little more than a festival at the house of the girl. Here the young couple eat rice together, join hands, and say they intend to live as man and wife. Indeed, many marriages are entered into without any

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ceremony at all. Among some people the wedding is kept secret for a time, for the young couple do not like to be stared at or have stones thrown on their house-roofs, as is sometimes the custom. At the home ceremony they bill and coo, feeding one another as do the birds; and they drink tea with their parents and parents-in-law. The groom makes the bride a present of a silken skirt or piece of jewellery, and he is also expected to furnish the wedding breakfast. After marriage the two go into seclusion for a honeymoon of several days and then make their home in the house of the bride's parents. It would be considered presumptuous for them to set up their own establishment immediately after marriage, as the man is supposed to work a certain time for his wife's people. A Burmese girl does not change her name when she marries, and wears no wedding ring.

Burma is famous in all the Orient, and in all the world, for that matter, as being a land of women's rights. As one man said to me,

"Every husband who behaves himself lives at home, tends the rice crops, and minds the children. If he does not perform these duties satisfactorily his wife sends him out to work and collects his wages from his employer!"

In the markets when you buy you deal with a woman, even when her husband is sitting right beside her in the booth. You may talk over the goods and the purchase with him, but it is she who takes the cash. A married woman can hold property in her own name. She manages her own money, and has an equal share with her husband in all that they make together. She has a right to her own earnings, and if divorced she takes back all the money she

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has brought into the family and half of what has been accumulated since the wedding.

As to divorces, these are not difficult for either party to obtain. Any discontented husband or wife may go before the elders and claim a separation, which is seldom refused. There are also special grounds for divorce. If the husband is idle or lazy the wife can claim a separation. If he is unable to support her, if he is always ailing or becomes a cripple after his marriage, or if he ill-treats her in any way, she can demand that the tie be broken.

On the other hand, the husband also has plenty of grounds for divorce. If his wife does not love him, if she visits places to which he objects, if she persistently disobeys him, or if she gives him no sons, he may claim his freedom. Nevertheless, divorces are not much more common than in the United States. They are hardly respectable; the man who enters a monastery to get rid of a wife is called a run-away, while a divorced woman is said to be always anxious to marry again. Indeed, marriage is considered the best state for woman, for as one of the Burmese proverbs puts it:

Monks are beautiful when they are lean, four-footed animals when they are fat, men when they are learned, and women when they are married.

In spite of all their freedom, or maybe because of it, the women of Burma are never loud or aggressive. One hears no clamour for women's rights as such, and, though the women now have the vote, the militant feminist is yet to be born in Burma. The girls I have seen are modest and self-respecting. In their manner they are friendly and natural, but never forward, and they seem to me more

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like what we call ladies than any other women of the Far East.

The Burmese wife has fewer housekeeping troubles than her American sister. If she belongs to the well-to-do classes she has servants, and even if not, she has but little hard work. The ordinary house out in the country has two or three rooms, with a veranda in front, and is built of wood or bamboo raised upon posts about eight feet apart. The floors are of thin planking or bamboo cane, and the roof is generally of thatch or leaves. In the larger towns roofs of galvanized iron are now seen. There is no furniture in our sense of the word. The people sleep upon mats and rest their heads on bamboo pillows. There is little sweeping to do, and during most of the year meals are cooked out of doors. In the rainy season the cooking is done inside on a fire built in a square box full of earth. The utensils consist of two or three earthen pots, some jars for water, several coconut ladles, bowls for rice, and a big round lacquered tray which serves as a dining table.

The staple food of the Burmese is rice, which is boiled or steamed, and eaten with fish paste and peppers. Nothing is drunk with the meals, and after them only water. Few of the Burmese eat meat, for it is contrary to the Buddhist religion to consume anything that has life, the chief exception being fish, which is eaten both fresh and dried. Fish imperfectly cured so that it has a rather "high" flavour is esteemed as a relish from Java to Bombay. In India it is called "Bombay duck." Served with rice and curry, it is even relished by some Europeans, just as they enjoy Camembert or Limburger cheese. There are, however, occasional cases of ptomaine poisoning among foreigners who have eaten this native dish. A

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favourite meal in Burma is a fish curry with rice. The family usually sit around the rice dish, each having a little bowl for curry and a larger one for rice. Each helps himself, taking from the rice platter as much as he can pick up in his hands. After eating, everyone is expected to wash his own dishes and each goes to the water jar to rinse out his mouth. The hands are washed both before and after meals.

Not many Burmese women can either read or write. The monks cannot teach the girls as they do the boys, so that outside the cities it is the exception to find a native girl who is able to read. The British officials are trying to remedy this condition, and have established schools for girls. There are now something like seventy thousand girls in the government schools, but most of them are located in the large towns, and there are still almost none in the villages. I have visited some of the schools and I find the little ones quite as quick as our American children of the same ages. In Rangoon I heard a class of eleven girls, about ten years old, recite in arithmetic. For my edification they did sums in addition and subtraction at the command of their teacher, and recited the multiplication table in Burmese.

The teacher told me of a queer custom the Burmese have in selecting names for their children. A girl is named about two weeks after birth at a meeting of the relatives and friends. The name is chosen by rule according to the day of the week upon which the child was born, certain consonants being used for each week day and the vowels for Sunday. The little one's name must begin with a letter belonging to the day on which she was born. There are thus Sunday girls, Monday girls, Tuesday girls, and girls

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for each day in the week. All the little Miss Wednesdays have names beginning with R or Y, the Fridays with Th and H, while the Saturdays are T's, D's, and N's. The names are often poetic, a girl may be called Miss Perfume, Miss Perfection, or Miss Like-Which-There-Is-Not. At the moment of a child's birth the astrologers note its horoscope and pick out the stars that are to control its destiny. At the same time birth candles made of red or yellow wax are burnt before Buddha, and on the name days similar candles are lighted at the shrines.

The atmosphere of Burma and the lovable ways of the people remind me much of Samoa. Like the islanders of the South Seas, they are a happy, smiling lot. In their homes, in their dress, and in the care of their persons they are the essence of neatness and cleanliness. Every child learns to swim almost as soon as it learns to walk. Here one gets an impression of gayety, flowers, and plenty, and the people themselves call their country "The Fair Land East of India." One of Burma's advantages is the fact that it is one of the few regions of the Orient that is not over-populated. As I have said, this province grows all the rice its people can eat, and has a great deal for the rest of the world besides.

Up to the time of Thebaw, who was overthrown by the British in 1885, the native kings of Burma lived in the magnificence becoming the rulers of such a land. The old Mandalay that was their capital centred in the inner city, the enclosure now known as Fort Dufferin. It is a vast square, measuring a mile and a quarter long on each side, and surrounded by a red-brick wall twenty-six feet high. On each of the faces of the wall are thirteen teak watchtowers. In the time of the great Mindon Min they

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were all richly gilded. About the wall is a moat of clear water seventy-five yards wide crossed by five wooden bridges. Once there passed along this moat royal barges gilt from stem to stern and propelled by fifty or sixty rowers in livery.

In the flat centre of the fort enclosure, or cantonment, is the Royal Palace, which the British government is carefully preserving as a fine example of Burmese imperial architecture. To-day it is all deserted, though at one time the huge audience hall was used as a church for the barracks and the Lily Throne Room was occupied by the Upper Burma Club of the British, which now has its own quarters in another part of the cantonment. Inside the walls, too, is Government House, where the Governor of Burma stays when he comes up from Rangoon.

Mandalay is sown thick with pagodas. I think there must be a thousand in all. It is a sort of Mecca for the Buddhists. The holiest place of all, perhaps, is the Arakan Pagoda with its famous image of Buddha, said to be the only one in existence that was made during the lifetime of the sage. It was originally set up at Akyab some three hundred miles away over the Arakan Yoma Mountains from Mandalay. As the workers tried vainly there to put together the sections of the big brass statue, Buddha himself saw their struggles from afar and came and embraced the pieces seven times. When he stood away it was seen that the parts had all been perfectly joined together. In 1784 the statue was brought to the capital where a splendid seven-roofed temple was built to house it. In its treasure chamber are now resting the ashes of Buddha found some years ago at Peshawar. A special shrine is to be put up for these relics, however, on a spur of

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Mandalay Hill, which overlooks the city. In a big tank in the courtyard of the pagoda are sacred turtles which are stuffed to capacity with the offerings of rice by which the givers gain merit.

On one side of Mandalay Hill are grouped the so-called "Seven hundred and thirty pagodas," though I believe that these total only some four hundred and fifty. One of the kings of Burma was most anxious that the holy books of Buddha should have enduring form, so he commissioned the most learned of the priests to transcribe the purest version, which he then had engraved on seven hundred and twenty-nine large stones of the same pattern. The stones were set up in an enclosure about half a mile square and each was covered by a small domed building to protect it from the weather.



Indian princes and nobles and British jute kings have splendid homes in Calcutta's fashionable section, where money flows like the Ganges. The palace of the millionaire, Badra Das, is typical of the wealthy natives' love of display.



Thongs stream across the long floating bridge over the Hooghly River connecting Calcutta with Howrah, which has the terminals of three railway systems and many jute and other factories.

CHAPTER XIII

CALCUTTA

SOME days ago I left behind me the silken-skirted Burmese, the lofty spire of the Golden Pagoda, and the silvery temple bells of Rangoon, and sailed down the Irrawaddy on a British India steamer bound for Calcutta. The ship was one of three thousand tons, with English officers and Indian sailors and servants. The cabin stewards were dark-faced, heavy-bearded men of forty, wearing black velvet caps, white gowns to their knees, and tight white cotton trousers, below which showed their bare feet and ankles. The dining saloon waiters wore belted gowns and white Bengali turbans with bands of blue ribbon.

We were several days on the Bay of Bengal. Out at sea the water was indigo, but when we entered the mouth of the Ganges it was as brown and soupy as that below Rangoon. I took a bath when we reached the pilot brig, about a hundred miles from Calcutta, and after I had drained the tub there were my footprints in the mud, almost as plain as those that frightened Robinson Crusoe on his desert island.

The Ganges is as heavily laden with silt as the Nile and is said to carry a volume of dirt five times as great as that brought down by the Mississippi. The deposit amounts to hundreds of millions of tons every year and the great bars it builds along the shore make the work of piloting the ships dangerous in the extreme.

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Like those of the Irrawaddy, the British pilots of Calcutta are a close corporation. There are considerably under a hundred of them, and they monopolize the Ganges, or, rather, the Hooghly, for it is on the Hooghly branch of the Ganges delta that the ships go up to the city. The pilots are paid so much for each vessel brought in and some of them make more than four thousand dollars a year. To belong to this association a man must serve an apprenticeship and obtain a first mate's license. He spends five years at low wages learning the river, and then graduates to full rank of pilot. The Hooghly cannot be navigated at night and the ships go in with the tides. As the latter rise there is often a bore which reaches a height of seven feet, and which makes the risks much greater.

As we coasted the shores of the Hooghly we passed jungles and low-lying, malaria-infested lands. A little farther up the houses began, and in the vicinity of Calcutta the banks were punctuated now and then with the tall smoke-stacks of jute mills. Near them were big brick structures where rough bagging is made to be shipped all over the globe. Jute is the cheapest of the commercial fibres and all of it appears to be spun and woven either in India or in Dundee, Scotland. Calcutta sends vast quantities to the United States, and much of our cotton crop is baled in the coarse fabric made here on the banks of the Hooghly. Thus, the thousands of Indians working this fibre are in a measure dependent upon us and our cotton fields for their wages. The manufactured jute annually exported is worth about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars.

The Hooghly is filled with shipping. Ocean steamers heavily loaded are continually going in or out with the

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tides, for a foreign trade of more than six hundred million dollars a year is handled in the port of Calcutta. Calcutta claims to be the premier city of India and boasts of herself as the "Second City of the British Empire."

Lying near the mouth of the two great river systems of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, Calcutta receives the produce of their fertile valleys for shipment abroad. The city is also situated about midway between Europe and the Far East and thus becomes a meeting place for the commerce between the peoples of the Occident and the Orient. Its port, which stretches some ten miles along the river, is one of the busiest in the world, and building its new docks was the biggest job of the kind ever done.

Most of the industries are carried on outside the city limits or in the suburbs. Howrah, on the opposite side of the Hooghly, is the terminus of three great railway systems and headquarters for the jute and other factories. These employ altogether some eighty thousand men, chiefly recruited from up-country. Between it and Calcutta is an immense floating bridge more than fifteen hundred feet long. On the west bank of the Hooghly are the Botanical Gardens in which is the great banyan tree, famous throughout India and the world. It has more than two hundred and fifty trunks and covers an area nearly one thousand feet in circumference. Including Howrah and the suburbs, Greater Calcutta has a population of nearly a million and a quarter, a number which still gives her a slight lead over her rival, Bombay.

For all her growth and prosperity, I do not wonder, however, that Calcutta is one of the chief centres of the unrest of India. There are few places where differences of

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conditions are more pronounced. The natives of India are among the poorest peoples on earth, and Hindustan has millions who always go to bed hungry. In the slums of this city are people who count their morsels to see whether they will have enough to keep body and soul together for another day. At the same time Calcutta has its fashionable residential quarters, where money flows like the Ganges and a single family may spend a fortune in one season.

The fashionable district centres around the Maidan, a park that furnishes the principal breathing space of the over-crowded city. It is nearly two miles long, three quarters of a mile wide at the north, and a mile and a quarter at the south end. At the north is the palace of the governor of the province of Bengal, a mansion as snowy as newly slaked lime, and not far from the southern extremity is Belvedere House, the home formerly occupied by the governor and now used by the Viceroy on his annual visit to Calcutta. Both are surrounded by beautiful gardens.

The Maidan is bordered with club-houses and mansions. Its two-mile race course is one of the best in the Orient and the Christmas meet at which the King-Emperor's Cup and the Viceroy's Cup are prizes, is the great social event of the season.

In the evenings the wealthy drive about in handsome turnouts, and the Viceroy and his lady may sometimes be seen in their motor. The fashionable parade includes also other officials and rich rajahs, as well as Parsees, and many Eurasians, or Anglo-Indians, as these children of English fathers and Indian mothers prefer to be called. Every one has his chauffeur. In India few car owners drive their own automobiles, for the wages of chauffeurs are low



Government House at Calcutta stands in extensive grounds, entered through arched gateways. Here the governor of Bengal lives in great state, partly for his own comfort, and partly to impress the natives with British power and magnificence.



Poverty is the curse of Hindustan, where one meets beggars at every turn. In the slums of Calcutta thousands live in hovels or are homeless, and count each day's morsels to see whether they will have enough to keep body and soul together.

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and, besides, it is not considered exactly correct thus to serve one's self. Even when a man does drive his own car there is usually a chauffeur beside him. Most of the drivers are Mohammedans or Sikhs from the Punjab. Occasionally you see one of them in the native turban and gown, though more often they are in conventional uniforms of khaki or blue, with visored caps. The Viceroy and some of the higher officials always have their attendants dressed in uniforms of bright red serge, trimmed with gold lace and embroidered with coronets, initials, and other insignia. The servants of the Indian rajahs are gorgeous with cloth of gold on costumes and in turbans. Many of the cars one sees on the Maidan are of the big, expensive makes, and go like the wind. It is no wonder that the poor, hungry native, whose lean shanks must twinkle to get him safely out of the way, is furious when he contrasts his lot with that of the men in the automobiles.

He feels no better when he compares his hovel to the mansions on the Maidan and the big government buildings where the British rule in state. The governor's mansion is of about the same age as the White House at Washington, but it is far more magnificent and its surroundings are much more impressive. West of it is the town hall, a Doric building finished in 1813, and near that are the magnificent buildings of the high courts. Another fine structure is the post office, which faces the lake in Dalhousie Square. I went through it to-day, and as I came out I stopped at the corner and read on a tablet the following inscription:

The marble pavement below this spot was placed here by Lord Curzon, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in 1901, to mark the

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site of the prison in Old Fort William, known as the Black Hole, in which 146 British inhabitants of Calcutta were confined on the night of the 20th June, 1756, and from which only 23 came out alive.

A paving of black marble exactly defines the dimensions of the prison and near it is an obelisk erected by one of the survivors.

The tragedy of the Black Hole was one of the most terrible incidents of the unrest of India in the days of the East India Company. The native nabob of Bengal had seized the city and most of the British had fled down the river. Those that were left soon surrendered to the native prince, who ordered their incarceration, ate a huge meal, and then went to bed. The one hundred and forty-six prisoners were driven at the point of the sword into a dungeon twenty feet square. It was in the heat of the tropical summer, and the airholes were small. In a short time they gasped for breath. They cried for mercy and tried to break down the door. They offered bribes to their guards, but they were told that the nabob was asleep, and he would be angry if he should be disturbed. The dying then fought for places at the windows, and raved and prayed and swore, while their jailers held lights at the bars and laughed. When the day broke the nabob, having wakened from his slumbers, commanded that the door be opened. All but twenty-three of the sufferers were dead, and the living were so far gone that they were barely able to stagger from the charnel house.

That tragedy is still remembered with horror. And yet how closely the ridiculous tramples upon the heels of the tragic! Not so long ago a traveller was talking with the Viceroy about the sights of Calcutta, and when His Excel-

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lency asked him if he had seen the famous Black Hole, he replied:

“Indeed, I have. I am living in it. It is Room 105 at the Grand Hotel.”

I can sympathize with that visitor, for I live in the same hotel. It is said to be one of the best in town, but it has numerous black holes. Just now it is so crowded that it is almost impossible to secure rooms and I got in only by cabling in advance from Rangoon. There are several big hotels in Calcutta, rambling three-story buildings that cover acres and have all sorts of inconveniences. The door of my room, for instance, is fastened with a padlock which snaps with a spring. There is only one key and when I left this afternoon it remained inside the room. I could not get in until I reported to the manager, and to open the door the servants had to climb up the walls and in through the window. There is an electric bell in my room, but now I know better than to ring it, for the hotels in India, even the best of them, furnish no bell-boy service. Once when I was new to travel in Hindustan, I rang and rang a similar push button, but got no response. Finally I propped my umbrella against it and left it there for a full hour, with the same result.

In India no one who knows what is good for him travels without his own body, or personal, servant. In fact, it is almost impossible for an Englishman or an American to get along without one. The “boy” acts as interpreter, sees to hiring and paying for cabs and taxis, and waits upon you on the trains and at your hotels. In many places, if you have no servant, you will get nothing to eat, your bed goes unmade, your boots go unblackened, and your life is generally uncomfortable.

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The moment our ship came to anchor at Calcutta a score of would-be servants rushed aboard and attached themselves to the passengers. Two picked me as their prey, each determined to outdo the other. Supposing them to belong to the Grand Hotel, I handed over my bags. As soon as I got to my room each claimed that he had brought my baggage, and that this service established him as "my boy." Both offered sheaves of letters as references, and both seemed equally good. One was a straight, dark Hindu of thirty, and the other a Mohammedan of forty or so. The Hindu's name was Nund Lal, while the follower of the Prophet called himself Wali Mohammed. I took a day to decide between them, during which time each dogged my footsteps. I could not ask for anything but both jumped to get it, and when I attempted to slip out to inquire about them, I found both on guard, ready to follow me. If I asked the hours of meals, the two answered in concert, and if I wanted hot water both started on the dead run to get it. Indeed, I was in much the same position as the man adopted by a dog, except that I had been adopted by two dogs, and both stuck. I settled the matter by paying Nund Lal a dollar, and letting him go, and appointing Wali Mohammed my valet. He costs me only about thirty cents a day and feeds himself.

While I was waiting to decide between the two, I locked up their letters of recommendation in my trunk. It is possible to hire such letters in the bazaars, and if they are not genuine the servant who has offered them to you will protest, as he is obliged to return them to the rightful owner. If they are genuine your "boy" is not apt to rob you and leave, so long as you have his letters in safe keep-



In her population of three hundred and nineteen millions India runs the whole gamut of the social scale, from the culture of a Gandhi or a Tagore to the barbarism of the hill tribesman who hunts game with the primitive weapons of his ancestors.



So stupendous are the Himalayas that the Alps set down in their valleys would be almost lost. This snowblown peak is more than twenty-eight thousand feet high and second only to Mount Everest among the mountains of the world.

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ing, for it would be difficult for him to secure another job without them.

I am told that I shall find Wali more satisfactory than Nund Lal, as the Moslems make better servants. Both of my "boys" were barefooted and wore head coverings. If either one had appeared before me in shoes or with his head unswathed, I should have known that he meant to be insolent and should have ordered him off at once.

CHAPTER XIV

THE VICEROY AND HIS JOB

THE gay season in Calcutta is drawing to a close. The Viceroy's annual visit to the city is almost over and I should think he would be glad. From his arrival at Christmas until his return six weeks later to Delhi, his time is filled with parties and state functions. I understand that he averages three a day. The social machinery of the viceregal court of India is far more elaborate than that at the White House, and, comparatively speaking, the Viceroy is a more exalted personage than our President. Only people of definite social standing are invited to the Viceroy's yearly levee, which is the occasion of all kinds of wire-pullings and, I daresay, hair-pullings, too, though only men attend. Once you have been presented to His Excellency you are on the official list and may be considered to have arrived socially. At the levees the guests are mostly Europeans, representatives of the important business interests, large land-owners, higher government officials, and such native princes or noblemen as happen to be in town.

The uniforms and costumes worn at the viceregal functions are gorgeous. I can think of no other social gathering in which the men outshine the women. The latter are attired in the conventional evening gowns, but the men make a high potentate of one of our secret orders in full regalia look almost drab. The civil officials wear

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blue uniforms of various shades, elaborately embroidered with gold thread and costing from one to two thousand dollars, depending on the rank of the official and the amount of gold it demands. The officers of the different British regiments stationed in India wear their dress uniforms, many of which are of white richly trimmed in other colours and set off by gold epaulettes. Gold lace is lavishly employed and there is a considerable use of fur, which I should think would be rather uncomfortable in this hot climate. Add to the other apparel the cloth-of-gold turbans, the jewelled swords, the embroidered silks, and the splendid jewellery worn by the native princes, and you have a scene unequalled for brilliancy in any of the courts of Europe.

The Viceroy has more power than King George V, by whom he is nominally appointed, and he rules three fourths as many people as there are in all Europe. He lives in as much splendour as any European monarch, maintaining a large establishment and going about in state. Whenever he appears at an indoor function, such as a reception or levee, he is preceded by six of his personal aides clad in sky-blue uniforms embroidered with gold thread. In processions he is driven in a splendid carriage and escorted by a troop of cavalry. The soldiers ride magnificent horses, and carry long lances, which flash like silver in the strong sunlight. Ordinarily when the Viceroy drives out it is in a Rolls-Royce attended by servants in red liveries adorned with his initials and coronet in gold embroidery.

When one goes to the White House he may call at the Executive Offices, send in his card, and possibly see the President within a few moments. All who wish to pay

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their respects to the Viceroy of India must first announce themselves by writing their names in the visitors' book. This is much like a hotel register. There are spaces for your name, your profession, the date of your arrival, and the time of your leaving Calcutta. It is kept in a booth near one of the gates of the viceregal mansion and is accessible to all. The list of names so subscribed is taken in to His Excellency from day to day, and, at his direction, the aide-de-camp sends out notes of appointment to such persons as the Viceroy is willing to see. The invitations for the dinners, balls, receptions, and other events given by the court are made up from this list.

Scarcely less imposing than the state maintained by the Viceroy is that of the Governor of Bengal, who lives in the big palace at the north end of the Maidan. When I was first in India this was the home of the Viceroy, as it continued to be until 1912, when the capital of the country was transferred from Calcutta to Delhi. After that the governor of the province moved out of Belvedere House and into Government House, and now when the Viceroy comes to Calcutta he stays at Belvedere.

Government House looks not unlike the White House, save that it is more beautiful and twice as large. It stands in six acres of grounds not far from the Hooghly River, with public buildings at the side and back. The entrance is more imposing than that of the home of our President. When I called there the other afternoon I passed through gates upheld by massive pillars connected by arches, upon which crouched gigantic white stone lions. On each side of the gates were dark-bearded Indian soldiers in uniforms of bright red, with blue turbans as big as half-bushel measures. They carried rifles and swords

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and presented arms as I rode through. At the end of the drive were dusky Sikhs in red, and at the entrance I was met by servants dressed in the brightest of scarlet, also wearing blue turbans. They had ivory-handled dirks in their belts and looked both stately and fierce. On each side of the front door were more soldiers, with flags in their hands. Like those at the gates, they were six-footers and their turbans made them seem taller. They stood like statues, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

Entering the front door, which opens out on a wide portico upheld by Grecian columns, I came into the audience, or throne room. This is an immense hall with another great room extending from it at the centre. The ceilings of both are, I judge, about twenty-five feet high and are supported by columns of imitation marble with gilded capitals. The floor of the throne room is of dark polished stone. That in the dining room where I lunched is of veined white marble.

The throne room is as imposing as the East Room at the White House, and it impresses me more than any audience chamber I have ever seen in the palaces of Europe. At one side of it is a raised dais where the Governor and his wife stand at their receptions. This dais is covered with a cloth of gold and upon it is the solid silver viceregal throne which will, I daresay, be moved either to Belvedere or to Delhi. In this room also is the throne captured from Tipu Sultan, the ruler of Mysore, who gave the British so much trouble at the close of the eighteenth century.

After luncheon I went with a member of His Excellency's staff to look at other parts of the palace. The building, which cost about seven hundred and fifty thou-

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sand dollars, was copied after Kedleston Hall in Derbyshire. Above the throne hall is a ballroom with walls of brocade and tapestry and floors of teak wood so brightly polished that you can see yourself in them. The whole building is magnificently furnished and is managed by an official with a huge retinue of servants to help him. One reason why both the Viceroy and the Governor live in such style is in order to make an impression upon the natives, who judge things a good deal by show.

I should think that governing India was about the biggest of all the big propositions that Great Britain has on her hands. The country appalls me, it is so huge, so varied, and, withal, so strange. If you could lift it up and lay it upon North America with its westernmost tip at Seattle, the edge of Burma would extend beyond the parallel of Montreal, the state of Kashmir would reach 'way up into Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and the apex of the country would be down in southeastern Texas. The total area is in round numbers one million eight hundred thousand square miles, or almost exactly half that of Europe.

India is a land of contrasts and extremes. It has great deserts and mighty rivers, soils that have been cultivated since the dawn of history, and wastes that the plough has never turned. The summits of the Himalayas on the north are covered with perpetual snows, and the icy wastes about Mount Everest are colder than the frozen depths of the Buddhist hell. The plains below are lands of the tropics, and some parts are as hot as the burning deserts of Australia. In northern India the temperature sometimes rises to 126 degrees in the shade.

Hindustan is at once the wettest and the driest land

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upon earth. At Multan in the Punjab the annual rainfall totals four inches or less, while Karachi in Sind has about five inches in the year, practically all of which comes down at the beginning of the summer rains in that region. At the other extreme is Cherrapunji, in Bengal, which is said to be the wettest place in the world. Here the average rainfall is four hundred and fifty-eight inches, or more than ten times that of New York, while an unusually wet season may mean ten or fifteen feet more than normal. In the record year of 1861, nine hundred and five inches fell at Cherrapunji, of which three hundred and sixty-six inches poured down in the month of July.

Socially speaking, India is a land of various races and religions, numerous languages, and striking differences. Anywhere from a hundred and thirty to two hundred distinct languages are spoken, not to mention the dialects. It is a saying of the country that its language changes every ten miles. Some put the number of races at forty-five, though others say there are really but four or five ethnological groups. Only about six per cent. of the people can read and write, and but half of one per cent. can use English effectively. There are some two thousand castes, each separated from the others by the insurmountable barriers of custom.

The people are also divided along religious lines. In the total population of 319,000,000 there are, in round numbers, 217,000,000 Hindus; 69,000,000 Mohammedans; 11,500,000 Buddhist (mostly in Burma); 5,000,000 Christians; 3,250,000 Sikhs; and 10,000,000 Animists.

In the north of India near relatives may not marry; in the south marriage of close kindred is encouraged. In some parts the women move about freely; in others they

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are secluded and restricted. In some sections wheat is the staple food; in others, rice; in still others, the people live mostly on millets of various kinds. At one end of the social scale are the landholding and professional classes, many of whom are educated and cultured; at the other are primitive tribes such as the head-hunting Nagas of Assam and the leaf-clad savages of the southern hills who live on vermin and jungle products.

India is the home of one fifth of the human race. With a little more than half as much land, it has three times as many people as the United States. Although the population has an average density of one hundred and seventy-five persons to the square mile, as compared with our thirty-five, it is distributed with great irregularity. In the northwest the semi-arid state of Jaisalmer has only five people to the square mile, while Baluchistan has even fewer. On the other hand, there are two small areas in the fertile valley of the Ganges where the population is upwards of eighteen hundred to the square mile, probably the highest density in the world for any region outside of cities.

The country has almost as many towns and villages as there are people in St. Louis, and it has large cities the names of which we scarcely know. Greater Calcutta, including the suburbs and near-by towns, is almost as big as Philadelphia. Bombay is about as large as Detroit, and Madras equals San Francisco in size.

While we are likely to think of all India as uniformly under British rule, the Indian Empire is divided into British India and the native states. The former embraces 1,093,074 square miles, or somewhat more than sixty per cent. of the area of the Indian Empire, and con-



At St. Paul's in Darjeeling the sons of Europeans can get a high school education under the auspices of the English church. Darjeeling is one of the chief retreats for the British from the fierce heat of the lowlands.



In the Himalayas one sometimes runs across roadside theatrical troupes, who entertain the small crowds they attract along the way and take up a collection afterwards. The performers are usually natives of Tibet.

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tains a little above seventy-seven per cent. of the population. We have forty-eight states in our Union, but there are nearly seven hundred of the native states in India. They range in size from tiny hill states no bigger than a Dakota farm, to Hyderabad, which is as big as Italy and has a population of thirteen millions. Theoretically, the native rulers of these states are absolute despots within their own territories, but the British control all foreign affairs and the relations between the states. Actually, too, the British exercise a restraining influence on the native rulers in their management of domestic matters.

For purposes of administration, there are fifteen divisions in British India. The nine most important are the provinces of Bombay, Bengal, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, the Punjab, Burma, Assam, Bihar and Orissa, the Central Provinces and Berar, and Madras. Each of these has its own governor and local administration. The supreme executive authority is vested in the Viceroy, or Governor-General.

As a concession to the agitation for home rule, India now has its own representative legislature, which was formally opened for its first session on February 9, 1921. It consists of the Governor-General and two chambers—the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly. All except forty-one of the one hundred and forty-four members of the Assembly are elected. With certain restrictions, the Legislature has power to make laws for all persons in British India and for all British subjects within the native states. The administration is divided among eleven government departments. The present idea of the British appears to be gradually to put more and more power into the hands of the Indians themselves, so that

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finally their country may attain to dominion status like that of Canada or New Zealand.

For years one great bone of contention between British and Indians has been the question of the civil servants of the government. The Indian Civil Service includes the collectors, commissioners, and higher local administrative officials in the provinces as well as the higher departmental officials who conduct the secretariats in the various departments of the government of India and of the provinces. The members of this service really direct the civil and judicial administration of India, and have well been called by Lloyd George "the steel frame" of the Indian government. They are also sometimes called the "uncrowned kings of the East."

The great majority of all the officials and government employees are Indians, but the higher positions are largely filled by Britishers. The Indians complain that some of the best places are given to English born and bred young men, who come out without any understanding of India, its peoples, or its problems, remain for a term of years, and then go back "Home." The British reply that there are only some fifteen hundred British administrators in India, and that many of the higher positions are now open to Indians. They maintain that the trouble with the native official is that, no matter how well educated and intellectual he may be, he does not know how to take responsibility or act on his own initiative in an emergency. And so the matter stands, a source of much bad feeling.

Since I have been in Calcutta I have talked with some of the highest and most thoughtful of the British officials about the all-pervading unrest. When I questioned one

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of these men on the changing conditions in India, he replied:

"Yes, India is changing. The people are different now from what they were even five years ago, and policies that the state has successfully used in the past are no longer adequate or suitable. One of our great troubles is making our people at home understand the situation here. When some official who left here twenty or thirty years ago says a certain policy worked well in his day, and that it ought to work well now, they are apt to consider that sufficient reason for adopting it. They appear to think that a man who served India ten years ago is competent to suggest and advise as to to-day. This is not the case. We have a new India and a new people. We have developed a class of educated natives who are thinking for themselves. In the past our administration was practically autocratic. To-day we are wisely adopting conciliatory methods. We shall have to use more diplomacy in our dealings with the Indians and give them a greater share in the administration. The changes already brought about are the natural outgrowth of movements we ourselves started, and I think they are changes for the better."

"But what would be the result if you should leave India? Suppose British rule should entirely cease?"

"I don't think there is any possibility, or at least any probability, of the British withdrawing from India," replied the official. "We are bound to hold our place here as a matter of national duty, not only to ourselves, but to the Indians and to the rest of the world. If we should leave, the result would be chaos, and some other power would have to rush in to stop the carnage that would ensue."

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"One cannot imagine the conditions that would obtain were we to let go," he continued. "There would be wars of religion, wars of caste, and wars arising out of long-time personal grievances. The Nepalese would rush down upon the Bengalese and massacre them; the Mohammedans and Hindus would leap at each others' throats, and the native rajahs of certain localities would wage war upon one another. The result would be anarchy, and the tearing down of both the political and economic structure of the country."

Another man, well informed on Indian affairs, has told me that when he was making a trip through Nepal, his native escorts were constantly sharpening their long knives. When he asked why, they replied: "We hear the British are going to leave India and we are sharpening our knives because when they do we are going down to rip up the stomachs of those cowardly Bengalis."

"Do you think that the new policy you have instituted, giving the natives a larger representation in the government, will work?" I asked my British friend.

"Most certainly yes," was his answer. "The principle of selection adopted for the assemblies, both national and provincial, means that we shall have about the best of the natives in the councils. The bulk of the Indian representatives are and always will be men of reputation and influence among their own people, and men whose property interests will naturally make them conservative. These men want peace and good government, and they will, I think, be the last to advocate anything that would bring about a violent revolution. There are many Indians of ability, many patriots anxious to do all they can for their country and people. The number of offices in the hands

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of the natives increases from year to year, until now comparatively few British subjects are employed by the government. All the small places are held by the natives, as well as many of those carrying fairly good salaries."

Others, however, are not quite so optimistic as this official, and the unrest in India is causing grave concern both here and in England. But I shall write more of this later on.

CHAPTER XV

ON THE ROOF OF THE GLOBE

HERE at Darjeeling I am in the attic of Asia, under the very eaves of the roof of the world. About me rise the highest of the Himalaya Mountains, their silvery crowns gleaming like diamonds in the brilliant sun. To the north and west I can look for miles over bare granite summits sharply outlined against a jagged wall of perpetual snow. Here the mountains seem to touch the heavens, there they pierce the opalescent clouds, and farther on they stand out in shafts of silver. That mighty mass at the north is Kinchinjanga, more than five miles high, and this morning I stood on Tiger Hill and saw the sun gild the summit of Mount Everest, which is nearly six miles above the level of the sea. From my vantage ground I could count a half-dozen peaks, any one of which is higher than the loftiest point of the North American continent and several of which reach above the height of any other part of the globe. Mount Everest measures 29,002 feet, Kinchinjanga, 28,156, Jannu, 25,304, and Kabru, 24,015.

Of all the great heights I find the Himalayas the most difficult to describe. It is impossible to comprehend their immensity. They are so vast that if you could scatter the other mountains of the world through them the size of the chain would hardly be affected at all. You could drop the Alps into their valleys, and from a few miles away the

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addition would not be noticeable. If you should ascend Mont Blanc and then go straight upward in an airplane for more than two miles you would not attain the altitude of Kinchinjanga, which is nearly a mile and a half higher than Mount McKinley, the giant of Alaska. Mount Everest is more than double the height of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. You could put another Pike's Peak on the top of our big mountain near Denver and the summit of the mass would not reach as high as Everest.

As for glaciers, those of the Himalayas are far larger than the ice rivers of the Alps. They surpass in size the glaciers of New Zealand, as well as those of Alaska. There are glaciers here from thirty to sixty miles long. One in particular is thirty-three miles in length and is flanked by two giant peaks, each more than five miles in height. Yet, though the grandeur of the Himalayas is oppressive and their immensity beyond human conception, they are not the most beautiful of the world's mountains. In point of form and symmetry the finest peaks on earth are: Fujiyama, in eastern Japan; Mount Cook, in northern New Zealand; Mount Mayon, the chief volcano of southern Luzon, and our own Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, on the shores of Puget Sound.

The Himalaya system might be called the father of India, for it is largely responsible for the fact that the peninsula is able to support such a big population. These mountains extend like a mighty wall across the north of Hindustan, shutting it off from the rest of Asia. Against this high, cold wall blow the warm winds of the summer monsoon loaded with moisture from the Indian Ocean. As they strike it the moisture condenses and falls in floods, watering the plains below.

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The moist winds keep the mountain tops enveloped in clouds, which add greatly to the beauty of the scene. The Himalayas have a thousand clouds where the Alps have one, and in my mountain rides I have enjoyed the sight of the cloud masses chasing each other over the hills. They crawl up the sides of the valleys, they climb to one's feet and wrap themselves around one. For ten minutes the mist may be so thick that a person can hardly see the ears of the horse he is riding; then suddenly all is clear. A cloud has gone by, floating up toward the snows. This morning in my six-mile ride from Darjeeling to Tiger Hill I had clouds above and below me. I could see the masses of vapour nestling softly in the hollows as though taking a siesta. As the sun came up it tinged them with fire and spotted the mountains with gold.

I reached Darjeeling from Calcutta by rail, leaving the hot city about four o'clock in the afternoon. We rode out on the plains of the Ganges, crossed that river by a ferry, and then came on a sleeper to the foot of the mountains, where we changed cars. The way up was all lights and shadows. Now the sun shone and now the rain came down in torrents. We soon had clouds all about us, and farther up often lost sight of the engine in the mist shrouding the train.

In this railroad journey of twenty-one hours I came through the torrid and into the temperate zone. Just after leaving Calcutta we rode through patches of rice and bananas, into a jungle of bamboos, banyans, and other tropical growth. The foothills also are clad in such trees, and the first ranges, reaching a mile and a half above the plain, have magnificent forests bedded in mosses and ferns. The limbs of the trees are loaded with orchids



On Sunday, the market day, the bazaar at Darjeeling is thronged with traders from the Himalayan slopes and labourers from the tea plantations. The shouting of the bargainers may be heard from afar.



From the foot of the mountains a toy train on a narrow-gauge track makes the climb through forests and clouds to Darjeeling, perched up on the Himalayan slopes seven thousand feet above Calcutta.

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and here and there are tree ferns with trunks as thick as a telegraph pole and almost as tall. The fern leaves come out from the top like those of a palm. As we went higher I noticed that the colour of the moss on the trees changed from green to light gray; it hung from the branches in clusters not unlike the Spanish moss of Georgia and Florida, and the green appeared to be dusted with silver. Higher still there were hardwoods much like those of our American mountains; there were roses in bloom and tea plantations climbed the hills.

I shall never forget that railroad. It made me think of the toys of my boyhood. The track is a two-foot gauge, the engine is about ten feet in length, and the cars are pygmies in comparison with our American coaches. The track is a series of corkscrew curves, zigzags, and Y's. The train twists about like a snake and the cars are so small that they look like the links of a chain, the ends of which seem now and then to touch. There are a dozen horseshoe curves in every mile, and the train makes figure 8's several times in its drunken climb up the slopes. As we rode up we could see the track rising from terrace to terrace on the mountainside. Once we shot under a hill and came out into a loop, and then crossed over our own trail by a bridge. The Y system is frequently used, and there are double Y's to elevate the train from one level to another.

From the open cars I looked down on green-clad precipices a thousand feet deep and up at the towering heights far above us. Every little while we came to a village. When the train stopped to get coal, it seemed as if it were pausing to catch its breath before continuing the slow ascent.

Here in Darjeeling I am seven thousand feet above sea-

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level. The temperature does not exceed eighty degrees in summer or go much below freezing in winter, so it is a favourite resort for the British of the Bengal lowlands. It has excellent hotels, fine residences, and numerous furnished villas which are let out for the season. There are also hospitals and sanitariums. Another attraction is the military camp situated outside the town. Among the finest homes in the place is that of the governor of Bengal, who lives here about four months every year.

One of the sights of Darjeeling is the bazaar patronized by the natives from miles around. On Sunday, the market day, the town is thronged with Himalayans. Traders come here from Tibet, there are Nepalese and Bhutanis, natives from Sikkim and the slopes of Mount Everest, to say nothing of the labourers from the two hundred tea plantations near by.

The women are especially interesting. Perhaps you have heard of the strength of the girls of Tibet, and how the wife bosses the household, even though she may have three or four husbands. From what I have seen here I judge these stories are true. These Himalayan girls could handle the average American husband with one hand tied behind them. I found a score of them at the station when I arrived and hired one to carry my trunk to the hotel. The way was steep, but she agreed to take it up the hill on her back for thirty-three cents, and she did. A fellow traveller has told me that another girl walked so fast taking his two-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound trunk up the slope that, although he was carrying nothing at all, he could not keep up with her.

The women are both the dray horses and road carts of Darjeeling. They bring the dirt for repairing the streets,

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digging it out of the hills with pick-axes and shovelling it into great baskets which they carry on their backs with the aid of straps about their foreheads. Each basket holds two or three bushels, and, well filled, will weigh more than one hundred pounds. With their mighty shoulders, strong bodies, and great calves and ankles I verily believe these women could move mountains.

The native mountain girls load themselves with jewellery. The poorest of them have earrings and anklets of silver, and the beauty who took my trunk to the hotel was so decorated with chains, coins, and other ornaments that she jingled as she tramped up the hill. I see women with strings of silver coins as big as fifty-cent pieces about their necks and covering their breasts, and there are many wearing gold anklets and leglets, bracelets and earrings. They wear also ornaments of glass and turquoise. The turquoise, which is one of the common semi-precious stones of the Himalayas, is found in Tibet and brought over the mountains for sale. It is sometimes made into earrings four or five inches long and so heavy that they pull down the ear lobes. Many of the women wear circlets of coral, amber, or jade about their heads and have belts with gold or silver clasps. Among the tribes near Darjeeling are the Lepchas and Bhutanis. The Lepcha women wear their hair in braids down their backs, and the Bhutanis have balls of coral and turquoise as big as marbles on strings round their heads.

The Tibetan tribesmen look fierce and carry curved knives in their belts. I understand that when drunk they sometimes carve up one another, but that neither drunk nor sober do they bully their wives. The women, who are in the minority, often marry several husbands each.

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Girl babies are not welcomed in these regions where food is scarce, and many female babies are given opium with their mothers' milk so that they soon die. Every man gets a share in a home and a wife, but there are no large families for him to support.

The market of Darjeeling is easily located by the noise of people bargaining. Every stand draws a crowd and the people shout out their views about the goods and the prices. I found a space of several acres filled with traders seated on the ground. Here the women were selling cottage cheese, or smearcase, as we call it out in Ohio. They had great crocks of snow-white curds, which they served out to their customers in boxes of leaves. Farther on were men with chickens and pigs, and at the right was the open-air meatshop, with butchers ready to kill a sheep upon order and cut off a chop hot from the loin. There were many Buddhist priests in the market, some of them lamas down from Tibet, and scores of beggars bel-
lowing for alms. I saw also some Tibetans with their prayer wheels, with which the faithful can register something like ten petitions a minute. The wheels are brass or copper boxes the size of a pint cup or smaller and about twice as deep, with Tibetan characters stamped in the metal. Inside each box is a roll of the prayers considered most effective by these primitive Buddhists. The box is pierced by a wire stuck through the centre and fastened to a handle about a foot long. With a turn of the handle the box rolls round on the wire axis and at every revolution the prayers within are supposed to go up to Buddha and to wipe away the sins of the owner.

In Tibet there are prayer wheels somewhat like these

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worked by windmills and water-power; and, I doubt not, that since electricity is coming even up into the Himalayas the primitive Buddhists will harness the lightning in their race toward salvation.

They remind me of the old story of the American who had a beautiful prayer written out for him covering his every possible need. He pasted it on the head of his bed and every night before jumping in, folded his hands and reverently said: "Oh! Lord, them's my sentiments. Amen."

I understand that the trade between India and the tribes on the other side of the Himalayas is increasing. The various government expeditions into Tibet have opened some markets, and a considerable business is now done at Darjeeling. The Tibetans bring down musk, skins, tea, salt, and wools, as well as ponies, cattle, and sheep. They take back sugar, dried fruits, and cotton goods of all kinds, as well as ivory, indigo, madder, and liquors.

So far there is no wagon road between Darjeeling and Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. Goods are carried over the mountains on the backs of women and men, on ponies, or on yaks, shaggy creatures that resemble buffaloes. Yaks are the only beasts that thrive on the cold and hardships of high Tibet. The sight of a yak always reminds me of Oliver Herford's classic lines, which go something like this:

This is the yak so *négligée*;
Her hair looks like a stack of hay.
She lives so far from everywhere,
I fear the yak neglects her hair,
And thinks, "Since there is none to see,
No matter how unkempt I be."

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Most of the caravans come by the Jelap Pass, which is less than three miles high, and is open all the year round. It is only about five days' march from Darjeeling and going through it one looks upon Tibet, the loftiest country in the world.

CHAPTER XVI

TEA FARMS OF THE HIMALAYAS

ALL around me in the foothills of the Himalayas, more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, are hundreds of tea plantations. Every year they are sending millions of pounds of their product to cheer but not inebriate people in all parts of the world. London office boys and clerks as well as members of Parliament, smartly gowned women in New York hotels, boundary riders and miners in the lonely places of the Australian bush, men and women in Turkey, Arabia, Persia, and other lands, will at some time to-day refresh themselves with the beverage brewed from the small green leaves grown away off here in the shadow of the world's highest mountains.

You remember the temperance landlady's remarks to her bibulous boarder: "I will sleep you and eat you, but I'll be blest if I drink you." India bids fair to drink the world, for her black teas have practically monopolized the markets of Europe and are widely sold wherever white men live. The largest shipments go to Great Britain, which is a big distributor of teas to other countries. Some are sent to Australia and Canada. Of the ninety-four million pounds of tea the United States imports each year, twenty million pounds come from India and Ceylon direct, and we buy fifteen million pounds more through Great Britain. But we still get most of our tea from China and

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Japan, thirty-six million pounds from the latter country and fifteen millions from the former.

Of all the western nations, the British are the greatest tea drinkers. Their consumption amounts to six or seven pounds per person every year, where our people each drink less than one pound. The Germans and the French prefer coffee and wine or beer, sipping tea only now and then. The Chinese and the Japanese drink tea throughout the day. The Chinese will not drink water unless it is boiled, and they even flavour the water with tea. The consumption of these two nations is probably greater than that of all the rest of the world put together, but for lack of statistics no one knows just how much it is.

I have travelled extensively through the tea fields of Japan and China and know something about them. The methods of cultivation and curing are far different there from those of the big plantations of Hindustan. In the former countries, though there are some large plantations, most of the tea is raised in small patches. The usual tea garden of Japan is not much bigger than a city lot and that of China is not larger than the average flower plot. In China traders go about the tea districts and buy up the crops from the small growers. These men sell to other traders and one crop may pass through a half-dozen different hands before it is shipped to Hankow and put aboard one of the big steamers for Europe.

In India, as in Java, tea is grown on extensive plantations, some of which cover hundreds of acres and require thousands of men and women as labourers. They are handled in a businesslike fashion, and the huge crops do not pass through the hands of so many middlemen as in



Among the Tibetan tribes about Darjeeling the women, who are in the minority, marry several husbands apiece. Thus every man gets a share in a home and a wife, but none has a large family to support.



Tea shrubs are grown on the terraced hills about Darjeeling and all along the southern Himalayan slopes. Indian teas have monopolized the European market and are competing strongly with those of Japan and China in the United States.

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China. The owners have made a science of growing tea, and in the last thirty years or so the average yield of the Indian plantations has been increased by from three hundred to six hundred pounds to the acre. The highest yields in India are obtained in Assam, where they run to about eight hundred pounds. This figure is not up to the yields of Ceylon or Java, in both of which more than one thousand pounds have been obtained from an acre.

At present the tea industry of Hindustan represents an investment of more than one hundred million dollars, and in the neighbourhood of seven hundred thousand people are employed upon the plantations. The area under cultivation is steadily increasing and it is said that the plant may be raised all along the southern slopes of the Himalayas at from three to six or seven thousand feet above sea level.

To do its best the shrub must have a warm, sub-tropical, and moist climate and a well-distributed rainfall of not less than sixty inches a year. In the Himalayas most of the land used is rolling or hilly, and the best soil is a reddish, sandy loam with a free subsoil. The seeds are first planted in beds. One year later the seedlings are set out in rows a few feet apart. They are carefully cultivated and trimmed in order to make them grow bushy. The soil is often top dressed with woods earth, and chemical fertilizers are frequently used. Cattle manure is not available in India, as the people use that for fuel. After the plants are three years old they are ready for the first plucking. The leaves are carefully pulled off, a certain number being left to keep the plants growing. It takes five or six years for a shrub to mature and at the end of that time it should produce a pound or more of tea every

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year. The tea planters of India have worked out a system whereby five pickings a year are possible, whereas in China only three are made. Many of the trees about here are forty years old and there are some in China so old that no one knows when they were planted.

In the plantations I have seen near Darjeeling the plants range from four to six feet in height. Some have trunks six inches in diameter and others are mere stems. The fresh leaves look not unlike those of the willow tree, but when crushed they smell like tea. The shrub is a species of the camellia.

I passed through many plantations on my ride up the mountains from Calcutta. The bushes rise in terraces up the sides of the hills, looking at a distance rather like well-trimmed boxwood hedges. Here and there I saw gaily dressed women plucking the leaves, their bright calicoes making spots of vivid colour amid the green, and their jewellery flashing in the sun. On her back each picker had a basket holding about two bushels and kept in place by a band around her forehead.

The planters here are chiefly British, and many of the estates are owned by corporations. The managers of these properties live in fine bungalows surrounded by lawns and gardens. Not a few of them are the second sons of aristocratic families in England.

The processes of curing tea in India are different from those used in Japan and China. In the latter countries nearly everything is done by hand and the methods are unsanitary in the extreme, though the use of machinery is slowly making its way. In China I have seen women and girls pressing the moisture out of tea leaves by treading them with bare feet. There also the leaves are rolled

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over and over with the hands and fired in red-hot pans by half-naked, perspiring workmen.

In India and in Ceylon the tea is all rolled by machinery. Every plantation has its factories, where the leaves are withered and rolled between steel plates so carefully adjusted that they do not injure the leaves. The drying is done by hot blasts and revolving fans, so that the product is perfectly clean. It is carefully graded, and while still warm it is packed in lead-lined chests for shipment abroad. The chests are soldered and made air-tight so that the tea cannot absorb moisture and grow mouldy.

Making the chests in which India tea is packed has become a considerable industry, between three and four million boxes being required every year. Before the World War less than half this number were manufactured in India, practically all the rest being imported from Great Britain. The material used was Russian birch or alder, and when war conditions cut off communications between Russia and England, the wood was shipped via Vladivostok directly to India. This naturally stimulated the home manufacture of tea chests, and it is hoped the industry will develop sufficiently to supply the entire Indian demand. The wood used for tea chests must be thoroughly dried out, lest the sap corrode the lead lining; it must be odourless, for tea absorbs odours readily; and it must be seasoned, or the warm tea may warp it. Experiments tried with steel chests have proven them to be too expensive for general use.

While India and Ceylon are selling tea to the rest of the world, the people themselves consume comparatively small quantities. The Hindus drink almost no tea, and the Mohammedans but little. Tea-drinking is somewhat on

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the increase among the townspeople, but there are millions in India who have never seen a tea leaf or tested the brew. Over in Burma they have a way of pickling the leaves of the tea plant and eating them for a relish. The leaves are left in boiling water until soft and then rolled on mats by hand and rammed into a tube of bamboo, which is then stopped up and buried in the ground for a time. The leaves are also prepared with a mixture of oil and salt, and sometimes with *asafœtida*. The resulting mess smells not unlike Limburger cheese, but it is said to be a digestant, and is considered a dainty. It is used upon ceremonial occasions. Another method of preparing pickled tea is to throw the leaves, after they have been steamed and flavoured, into pits of masonry or wells lined with planks or bamboo, in which they are pressed down with a heavy weight.

I am told that some of the Himalayan tribes churn tea as we churn butter. The leaves are mixed with soda and water and put on to boil. When the mixture is quite hot, butter and milk are added, and the whole is put into a tea churn. After it has been well shaken about it is taken out with the foam on it, when it is ready for drinking. The Tibetans serve their tea in a somewhat similar manner, using brick tea such as that used by the Russians. Most of the brick tea is made in China, and I once visited a factory in Hankow where one thousand sweating coolies were grinding tea leaves to dust and making them into little blocks for use in the samovars of the Russians. The business suffered a big slump after the Bolshevik revolution, but Russia is now buying brick tea from India and Ceylon as well as from China.

The world owes its tea to China, where it has been

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grown for nobody knows how many centuries. According to legend it was introduced there by the Emperor Chin-nung in 2737 B. C. It was certainly in use there in the sixth century A. D., and had grown so common by the eighth century that a tax was levied upon it. From China tea culture spread to Japan, where the industry is at least twelve hundred years old. But no knowledge of the beverage seems to have reached Europe until the Portuguese began trading with China in 1517. In the next century the Dutch established themselves on the island of Bantam, learned of tea from the Chinese, and introduced into Europe the habit of drinking it. In his diary Samuel Pepys, that up-to-date Londoner, writes on the 25th of September, 1660: "I did send for a cup of tee, a China drink, of which I never had drunk before," so it must have been a novelty in England at that time.

Furthermore, tea then appears to have been considered more as a medicine than as a pleasant beverage and stimulant. About the time that Pepys had his first taste of it, Thomas Garway, the English tea dealer, and the founder of a well-known coffee house, issued a broadside giving "An Exact Description of the Growth, Quality, and Virtues of the Leaf Tea." This curious advertisement is still preserved at the British Museum. It claims that tea helps headache, giddiness, and "obstructions of the spleen"; it is "good against lippitude, distillations, and cleareth the sight"; it "vanquisheth heavy dreams, easeth the brain, and strengtheneth the memory"; it "strengthens the inward parts and prevents consumptions"; and it is good for "colds, dropsies, and scurvies, and expelleth infection." I should say that some of the

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writers of patent medicine advertisements must have studied Garway's broadside.

Up to about one hundred years ago China and Japan supplied the world's tea market. By the eighteenth century the business of meeting the British demand was a monopoly of the East India Company, which turned its attention to cultivating the shrub in its own domain. In 1820 Sir David Scott, the first commissioner of Assam, submitted to the government botanist at Calcutta certain leaves, which grew wild on the Assam hills, with the statement that they were said to belong to the tea plant. The specimen was classified under its proper botanical name and there the matter rested, while the officials sent to the tea districts of China to procure seed and skilled workmen. Some years were lost in experiments with different Chinese varieties before at last the wild tea plant of the Assam hills was cultivated and India's tea industry got its real start.

For twenty years India has been the leading tea-exporting country, Ceylon comes next, and China is now third, though she still produces' about half the world's crop. India produces one fifth and Ceylon a bit more than half as much. Ceylon's industry is less than sixty years old, for it began after the great blight of 1870 put many of the coffee planters out of business and turned their minds to tea culture. Both Ceylon and India owe their leadership largely to good organization and to well-planned advertising. In both countries the planters got together and agreed to pay a small tax on every pound of tea they exported. This was collected by the government and turned over to the planters, who used the sum realized to herald abroad the merits of their teas.

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India and Ceylon are black-tea countries, while China and Japan are green-tea countries. The difference between black and green teas is merely a difference between the methods of curing and does not lie in any variation in the leaves. The advertising of the Indian and Ceylonese planters is largely responsible for the greater popularity of black tea in the world's markets to-day. Ceylon has dropped her tea tax, or cess, as it was called, but in 1921 India doubled hers, laying an assessment of one twelfth of a cent on every pound exported. The receipts from the cess, which come to about half a million dollars or more in a year, are divided, a large share being spent on publicity in the United States, another part going for advertising through the grocery stores of France, and another considerable portion being reserved for advertising tea in India itself. Largely as a result of the propaganda of the Indian Tea Association, consumption of tea in India has more than doubled in the last few years. Tea shops have multiplied not only in Calcutta, Madras, and other big cities, but also in the smaller towns, especially in southern India.

CHAPTER XVII

ON THE FRINGE OF INDIA

FEW realize that we have here in India peoples of whom the world knows nothing, and regions that the foot of white man has never trod."

These were the words of a veteran British official in India. He continued:

"Take the Brahmaputra, that mighty river emptying into the Ganges near its mouth. Only comparatively recently have we learned anything about its source, and to-day there is still a territory along its banks which has not yet been explored. The country there is a veritable no-man's land, inhabited by half-naked savages who are professional head-hunters and who use poisoned arrows. We pay them a subsidy for letting us alone, and we have never attempted to conquer them."

"But just where is this territory?" I asked.

"It lies near the northern borders of Assam in the foothills of the Himalayas. It is not far from the tea districts, and there are tea factories with their electric lights and modern machinery upon its very edge. You may travel ten miles from such surroundings and reach localities where your life is not safe for a moment. The country is wild and rugged, and the land falls away precipitously from an altitude of two miles above sea level down to a thousand feet or so. In that region the drop of the Brahmaputra is so great that we believe there



Lying on the northwestern fringe of India is the valley of Kashmir, six thousand feet up in the Himalayas and famous for its scenery and its handwoven silks and carpets.



The Banjara tribes are cattle-owning gipsies whose ancestors did a carrying trade in salt, opium, and grain from India even into farthest Europe. To-day they gather in small settlements or wander about with their cows and buffaloes.

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must be big waterfalls there. We may have hidden in those jungles a second Niagara or Zambesi Falls."

"And you say that the British pay tribute to these barbarians? That is an odd policy for a mighty power, is it not?"

"It is cheaper to pay than to fight," the official replied. "When we took possession of the country these tribesmen were periodically raiding the lowland villages. They would swoop down from the hills and kill a few people, carrying away as much loot as they could. They usually got a cow or so, a few goats and chickens, and household effects worth comparatively little. When we took possession we called the chiefs to a conference and asked them how much they made from these annual raids. They told us, and together we figured up their thefts for the past few years, estimating that they netted on the average about twelve hundred and twenty rupees per annum. We thereupon proposed that if the tribesmen would let the other natives alone we would pay them this much every twelve months. They agreed, and thus far have kept their contract. They come at the appointed season for the money, and seem well satisfied with their four hundred dollars."

"But is not that an undignified way of keeping the peace?" I asked.

"Yes, but in this instance it is the best. The only other thing we could do would be to send troops into the territory. We should have to fight all the time, and there would be a continuous loss of money and life. The country is a jungle and our men would be shot with poisoned arrows from behind the trees. The savages could kill many of us without our being able to kill them, and the game does not seem to be worth the candle."

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Such people are scattered through the forests and along the frontiers of India. There are queer tribes of Mongols on the borders of Tibet, strange forest dwellers on the Nilgiri Hills, and aborigines on the various islands, while in Kashmir and Baluchistan are still other peoples with customs as different from those of the British as are those of the Eskimos from our own.

One great class, known as jungle people, live in the woods and are about as savage as the natives of the Kongo. They believe in witches and witch doctors, make bloody sacrifices, and engage in wild dances as a part of their worship. These people are generally Animists, or spirit worshippers, and number about ten millions. Their food is principally wild herbs and fruits, and their homes are caves or temporary shacks.

In southern India are the Yanadis, who have round huts made of brushwood, and live on jungle fruits and wild honey. They are as shy as the Negritos of the Philippines, and will run at the sight of a white man.

Since I have been in India I have met some of the officials in charge of the penal settlement on the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal. The aborigines, of whom there are only some thirteen hundred left, are pigmies. They move about from place to place, putting up shelters of leaves and brush wherever they camp. They wear practically no clothing and are not unlike the pigmies of the Congo. Their skins are black, and their heads are shaved so as to leave on the top a circular patch of frizzly hair as big around as a tea cup. The women are the barbers and every wife dresses her husband's hair. Both women and men are tattooed. As a sign of her devotion a widowed Andamanese wears

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the skull of her dead husband on a string about her neck.

I am told that when the British officers first came to the Andamans the natives were cannibals, clad chiefly in coats of red mud and worshipping an evil spirit which spread disease. They believe this world is balanced on top of a very tall tree, which at the last day will be loosened by an earthquake. When that comes to pass they think the living and the dead will change places and that the angels and devils will keep shaking the tree and thus prevent mankind from going up the bamboo ladder connecting it with heaven. They think also that the devil dwells in the sea and feeds upon the bodies of those who are drowned. So far as I know the Andamanese are the only people in existence who have no knowledge of how to make a fire. Each family treasures its own flame, which is never allowed to go out.

Some of the strangest of India's wild peoples live in the upper Himalayas, which are spotted with tribes whose ancestors took to the mountains before the onslaught of the conquering Aryans more than three thousand years ago. There are hill men in Assam who have no method of telling distances, but measure the length of a journey by the amount of betel-leaf they can chew on the way. There are tribesmen that paint their faces like our Indians, and many who tattoo and disfigure themselves in various ways.

The Nagas inhabit the country east of the Assam Valley. They are Mongols and number in all less than two hundred thousand. The largest of their tribes is the Angami, who believe they were the first people on earth, and say that they sprang from the dew. They call the earth their only

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master and worship it. They live in villages entered by sunken paths and surrounded by stockades of thorn bushes and nettles.

Another of the Naga divisions is known as the Aos. These people were once notorious slaveholders, and used to sacrifice some of the slaves they captured in war. Another is the Semas, who until recently were head-hunters and did not scruple to slay their guests.

I am told that the Nagas have great buildings for the bachelors or young men of the tribes, corresponding somewhat to the men's quarters in New Guinea, and also to the young people's halls among the Masai of Africa. The young men's hall is erected on a platform, and the girls' house is near by. The men sleep in bunks; in the girls' house there are always two or three maidens sleeping together. In addition there is sometimes an old woman as chaperon, though I understand that she is often half blind and spends but little time on her job.

I have spoken of the Tibetan women I saw in the Darjeeling bazaars who had each more than one husband. Polyandry is still common in the Himalayas from Assam to Kashmir, and also among the Todas of the Nilgiri Hills. Often where there is a pretty girl in the family, the man who falls in love with her pays a fee to her parents, and possibly comes into the house as her husband. After a time a second lover may appear, and unless the first husband can offer a large sum to secure exclusive possession, the newcomer pays his price and joins the circle. It appears that it is entirely a question of money, and that the man who can afford it may have a wife to himself. In such marriages the children are looked upon as belonging to the women.

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In the Nilgiri Hills, a great plateau more than a mile above sea level and not far from Madras, live a hairy people, noted for their drunkenness and moral laxity. They dwell in huts of bamboo covered with thatch, with doorways so low that they have to crawl in and out on all fours. They are chiefly herdsmen and drive their long-horned buffaloes about from place to place to pasture. These hillmen worship the moon and the rising sun and they have other gods of various kinds. They now and then sacrifice calves, with the hope that the cows will give more milk; and at funerals they sacrifice buffaloes, believing that the souls of the animals will go with the dead up to heaven.

The Sontals worship the sun and the mountains, and the Gonds, who think they are sprung from a certain peak of the Himalayas, bury their dead with their feet to the north that they may be ready to start home without turning around.

The whole of northern and western India is really a backwoods country. Baluchistan is largely a desert, with fertile valleys of date palms over which move caravans of camels. Its people are mostly Moslems of Persian descent and do not recognize caste. Not unlike them are the Afghans, who live on the outskirts of India and number about ten million. They claim to be descended from one of the lost tribes of Israel. Their territory is said to be rich in minerals, but as yet it has not been prospected. They are a nation of horsemen, and send hundreds of horses down to Delhi and other parts of India each year. Afghanistan has a half-dozen or more good-sized cities, some of which are great trading centres. It is ruled by the Amir, who lives at Kabul, and is on friendly terms with the government of India.

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There are no railroads in Afghanistan, though a large caravan trade flows through the Khyber Pass, bringing goods from Kabul and Bokhara and Central Asia down to Hindustan. In Afghanistan the highways are mostly trails for horses and camels, although wagon roads are now being made from the chief towns to the Russian, Persian, and Indian frontiers. Automobiles go regularly from Kabul to Peshawar, from which a railroad line is being built through the Khyber Pass.

Between Afghanistan and India lies a belt of territory of varying width extending from the Gomal Pass in the south to Kashmir in the north. It is known as the Independent Territory and is inhabited by mountain tribes whose chief desire is to be left alone. They can put thousands of armed men into the field and, as they are fanatical Moslems, are easily stirred up to fight by their religious leaders. Their land does not yield enough to support the population and so they become caravan traders, enlist in the Indian Army or in the Frontier Militia, or follow the ancient calling of their forefathers, that of making raids upon the more peaceful and wealthy inhabitants of the plains below. Thus they cause the British no end of trouble.

On this border are the "Gates to India," the four main passes through the northwestern mountain barrier which are always closely guarded. Through them in times past came the conquering Aryans, the cohorts of Alexander the Great, the hosts of the Tartars, the Moguls, the Persians, and the Afghans. Chief of the gates is "that sword-cut in the mountains that men call Khyber Pass." It is a narrow defile winding through cliffs of shale and limestone from six hundred to a thousand feet high and through it

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goes the main highway between Kabul and Hindustan. Caravans are permitted to go through only on certain days of the week. Then the Khyber Rifles, a special force of eighteen hundred mountain tribesmen, guard the gate while the convoys of camels, asses, and wild-looking men, and women and children file past on their way to trade with the people of the plains below.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ASHES OF BUDDHA

THIS whole trip has been full of reminders of Buddha and the teachings he gave to the world six centuries before Christ was born. I found Siam and Burma dotted from one end to the other with pagodas set up in his honour and alive with thousands of yellow-robed monks going about with their begging bowls. But although these countries and Ceylon are the strongholds of Buddha's faith to-day, India was the land of his birth and his mission.

Siddhartha Gautama, afterward called Buddha, or the Enlightened, was the son of the ruler of the Sakya clan who lived in southern Nepal, on the slopes of the Himalayas, and his boyhood was spent amid the most beautiful scenery and in the shadows of the highest mountains on earth. He belonged to the warrior caste and during the earlier part of his life he enjoyed such luxury as only India knows. He was given every pleasure, and was married to a charming princess, who in due time presented him with a fine son. During this period he was protected from all knowledge of evil, sorrow, and pain, and it was not until he was almost twenty-nine years of age that he began to realize the troubles of mankind, and decided upon his great renunciation. He then gave up his palace, cut off his long hair, and putting on the clothes of a beggar went forth upon the highways. Six years he spent in



The thousands of Buddhist pilgrims to the temple at Buddha Gaya must pay toll to the Hindu priests who control it. Their devotions accomplished, the worshippers ring one of the bells about the shrine to call attention to the merit they have won.



A great temple now marks the spot at Buddha Gaya where Gautama received enlightenment. Behind it is the sacred Bo Tree beneath which he sat for six years, fasting, praying, and resisting temptation.

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wandering about and trying to attain his soul's salvation. He practised one religion after another; he fasted and prayed; he mortified the flesh in every way, and went through struggle after struggle and temptation after temptation, until at last, at Buddha Gaya, he received enlightenment.

Buddha Gaya is to the Buddhists the most holy spot upon earth. It lies some distance south of the Ganges, three hundred and ninety-two miles by rail from Calcutta, and is reached by way of Patna, where the great opium factories were. As the crow flies it is about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Benares. The fig tree under which Gautama sat and meditated and received the inspiration that made him Buddha, or the "Enlightened One," is known as the Bo Tree, or "Tree of Wisdom." It was for centuries one of the two most venerated trees upon earth. The other was in Ceylon and grew from a branch of the original Bo Tree, which was taken to that island about 300 B. C. Many devout Buddhists believe that the sacred fig tree at Buddha Gaya to-day is the same as that beneath which the sage pondered so long ago.

Near the Bo Tree the Buddhists built a temple, which is about thirteen hundred years old. It is in the form of a pyramid of nine stories, embellished with niches. Like the holy places of Jerusalem, which were for centuries in the hands of the Moslem Turks, this Buddhist temple is in the possession of the Hindus, and Hindu priests levy toll on the hundred thousand Buddhist pilgrims who come every year to Buddha Gaya. A few Buddhist monks live in a monastery near by, praying before a beautiful statue of Buddha, brought from Japan.

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For six years Gautama sat cross-legged under the Bo Tree fasting and praying. He was naked and covered with dirt, and became a living skeleton, as well as an object of contempt to the villages about. He was tempted by both angels and devils. Legions of demons, some of which had thousands of heads, fought around him in vain. They threw at him poisoned arrows which were changed into flowers as they fell. Hordes of devils in the forms of the most beautiful women tried to attract the saint by their charms. But every one of the two and thirty modes of making men fall were powerless against Gautama, who had conquered all desires.

After Buddha had vanquished all these temptations and attained perfection, he bathed himself in the river and partook of food prepared for him by a village maiden from the milk of a thousand cows. His vitality returned and he straightway became whole. His course from Gaya was a triumphal procession in which the gods took part. Flowers rained upon him, wells of cool water sprang up by the wayside, and divine music was heard.

From the Bo Tree the sage went to Benares and began his teaching in the Ganges region, the Holy Land of India. He later travelled all over northern India, and continued preaching until he died at eighty years of age. Upon his death his body was cremated and the ashes were divided into eight parts and buried in as many different places. During one of my visits to India one portion of the ashes of Buddha were found at Peshawar close to the border of Afghanistan. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the relics. They were discovered by scientists of the archaeological department of the British government, and the Viceroy of India had them brought to Calcutta,

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where he presented them to a delegation of Buddhist priests from Burma.

The ashes, which were discovered through ancient writings describing their existence, lay in a chamber far down under the ground below the heavy foundation of a structure, long since crumbled to dust. They were enclosed in a bronze casket. Inside was a crystal box containing a little heap of grayish white powder and four charred human bones. Suppose the Christian world to-day should get news of the discovery of some of the bones and ashes of St. Peter or St. Paul! What a sensation it would create! Suppose, further, that we found relics of the Saviour, which were real beyond the shadow of a doubt! All Christendom would be excited. To millions of people in the Far East Buddha means as much as Christ and his apostles do to us. So you can imagine the stir made by the find at Peshawar.

The impressive ceremony of the presentation was held in the throne room of Government House, the floor of which was covered with rich golden carpets. In making his speech to the Burmese priests the Viceroy said:

"The government of India has decided that the relics should remain within the confines of the Indian Empire, and that Burma, as a Buddhist province, and Mandalay, as its ancient capital, should provide for their safe custody. I am sure that the great honour done to Burma will be thoroughly appreciated by its people, and that the relics will be carefully preserved and cherished."

The Viceroy concluded his remarks with these words:

"I trust, too, that a suitable shrine may be erected at Mandalay over these relics, where in future years devout pilgrims may gather from all parts of the world to do

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honour to the memory of the great founder of their religion."

You recall that at Mandalay such a pagoda is now building.

A feature of the occasion was an address by the director of the archæological department of the government of India describing how the relics were found. The first information concerning them came from records left by Chinese pilgrims who were in India about fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago. One of these men, a Buddhist monk, spent seven years in travelling through the country collecting Buddhist writings and visiting shrines. He tramped across the Himalaya Mountains, stopping in the little province where Buddha was born. He walked to Buddha Gaya, and then went to pray at the various places where the relics of Buddha were kept. In the story of his pilgrimages he described a great pagoda near Peshawar, not far from where the Emperor Kanishka had his palace. The structure, he said, was about fifteen hundred feet in circumference and had thirteen stories. The record of the pilgrims states that the relics of the Buddha lay under the dome.

The writings of the Chinese pilgrims were translated by M. Foucher, the great French archæologist. Through them he located the site of the ancient pagoda as being under one of two mounds lying about a half mile east of Peshawar. Finding himself unable to finance the excavations required to verify his theory, M. Foucher presented his evidence to Dr. Spooner of the archæological department of the Indian government and the latter took up the work. Beneath the mounds were found the remains of the great dome. The heavy foundation un-

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covered shows that the structure it supported was larger than any other known Buddhist pagoda. It was square, with massive walls of dressed stone, and, according to the records of Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim, it was so lofty that four towers had to be built at the corners to hoist the coping stones into place.

After the dimensions of the pagoda had been outlined, and the foundation had been unearthed, the British archaeologists sank a shaft down through the stone floor to a depth of twenty feet, and came to the relic chamber described by the pilgrims. There, in that little stone room, buried from the sight of man for more than twenty-four hundred years, they found a cylindrical bronze casket seven inches high and five inches in diameter.

The slightly curved and overhanging lid represented a full-blown lotus, upon which sat a small figure of Buddha. Along the lid was a frieze of flying geese, and lower down around the main body of the casket were figures of Buddha beautifully carved, representing him in the different stages of his life. In the centre of these was engraved a standing figure of King Kanishka, the great Buddhist ruler and conqueror of the second century before Christ, and there were also inscriptions stating that the maker was the head engraver of the King.

Inside the bronze box was a lump of rock crystal which had been hollowed out at one end for the reception of the ashes. It was originally sealed with clay, but the moisture had detached the seal, which was lying at the side of the crystal. Coins bearing the head of Kanishka were also found.

One would expect India to have more Buddhists than

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any other land. It was here that Buddha was born, here that he spent his whole life, and from here his religion spread to other parts of the world. Yet to-day the Buddhists of Hindustan number only a little more than three hundred thousand. There are a few along the northern frontier of Bengal and upon the lower slopes of the Himalayas. In Nepal, where Buddha was born, he has still many followers, and in Kashmir, near where his ashes were discovered, there are perhaps forty thousand Buddhists. At first the religion of Buddha had great sway in India. It spread throughout Hindustan, and at the time of King Kanishka was one of the predominant faiths. After that it began to decline, and it was almost wiped out in northern India after the Mohammedans came in and took possession. In southern India Hinduism gradually regained its ascendancy.

There are something like one hundred and fifty million Buddhists in the world. Buddhism is the leading religion of Japan, and it is estimated that two thirds of the Chinese follow it. There are Buddhists in Siberia and in the Dutch East Indies, and the faith is supposed to be alive in Korea, although the priests there are such low fellows that they are the despised and rejected of men.

As I have shown already, Buddhism is strong in Burma and Siam, while in Ceylon it survives in its purest form. At Kandy in Ceylon is a pagoda rivalling the Golden Pagoda at Rangoon in sanctity. It is built over a tooth of the teacher, brought to the island more than sixteen centuries ago by a princess of India, who concealed it in her clothing. Since then that tooth has been fought over and captured and recaptured during several wars, and it is

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now so holy that people come from all parts of the Buddhist world to see it. The relic, which is shown only with the consent of the government, looks more like the tooth of a crocodile than that of a man. It is a piece of ivory about an inch in diameter and as long as my little finger, and reposes on a lotus flower of pure gold under a cluster of seven bells of gold set with jewels.

In recent years there has been a revival of the Buddhist religion, due to the missionary efforts of its followers, who have adopted methods for propagating their faith that are like those used by Christians. They have organized, for example, young men's associations, corresponding to our Young Men's Christian Association, and are publishing tracts and distributing all sorts of religious literature. The faith has so much to commend it that I doubt not they will make many converts.

Buddhism has its ten commandments which are taught to the children. The first five are:

1. Thou shalt not take any life at all.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
4. Thou shalt not lie.
5. Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquors.

The second five are obligatory chiefly for the monks in the monasteries, and for all other good people on holy days. They are:

1. Thou shalt not eat after midday.
2. Thou shalt not dance or play upon musical instruments.
3. Thou shalt not use cosmetics.
4. Thou shalt not stand or sleep on elevated places.
5. Thou shalt not accept gold or silver.

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The theory of the religion is that every one must work out his own salvation, and that no one can help another except by example.

It is a mistake to speak of the worship of Buddha. He is not a god, but a teacher. His followers look upon him as having been a mortal man, and they believe that any mortal may aspire to be what he was. He is their idea of the perfect man, and his life is the perfect life. Nevertheless, they pray before his shrine and use his name in their prayers.

While the Buddhist religion contains many beautiful doctrines, it has nothing of the worship of God as we know Him. Furthermore, it seems to me to be a religion of despair rather than of hope. One of its tenets is the idea that the greatest evil of mankind is birth. Without that, they say, we could not have old age, misery, and death, and we would not have to go through the long line of transmigrations through which man rises in spiritual estate, or descends to hell. According to Buddhism, one's soul, like that of John Brown, is always marching on. The moment one dies he is born again, his soul passing at once into the form of a man, a dog, or some other animal. He may go down, down, down, through the different degrees of animal life until he falls into one of the hundred-odd Buddhist hells, which are in the middle of the earth, where the sufferers spend ten million years or more before they are reincarnated. Or he may go upward into better and better states, until he at last reaches the heaven where the shortest life is ten thousand million years. The Buddhist legends tell how their great teacher lived as an elephant, as a camel, as a gnat, a swallow, and an eagle. He went through every form of existence on the earth, in

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hell, and in heaven, and when he attained the perfect knowledge he could recall them all.

Buddhism teaches that all man's misfortunes come from his bad actions, and all his good fortunes from his righteous deeds. Heaven means the extinction of desires. This is the great end of life. To wipe out all passion, all feeling, and reach Nirvana, "where the believer expects to find a sure shelter against all errors, doubts, and fears; and a resting place, where his spirit may securely enjoy the undisturbed possession of truth."

CHAPTER XIX

TRAVELLING ON INDIA'S RAILWAYS

IF YOU want to get an idea of what railway travel in India is like, join me in my trip from Calcutta to Benares. We go to the station in a gharry hauled by lean horses and driven by a half-starved Bengali in turban and loin cloth. We are taking the night express and it is 9 o'clock when we reach the station, a large building covering a block, with long waiting rooms extending from the train shed.

The railway stations in the cities of India are, by the way, surprisingly fine. Both the main depots at Calcutta are large and convenient; Benares and Delhi have handsome buildings, and Victoria Station at Bombay cost more than a million dollars and is almost, if not quite, the equal of the Union Station at Washington. Even at the small towns one finds substantial stone buildings surrounded by flower gardens. The platforms are of stone filled in with cement, and raised to the level of the car platforms so that one does not have to go up or down steps in boarding or leaving a train.

When we enter the Calcutta station we find the stone floors covered with natives, both men and women, sitting or lying about. Here they sprawl at full length on the flags, and there squat in groups, their backs against the railing between the waiting rooms and the train shed. As these people see me taking notes, they pull closer around

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them the white sheets in which they are wrapped, shielding their dark faces from the gaze of the foreigner. Some have covered their heads and have fallen asleep. Many cannot sleep for excitement over the pilgrimage they are making to the sacred city of Benares.

Notice this woman near me. She lies on the floor with her head on a bag, so covered that only her thin face can be seen. As I look, her husband, a black Hindu in dirty white cotton clothing, lies down beside her, puts his head on the bag, and is soon fast asleep.

There, the gong rings! A train is called and the third-class passengers push their way through to the cars. Some carry baggage upon their heads. Others have bundles on shoulders and backs. Nearly all the men are barefooted and all wear turbans, caps, or handkerchiefs on their heads. Their bodies are only half covered by the white sheets draped around them, while their bare legs remind me of those foolish lines:

The poor benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kindoo;
He sticks to caste
From first to last;
For pants he makes his skindoo.

Mixed with this motley crowd are Mohammedans in long gowns, Parsees with hats like inverted waste-paper baskets, native and British soldiers, and liveried servants of civil officials. It is one of the strangest crowds to be found anywhere, and the white clothing so predominates that in the dim light the effect is somewhat ghostlike.

We sit down a moment while our servant buys the tickets, checks the baggage, and secures our seats in the train.

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I have found the servant problem rather acute since I came to India. I have already had three bearers, as these personal servants are called. The first almost froze to death at Darjeeling. He was too lazy to get me what I wanted, and after I discharged him I found that some of my woollen clothes were missing. The second was a dusky liar who wore a gorgeous turban as big as a peck measure. He was clad partially in European dress and I got rid of him because my pajamas and stockings were fast disappearing. There was also a little trouble as to a gold sovereign which I lost. As soon as I mentioned it, he produced the coin, saying he had found it in the outside pocket of my overcoat. I now have a tall, fine-looking chap with a swarthy complexion and an enormous black moustache. He wears a costly turban and a long gown belted in at the waist. I pay him thirty-three cents a day, but of course, like all the bearers here, he has his commissions.

Abdullah, as I call him, goes in advance through the gates, and when we reach the cars we find our pillows and bedding spread out in our compartment. In India every one carries his own sleeping conveniences while travelling. The first-class cars have leather-covered benches, on which the passengers' beds are made up by their bearers. In the morning the servants will come in from the third-class cars to roll up the comforts and rugs and pack them into the canvas bags carried for the purpose.

When they are not crowded the Indian cars are comfortable enough. They are built on the English plan, and are about two thirds the length of our cars but a little bit wider. Each is divided into compartments which look more like long boxes than anything else, and are walled on two sides by glass windows and doors. As a



The government owns most of the thirty-seven thousand miles of railroads in India and makes a good profit on them, chiefly by leasing them to operating companies. In the large towns there are handsome stations, particularly the Victoria Terminal at Bombay.



The first-class cars on the Indian railways are divided into compartments, and as a rule there are no corridors. Therefore, when a passenger wants to get his luncheon he must wait for a station and walk down the platform to get into the diner.

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rule there are no corridors, so that when one wants to go into the diner, he must wait for a station, get out of his own compartment, walk along the station platform, and step from it into the dining car. If the train is an express he may have to stay there an hour or so.

I remember quite vividly an alarming experience on my first trip to India when I was shut up tight in my railway compartment. It was on one of the trunk lines and the train was going at thirty miles an hour and making but few stops. I was getting myself comfortable for a long journey, when happening to glance from my book to the lighted oil lamp above, I noticed that the glass globe was broken. The swaying of the train splashed the oil up near the flame, and I feared that at any minute the kerosene would catch fire, the lamp would break, and a pint of burning oil would come down upon the carpet of the little box of a room in which I was locked. I looked wildly around for a bellrope. Nowadays all the compartments have pulls to stop the trains, but if this one had such a convenience I certainly could not find it. I examined the walls and the floor of the compartment, and sought everywhere for some means of summoning aid or signalling the train to stop. It was in vain, and I had to wait half an hour or more before we drew into a station and I was able to call the guard and have the lamp taken out. Had there been an explosion, I suppose I should have had to stay and get burned up or else must have jumped through the car window while the train was going full speed.

The Central India road has some cars with corridors running along one side from end to end. Into the corridors open two-berth compartments equipped with elec-

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tric fans, lights, and bells. There are also servants' compartments connected with these cars. At each end of the coach is a bathroom with a big tub, and one can have a wash as he goes flying across the country at twenty-five miles an hour.

I say twenty-five miles. That is rather fast for India. Many of the trains do not make twenty miles, and some not over fifteen per hour, while an express only now and then speeds up to thirty or so. Everything here is run oriental fashion, which means that to-morrow or the day after will do as well as to-day.

It is interesting to watch the traffic from these Indian trains. Now and then you pass an animal car filled with camels or catch a glimpse of an elephant gazing out on the landscape sliding past him. There are stock trains filled with the sacred humped cattle of Hindustan, and I have seen cars of polo ponies, sheep, and wild beasts in cages. Dogs are carried on trains at the rate of twelve cents for every fifty miles. No dog can be taken into the passenger cars except with the consent of all the occupants, and then only on payment of double fare for the pet. Some of the baggage cars have dog compartments and cats, monkeys, rabbits, and guinea pigs are sent along at dog rates. Not long ago a woman came to one of the stations with a turtle in her hand and was about to enter the car with it when the guard stopped her. She showed him the turtle and asked him whether she could take it inside without paying two fares. He replied:

"Yes! Cats is dogs and monkeys is dogs, but turtles is fish, and there's no rule against fish."

In travelling over India I have found the cars universally well filled. Every train has its first-, second-, and

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third-class accommodations. In the first travel British officials, Americans, and well-to-do English tourists, with now and then a rajah, or some high native official. In the second are the poorer classes of the British, army officers of second rank, and perhaps prosperous natives, while the masses of the people all ride third class. Another class, known as the intermediate, is provided for British soldiers and other Europeans who cannot afford to pay second-class fares and yet do not want to travel with the natives. The Indian Nationalists bitterly resent the fact that the natives have been excluded from these intermediate cars

As to the women passengers, there are special first- and second-class cars for them. Many higher-caste Hindu ladies would consider themselves disgraced if they showed their faces in public, and in India no Mohammedan woman goes about without her veil. The women pull their shawls over their faces as they walk through the stations, though at the same time they may leave their ankles and calves entirely bare. Their ankles are often loaded with bands of silver and gold, and their slippers may be embroidered in gold thread. Attached to the train going up to Darjeeling was a car entirely covered with a circus-tent canvas and filled with Hindu ladies. They were riding through the finest scenery in the world, but for all that they could see of it, they might as well have been tied up in leather bags and sent on as mail. However, no men caught a glimpse of them, so I suppose they were satisfied.

Severe penalties are imposed upon any man, European or native, who even attempts to enter the women's compartments. European women may, if they desire to do so, travel in the cars with their husbands, but this is not

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generally a comfortable arrangement for either. The men's compartments are uncurtained, and in this hot climate the first thing a man does on boarding a sleeping car is to get into his pajamas, even though it may be some time before he is ready to turn in.

The white ants, or termites, used to be the great enemies of the railroad in India, for they ate the wooden ties and the telegraph poles. They chewed up the posts at the stations, and if a pile of timber were left unprotected, it would soon be carried away or so hollowed out that it dropped to pieces on being touched. This is why in thousands of miles of travel over India I have seen so many telegraph poles made of iron and so few of wood. Steel ties were used for a time, until it was found that creosoting the wood keeps out the ants, and so wooden ties thus treated are now set in the roadbeds.

The prevailing idea in America is that the British hold all the good jobs in India. This is not true of the railroads. Many good places are held by the natives, although the most important positions still go to the British. There are Indian construction labourers, Indian brakemen and station agents, with now and then an Indian engineer. A large proportion of the station clerks, telegraph operators, and conductors are Anglo-Indians, or mixed bloods, who have been trained at the government schools and who make competent minor officials.

It was seventy years ago that the British opened the first line of railroad in India, connecting Bombay with the silk village of Thana, twenty-one miles away. To-day there are thirty-seven thousand miles of track, or more than in any other land in Asia. India's mileage is surpassed only by the mileages of Canada, Russia, and the

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United States. China, with a population about equal to that of India, has but seven thousand miles of railroads. Yet India's railroad development is small compared with our two hundred and sixty-four thousand miles for a population only about one third as large as hers, or with Canada's one mile of track for every twenty-three inhabitants. The British are now at work on a big programme of extending and improving the railroads of the country and important lines are under construction.

In the early days, as there was not enough private capital available in India for railroad building, the government subsidized various corporations. By the end of 1860 contracts had been made with eight of these British companies for the construction of five thousand miles of line. This scheme laid the foundation of the railway system as it exists to-day. The government guaranteed to the corporations a five-per-cent. return on their investment and a free grant of all the land needed. In return, the companies agreed to share with the government any surplus after dividend requirements had been met. Later on, the native rulers were encouraged to construct railways in their territories. It was not until 1900 that the railroads of British India showed a gain for the government, but since then the profits have been growing from year to year. As the contracts of the guaranteed companies expired, their lines were purchased and then re-leased to the companies on terms more profitable to the state.

Thus there grew up in India a somewhat complicated railway situation. There are now in the whole country some twenty-five thousand miles of state lines, many of which are operated by corporations; five thousand miles

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of native state roads; and some seven thousand miles operated by assisted companies. With the rise of the nationalistic spirit in India has come a demand that the railroads be managed directly by the state rather than by English corporations domiciled either in England or in India. It is probable that as their contracts expire, other roads will, like the East Indian and the Great Indian Peninsular, two of the most important railways in the country, be taken over by the government.

The railroads are a storm centre for a good deal of the unrest in India to-day. Gandhi, the great "non-coöperator," maintains that "Railroads carry man away from his Maker."

In the course of a talk I had with one of the leading railroad officials in India, he said:

"One of the striking features of the unrest just now is an anti-railroad crusade carried on by the revolutionary agitators. They claim that the roads were built with British money to rob the natives. They say that the dividends and interest go out of India, and that the railways are a bad thing for the people, not only in a money way, but because they imperil the sanctity of caste. The masses can always be stirred up by the idea that their religion is attacked, and the Hindu extremists tell them that the railroads are breaking down caste distinctions, and that damnation is sure to follow. They advise the people not to patronize them and say they should be given over to the native leaders, who could provide accommodations better suited to their religious prejudices. Yet in spite of the agitators, the travel keeps up and the third-class traffic is increasing much faster than the railways can provide accommodations for it. Indeed, the continued

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over-crowding of third-class cars is another of the grievances the Indians have against the British.

"But are the extremists not right in saying that the railroads are affecting caste barriers?" I asked.

"Yes, to a certain extent that is the case. When we first began to build railways the natives demanded that special cars be furnished to segregate certain castes. The Hindus and the Mohammedans would not sit together, and the Brahmans demanded separate accommodations. After they found that they could not get the cars, they tacitly decided that caste must be ignored while they were on the trains. So the native apparently drops such prejudices when he enters the cars, although he assumes them the more rigorously when he leaves.

"Our pilgrimage traffic is enormous," continued the official. "Some authorities estimate that every year more than one million Hindus journey to Benares to bathe in the Ganges, while in some years eight hundred thousand go in one week to Allahabad. It used to take weeks and months for the average pilgrim to go to Benares or some other place of pilgrimage. The devout Hindu now finds he can make it by rail in a few hours or days. We cater to this pilgrim traffic, and do all we can to accommodate it. Moreover, we have what might be called a heavy traffic during the wedding season. On many of the roads the crowds are then so great we cannot carry them. We make the rates as low as possible, and we have, on the whole, the lowest passenger fares in the world. The third-class fares are only half a cent a mile, yet this is our most profitable passenger traffic and largely pays our dividends."

CHAPTER XX

BENARES, HOLY CITY OF THE HINDUS

ONCE again I am in Benares, which is to more than two hundred million people the holiest city on the face of the globe. This place is considered so hallowed that, according to the believers in Brahma and his various manifestations, all Hindus who die within fifty miles of it go straight to heaven, no matter what their lives may have been. Even Moslems, Buddhists, and Christians share in the spiritual benefits of a pilgrimage to the sacred spot. This is the greatest pilgrimage city on earth. The tomb of Confucius in China, the birthplace of Mohammed at Mecca, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem all put together do not draw nearly so many worshippers. More than a million pilgrims kneel at these shrines every year. Thousands make the journey here by prostrating themselves again and again, measuring the distance from their homes by their own lengths on the ground. Once arrived, every pilgrim goes around the forty-five-mile circuit of the five holy spots near the city. This pilgrimage of the Five Places follows a route marked with temples and shrines and takes six full days.

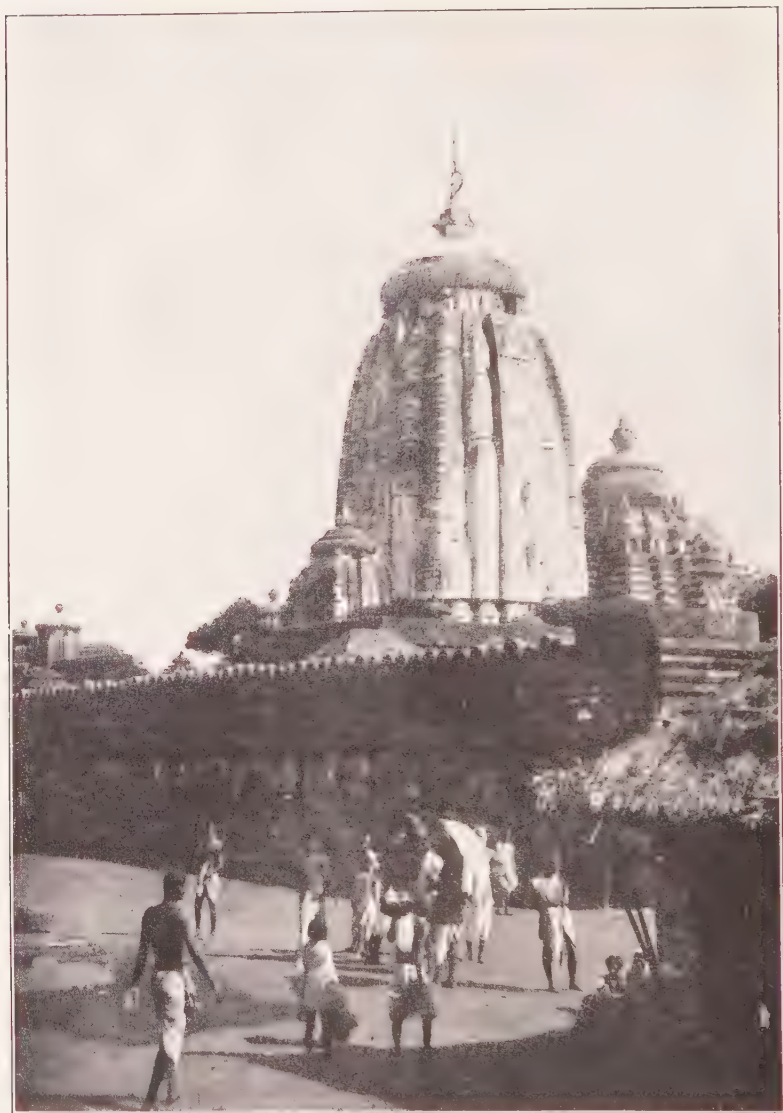
The temples in Benares and along the pilgrims' routes are full of images of the various Hindu gods, and a visit to them is the quickest way to become acquainted with the deities of this religion and the many strange beliefs of



If you have your own teeth, a strong stomach, and no sense of smell, travel by camel cart really isn't so bad. In remote and desert parts of India it is one of the few ways of getting about.



No country has a greater variety of means of transportation than India, where none walks who can ride. Human labour is so cheap that one can be carried in a dandy at a cost of but a few cents an hour.



The temple of Juggernaut at Puri was built by a twelfth-century rajah in expiation for having killed a Brahman. Once a year the image of the god, a log rudely carved, is paraded through the streets in its huge car.

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its devotees. Brahma is represented by an idol with four heads and four arms. He is the great creator who made mankind and all things that live. Sarasvati, his wife, is often represented beside him as a gorgeous lady riding upon a peacock and clad only in jewels. She is the special patron of music and speech. All liars pray to her, and she takes away their sins.

Vishnu, the second great god, has numerous temples here. He is known as the preserver who came down to earth to deliver man from demons, snakes, and wicked men, and from anger, avarice, and lust. He has his own special heaven, and can take his followers there. This god is said to have had ten incarnations. As Rama, he is the model son, brother, and husband, and that is why the name Rama is so often given to children. When friends meet they say, "Ram, Ram," by way of greeting. In the character of Krishna, Vishnu poses as a lover and husband, and according to tradition he played the part well. He had more than sixteen thousand wives and one hundred and eighty thousand children, not counting the girls.

In another incarnation Vishnu is Juggernaut. The name is Sanskrit for "Lord of the Universe." Juggernaut is worshipped in various places in India, but the temple at Puri in Orissa is the most hallowed of his shrines. At the great festival that takes place there every summer the town is filled to overflowing with tens of thousands of pilgrims. Every temple of Juggernaut has its car, which typifies the active, moving world over which the god presides; but most sacred of all is the one at Puri, which is forty-five feet high and thirty-five feet square and has sixteen wheels each seven feet in diameter. Once a year the crude log image that

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represents Juggernaut is mounted on the car which is then drawn at a snail's pace through the streets. It is followed by two other cars, each of which bears a log, one of them the brother and the other the sister of Juggernaut. The distance covered is only a mile but it takes days to make it. As the images are put in place the massed worshippers kneel and bow their heads to the dust. Then rushing forward, they fight for a chance to help draw the huge vehicles onward. Sometimes in the scramble or in the terrific heat Hindus are killed around the cars. Sometimes, perhaps, people old, diseased, or unbearably discouraged have seized this opportunity to commit suicide; but the number of those who have perished beneath the wheels of the car of Juggernaut has been greatly exaggerated, and the idea that the god desires human victims is an error. According to Chaitanya, the great apostle of Juggernaut, the destruction of the least of God's creatures is a sin against the Creator.

The wife of Vishnu is Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth and luxury, who sprang from the froth of the ocean when it was churned by the gods. She corresponds somewhat to the Greek Aphrodite, risen from the sea at Cyprus to become the ideal of love and beauty.

The last of the three great gods is Siva, the Lord of the Universe, and both the destroyer and the giver of life. He sits enthroned on the Himalayan heights, his throat veiled in blue mists. The Ganges wanders in the matted forests of his locks before it plunges down upon the plains below. Thirty-three million spirits do his bidding. One of the most sacred of the many sacred places in India is a cave twelve thousand feet up in the mountains. Year after year holy men toil up the steep ascent to the

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cavern at Amarnath in Kashmir where a spring, eternally frozen, has taken the shape of the symbol of Siva as the giver of life.

Siva's wife is the terrible Kali. This lady wears a garland of human skulls and a necklace of dead men's hands, and her long, outstretched tongue is supposed always to drip blood. Before the British took India human sacrifices were made to propitiate this goddess, and during a famine of a generation ago, human heads decked with flowers were placed on her altars. I have heard, too, that within the last ten years a native prince was dethroned by the British because he had offered a human sacrifice to the insatiable Kali. She was the goddess of the thugs, the caste whose members used to travel through India, strangling victims in her honour. She is supposed to live in the cemeteries and to delight in pestilence, famine, and all the miseries of mankind. Her worship, which is altogether a worship of fear, is one of the most revolting features of the Hindu religion.

There are, besides, many other manifestations of Vishnu and Siva, as well as hosts of local deities, so that in its lower forms Hinduism has wandered far from the ideal of one god and has multiplied gods, godlings, ghosts, and demons, until there are now in its theology something like three hundred and thirty-three millions of these beings. There are, on the other hand, Hindu sects with the purest philosophical conceptions. Their members believe in one God alone, who made the heavens and the earth and who permeates everything. He is a part of every man and therefore man's acts are His acts.

The sacred books of Hinduism are the Vedas, which are published in Sanskrit and are about the oldest of

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religious manuscripts. There are four of them, the most important of which is the Rig Veda. This contains more than one thousand hymns and commemorates the march of the Aryan race from Kabul to the Punjab, or "Land of the Five Rivers." And then there is the Sama Veda, which is largely taken up with religious rituals; the Atharva Veda, composed chiefly of incantations, and the Yajur Veda, the publication of which the government has tried to suppress on accounts of its obscenity.

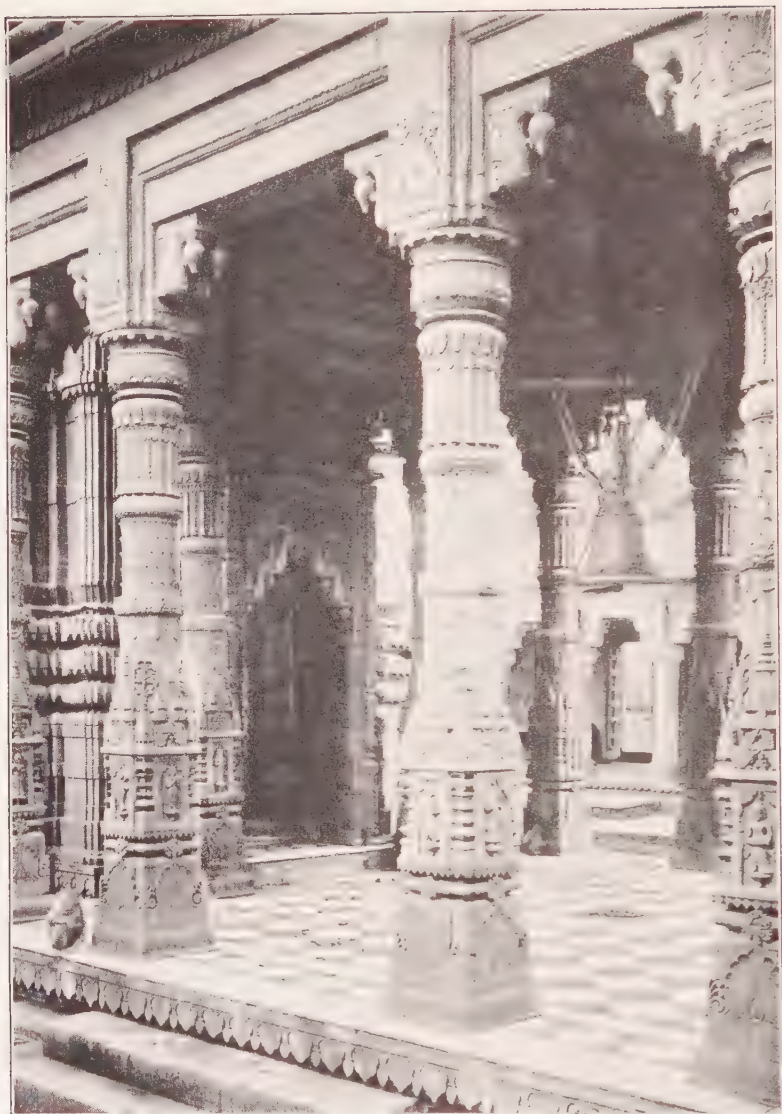
Everywhere I go I see Brahman priests consoling and at the same time fleecing the pilgrims. They are distinguishable by the painted marks of their caste on their faces and half-naked bodies, and by the cords around their necks. There are always more than thirty thousand of them in Benares, gathered about the temples or seated under great umbrellas of matting down by the Ganges.

Benares is a city of sacred beasts, as well as holy men. It swarms with sacred cows and great white bulls with humps on their backs. It has sacred apes and a great temple in which swarms of monkeys live with a goddess. I visited that temple this morning and watched the priests sacrifice a live goat to Kali. In the courtyard is a stone upon which is a forked post with two prongs. The goat's neck was tied to the fork and cut off with a cleaver by a half-naked Hindu. As the ax went through, the blood spurted out, and the image of the horrid goddess, it seemed to me, burst into a grin.

The monkeys throng the courts of this temple and live in the trees around it. They are revered as representations of the monkey god Hanuman, and must not be harmed. Priests and pilgrims feed them and they are so



Cattle are held so sacred by the Hindus that if a begging bull comes into a village the people load him with garments and other offerings of which his owner gets the benefit.



The Benares temple of Durga, goddess of slaughter, is called the Monkey Temple because of the hundreds of monkeys living in the trees in the courtyard and infesting the shrine itself. It would be a deadly sin to kill one of these representatives of the Monkey God.

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tame that they will come to one's feet to beg for food. At the entrance to the temple were peddlers selling popcorn, some of which I bought. The minute I entered the temple, several of the little beasts jumped at me and grabbed the corn from the plate and as the grain spilled out upon the floor monkeys came down in droves from the trees and chattered and grinned at me while they devoured it. I was warned not to touch or strike them, as they are vicious and sometimes bite strangers. There were many baby monkeys, trotting about by themselves or with their parents; and a dozen half-starved dogs rushed in and fought with the monkeys for the popcorn. The filth of the whole place was indescribable.

From the monkey temple I went to the Golden Temple in the heart of Benares. With its gilded and gold-plated spires it is one of the most beautiful buildings of the city. It is dedicated to Siva, in his character of Lord of the Universe. The Golden Temple is about the holiest place in Benares, and I was stopped at the door by the priest and told that none but Hindus could enter. I could see through the doorway, however, that the court was filled with people from all over India. There were the white costumes of the Bengalis, the pinks and blues and yellows of the natives of the United Provinces, the deep blues and reds and oranges of southern India, and the coarse homespuns of the Himalayan foothills. I saw also rich dresses of the wealthy side by side with the rags of the poor. But members of the lowest castes may not enter here.

Connected with this temple is a courtyard in which is the Wel. of Knowledge. The water of this pool is so holy that he who drinks it will go straight up to heaven. The precious liquid is ladled out by priests and given to the

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pilgrims. The latter used to throw flowers and other things down into the well as their offerings. These rotted and made the water filthy and putrid, but nevertheless the pilgrims gulped it down eagerly. The well is now screened and protected from such contributions. Though it still smells like bad eggs, the water is bought by the cupful and swallowed with gusto.

Not far from the Golden Temple is a temple filled with cows and bulls, the animals sacred to Siva. Imagine a court the size of an ordinary barnyard with a bandstand in the centre. Let the court be walled around with great stalls, in which stand a hundred sacred bulls. They are white and dove-coloured, and as clean-limbed as Jerseys. On their backs are great humps, and their ears hang down. They are as fat as butter, fatter by far than the lean devotees hovering about them and pressing food upon them. Here and there a bull or a cow moves through the courtyard munching the flowers and grass handed it by the pilgrims. I saw a cow go up the steps to the altar in front of the image of the god and bite at a wreath of flowers hung about a worshipper's neck. The Hindu thought this a sign of the favour of the gods and showed his appreciation by bringing Ganges water and giving it to the cow.

I saw, too, a pretty slender brown maiden whose form, worthy of Aphrodite herself, was clad in a single piece of navy blue cotton. Around her head was a red cashmere shawl which hid all her face except her great black eyes. Her hands and arms were bare and she carried a heavy garland of bright yellow flowers. She brought this to the biggest and most beautiful bull in the stables, and chanting a prayer, offered it to him. The dove-coloured beast ate

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the flowers and as he did so she threw her arms around his neck and gave him a hug. The scene made me think of Apis, the bull of Memphis, who was worshipped by the Egyptians thousands of years ago, and also of the fair Io, whom Juno turned into a cow because the flirtatious Jupiter had been casting sheep's eyes at her.

I see these sacred cows and bulls everywhere in Benares. They go about the streets like gentlemen and ladies of leisure, staring into the shops and crowding human beings out of the way. Now and then they visit a fruit or vegetable stand, and take a bite of such of the wares as they fancy. The merchants do not strike or ill treat them in any way. Indeed, they will not even drive the animals off, and, though a bull or a cow may chew up a fruit seller's whole stock in trade, he must smile and look pleased.

To the Hindus all cattle are holy and the humped breed native to the country are known as the sacred cattle of India. It is a sin to mistreat one of these beasts, and for a Hindu to slaughter cattle or eat beef would mean not only loss of caste in this world but punishment in the next transmigration. The Hindus scorn all Mohammedans and Westerners because they are beef eaters, and among the first bills introduced into the provincial legislatures after these became more truly representative were those prohibiting the slaughter of cattle. The bills were not passed, but their introduction shows the Hindu point of view. Gandhi once said that protection of all cows is the central fact of Hinduism, that the cow stands for "the entire sub-human world," and that through her protection man realizes "his identity with all that lives." He explained that the cow was selected for exaltation because she was in

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India "the best companion" and "the giver of plenty." She is, he said, the mother to millions of Indian mankind. I must say, however, it appears to me a long way from the heights of Gandhi's eloquence in behalf of the cow to the degraded worship of the beasts in the temple of Benares.

As I walked along the streets I noticed men peddling flowers for the bulls, and necklaces, anklets, and other jewellery. There were scores of beggars, and the lame, halt, and blind were jostled by the bulls and cows. One poor fellow, all skin and bones, and naked except for a breech cloth, had lost his arms at the biceps, and he wagged the scarred stumps at me as he nodded his head to the brass plate on his knee. He appeared delighted with the one fourth of a cent that I gave him.

Yogis and fanatics are numerous in Benares. Siva is the patron god of these religious devotees who form a caste of their own. I see them everywhere, undergoing all sorts of mortification of the flesh to attain merit and consequent salvation. To-day I photographed one sitting in a handcart which was being pushed from place to place by his admirers. It was a rude three-wheeled affair, open all around and decorated with flowers. The fakir himself was the most horrible human figure I have ever seen. He was a living skeleton, almost stark naked, with great, round, staring eyes and long frowsy hair. His hands, which lay over the dashboard of the vehicle, were mere claws. His shoulder bones seemed about to burst through his skin, and he was so doubled up that though he sat erect, his bony knees were thrust up into his arm-pits. His face and body were smeared with ashes.

I have seen many of these men during my travels in

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India. They never wash, and pride themselves on their uncleanness. Their methods of torture are legion. I have seen some who have sat or stood still until their bodies have stiffened, and they have lost the use of their muscles and joints. Some hold their tightly clenched fists overhead until the fingernails grow into the flesh of their palms. There are yogis at Benares who never sit down and others who lie on beds of iron spikes or upon masses of broken stones. Some try to acquire merit by refusing to sleep, and others by eating all sorts of vile foods. Such men often carry about human skulls as drinking cups.

Among these so-called holy men are some that are able to walk through fire, and at every holy fair you may see a half dozen or so undergoing the Ordeal of the Five Fires. The fakir sits almost naked, just far enough away from the four fires about him to prevent the flesh from sizzling. The fifth fire is the tropical sun blazing down on his head.

Others claim that they can remain alive though buried underground for long periods. They declare that they can seal the lungs by putting the tip of the tongue into the windpipe and then they allow themselves to be interred. Not all these cases appear to be frauds. Reliable witnesses report that they have seen the yogis dug up alive after such burials. Some say that the men go into a state of hibernation like that of bears in winter. A doctor who examined a yogi buried alive said that he detected a faint breathing during the period of interment. Of course, in most instances the burials are pure humbug. Sometimes the yogis are said to be buried alive for a week, but in such cases it will be found that there is a cleverly concealed hole through the ground to the mouth of the yogi.

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But worse than the spectacle presented by these holy men, their filthy practices and needless suffering, or even their frauds, is the fact that they live on the public and cost the Indian people something like sixty million dollars a year. They are most expensive parasites upon the body of one of the poorest peoples in the world.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BATHERS AND BURNING GHATS OF THE GANGES

BENARES is holy largely because it lies on the Ganges. That river means far more to the Hindu than does the Jordan to the Christian, and it is considered more or less sacred all the way from its source in the glaciers of the Himalayas to its mouth in the Bay of Bengal. But some spots, such as Benares and Allahabad, are holier than others. A bath taken at certain places in the Ganges, if accompanied by the proper state of mind and the right prayers, washes away sin. Some pilgrims make journeys on foot almost from its source to the mouth, spending years on the way. Just now many are coming to the holy places by railroad, and as I have said, the pilgrimage traffic to Benares is enormous. The city is so filled with pilgrims that in some respects it makes me think of our seaside resorts. It is a great Hindu watering place where the people come to rest their bodies while saving their souls. Many of the Hindu rajahs and princes have villas here, and the river is walled with temples, rest houses, and other beehives of humanity. A number of rest houses for the accommodation of poor pilgrims have been put up by wealthy philanthropists.

The steps, or ghats, going down into the water and far out into the stream are filled with bathers, and if you have any doubt that the people believe their sins are washed

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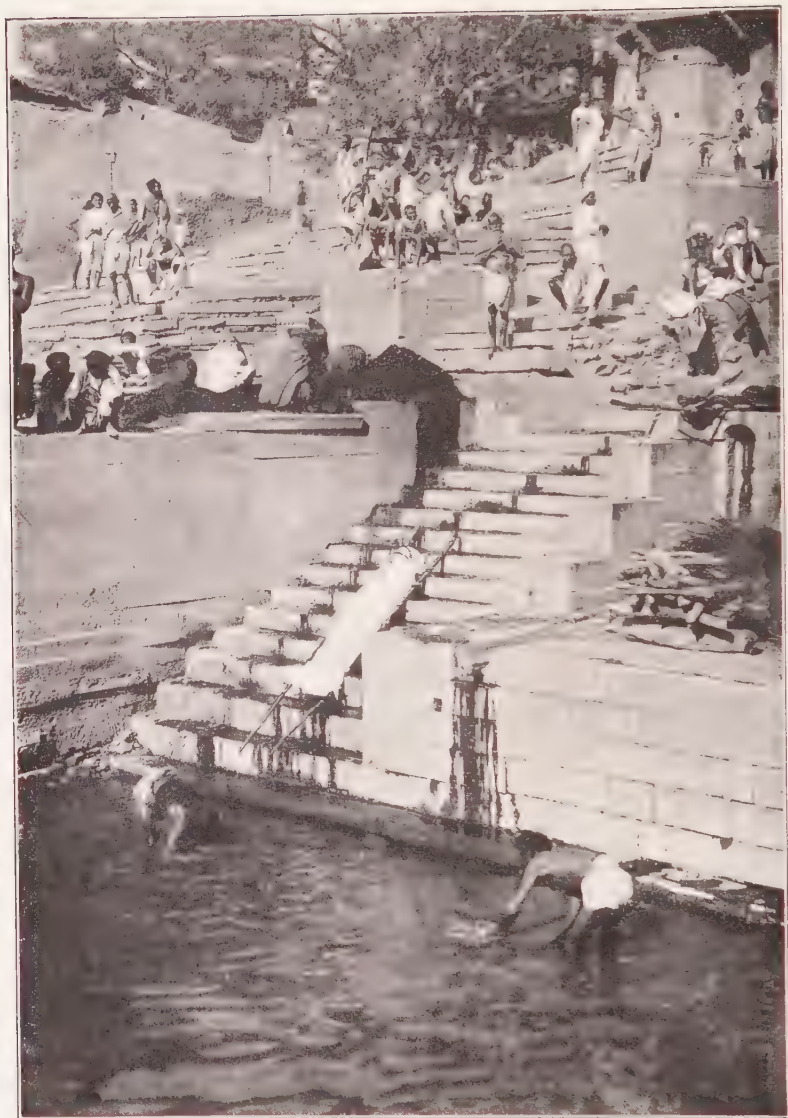
away by the Ganges, just come along to the river. We shall take a launch and ride down among the bathers. The mornings here are cold and raw, so we put on our overcoats. We shiver as we sit on the deck and are glad we are not Hindus, for it is the duty of the pilgrim to take his bath in the river before breakfast. The sun is just rising, but we find the stream full. The steps are crowded with worshippers clad in the thinnest of clothing. There are shrivelled old men and women, wrapped in single breadths of dirty white cotton, standing waist deep in the water and holding up their long, bony arms, while with chattering teeth they mutter prayers to their gods. Now and then they duck down into the water, coming up gasping and looking colder than ever. To you or me such a bath might cause death. It may bring death to them, but death at Benares means for the Hindu a better life in his next incarnation.

There are also plump girls and young men. As the water trickles over them they whisper their prayers. The women raise their arms toward heaven, showing gold and silver bracelets extending from wrist to elbow. Some wear gold nose rings, and others have ear ornaments hanging down to their shoulders. Not a few hide their faces; they may be high-caste Hindu maidens. As a rule, the women do not bathe with the men but huddle off in groups by themselves. They come down in parties, each carrying a brass jar in which to take back some water to be used in religious ceremonies at home, or to sprinkle on the dead.

As we go down the river we see that the bathers keep on their clothes as they enter the water, although these garments are often no more than breech cloths. The



Benares swarms with fakirs, holy men undergoing mortification of the flesh to attain salvation. This one has long collected admiration and tribute, because for years he has lived on a bed of spikes.



Every Hindu wishes to die beside the Ganges, that he may have his body burned on its banks and his ashes sprinkled on its sacred waters. Thus he attains to higher estate in his next incarnation.

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Hindus think it indecent to go naked into the Ganges, and great was the indignation when some Englishmen bathed here perfectly nude. They call the river Mother Ganga, and when they step down into it speak of being embraced by the goddess.

The women bathers are usually clad only in a cotton sheet which clings to their bodies as they leave the water. Stepping out, they turn their backs to the men, and, removing the cloth, wash it and themselves while they pray. The Indian women are extremely modest and make changes from wet to dry garments without any exposure of their persons.

As our boat goes on we pass temple after temple, on the steps of which sit half-naked priests with boxes of red and white paints before them. With these they put caste marks on the foreheads of the faithful. Now we come to a break in the buildings. Here is a ravine lined with what look like campfires. We draw nearer and can see that the wood of each fire has been piled up in a square, like railroad ties, and on each pyre lies a corpse. Those are the bodies of the dead which are being burned on the banks of the Ganges, so that their ashes may float out upon its waters and their souls go straight to heaven. I have seen cremation in many lands, but nothing like this. The bodies are burned right out in the open, and the nearest relative of the dead lights the fire. The wood is usually arranged by Doms, who belong to one of the lowest of the castes, for the touch of the dead is pollution.

We have drifted just opposite a funeral pyre. The wind has sprung up and is fanning the flame. There is a crackling and frying, the smoke becomes denser, and a fat Brahman's body has burst out in a blaze. It is a horrible

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sight. The Doms shield their faces from the heat and turn them toward the river to cool off. Standing at some distance are the relatives of the departed, looking sad and reverent.

We land from our boats and stop awhile watching the scene. There are ashes and fires everywhere. Here is the emaciated body of a woman clad in white cotton. The shaved head lies on a dirty blue pillow six inches thick. The thin arms are folded. Next to her is the corpse of a well-to-do merchant, which the Doms are preparing for burning on a pile of cordwood two feet high and about six feet square. These Hindu undertakers first spread white cheesecloth over the wood and then place upon it the naked body, stretched at full length. After covering it with cheesecloth, they pile up more wood, insert cedar kindlings, and borrow a shovelful of coals from the next fire. Oil is poured on, the fire blazes up, to burn until only ashes are left. The Doms throw these into the Ganges, and that ends the ceremony.

Though belonging to one of the lowest castes, the Doms are said to be rich. I have heard of one who has made a half million dollars burning the dead. The charges for their services vary according to the wealth and caste of the person whose body they cremate. A peasant may be reduced to ashes for a dollar or so, while a rajah will get off cheap at three hundred dollars. It is pitiful to see poverty-stricken Hindus come with a corpse and stop to haggle with the Doms, whose business policy is "no money, no wood; no wood, no fire." Often the poor creatures have not in all the world enough to pay the lowest rate. It usually ends by the Doms taking the last cent they can squeeze and then the relatives are subjected to the pain and humilia-

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tion of seeing their dead cremated without sufficient wood to reduce the body to ashes. There are vultures hanging about, which feed upon such corpses, snatching the flesh out of the river as the remains float down the stream; for, though there are strict regulations against such practices, a partly burned body is pitched into the river now and then.

As we walk up through the city we stop at an open place near the river and watch the barbers shaving the worshippers after their bath in the Ganges. The price of a shave or a hair-cut is two cents. Barber and customer are almost naked and both sit on the ground. See this man being shaved. His neck, chin, and eyebrows have been scraped. The barber is now shaving him under the arms and taking the hair off his chest. When he has finished the Hindu's skin will be as bare as a drumhead save for one little black lock left on the crown. You can see it there now. It is so scanty that we can count the hairs. There are just thirteen in all, and they are about six inches long. That is the holy queue, which some Hindus and most Indian Moslems preserve as a sort of tug-rope by which they may be pulled into heaven when they pass out of this world.

CHAPTER XXII

THE SLAVES OF CASTE

AS I walked about the streets of the sacred city of Benares to-day, I passed a native who was just beginning to eat his rice from a brass bowl. All at once with a look of disgust he emptied the contents of his bowl upon the ground. The man was old, dirty, and ragged, and looked as if he had scarcely ever had a square meal. I was amazed, and asked the reason for his action. I was told that he was a pilgrim from southern India, where caste is most rigidly observed, and that in passing him my shadow had fallen on his food and so polluted it that he would not eat it. I was a foreigner and therefore had no caste, while he, though so poor and wretched, was an upper-caste Hindu. Probably that was the only food he had money to buy to-day, yet under the circumstances, he would go hungry rather than touch it.

The other day while visiting a temple here I came upon a Hindu with a beautiful brass bowl beside him. He had just come up from the Ganges and had set the bowl on a ledge. I picked it up, thinking to buy it. Thereupon the man grew angry, and my guide said that the Hindu could not use the bowl until it had been heated red hot and thus purged of the pollution of my touch.

In India one bumps into caste at every turn. My bearer will not sweep my room, for that is a menial service



As soon as he has purified himself, the Brahman priest paints on his forehead the red and white marks of his sect and caste. The sacred cord over his shoulder also distinguishes him from all low-caste men.



All over the country grain is threshed by the hoofs of bullocks. If one of the sacred creatures pauses to snatch a mouthful, no Hindu would commit the sin of switching him.

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to be performed by a sweeper, who is several grades beneath him. Neither will he black my boots. The cow is sacred, so is its skin, and therefore leather workers and bootblacks are low-caste men. The other evening I asked my man to tell me the price of steak. He refused to defile his mouth with the word, and for him to handle a juicy tenderloin would mean loss of caste.

I stopped to-day before an itinerant sweetmeat peddler and began to finger some of the candies on his table. He grew angry and told me to keep my hands off, as the Hindus would not buy anything a foreigner had touched. Such things are especially characteristic of the members of the higher castes. In the jails of India the cook for the high-caste prisoners is always a Brahman, for otherwise they would not eat. I am told that prisoners have endured flogging and have even starved to death rather than eat food cooked by a low-caste man.

On my travels in the Far East I have frequently been upon steamers with Hindus of one grade or another. Those of the higher castes take their cooks with them. They bring their own water on board and never come to the general tables. When the Rajah of Jaipur went to England some years ago he carried a full retinue of servants and wherever he went set up his special kitchen, which could be entered by none but his own people.

No one knows the origin of caste, which dates far back in the dawn of Hindu history. One of the native words for caste is "varna," meaning colours, and some people think the lines were drawn so as to prevent the Aryans from mingling their blood with that of the darker peoples whom they conquered in Hindustan. Thus, they say, caste was founded on somewhat the same feeling as that

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which results in the "Jim Crow" cars of our South. Of the four main castes, the two upper ones comprised the conquerors, the third was composed of the people who submitted without a fight, while the fourth was made up of those who resisted and were enslaved by the victors. It is evident that there has been much mixing of races in India, but perhaps caste was invented to keep intermarriage from going any farther. However that may be, the people of the northwest of Hindustan are much lighter than those of the southeast, where the prevailing colour is a dull, sooty black.

Not only are caste distinctions firmly implanted in the social system of Hindustan, but they are rooted in the Hindu religion itself as taught by the Brahmans, or priest class. Almost as sacred as the Vedas themselves is the code of Manu, which lays down the laws and customs for the Hindus and which is generally obeyed to-day. This code defines the four great castes that have existed in India for centuries. They are at the foundation of the nearly two thousand castes and the numerous sub-castes of to-day. The first and highest caste is that of the Brahmans, supposed to have sprung originally from the head of Brahma himself. They are enjoined to study, teach, and receive alms. They are bound by very strict rules and may not touch non-Brahmans or eat food prepared by them. In theory they are all priests, but actually a large proportion of the twenty million Brahmans in India now earn their livings as teachers, clerks, lawyers, and in other professions. They almost never work with their hands. Whatever their occupation, they are by right of birth the lords of creation. They bless, curse, teach, and govern the other Hindu castes. They are the

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authority upon all matters, religious and social, and are the brains of the Hindus. They hold their position on account of the reverence and sanctity with which they are regarded, and object to our civilization because they see in it the ruin of caste and the loss of their own choice position at the top of the heap.

The second great class was the warriors. This class, which has largely lost its prominence under British rule, is supposed to have come from the arms of Brahma. Theoretically, most of the Hindu rajahs belong to this caste, though, as a matter of fact, some of them are of the third class, which formed the agricultural part of the old population. This issued from the belly and thighs of Brahma. The fourth and last class was the Sudra, sprung from the feet of Brahma, and destined to serve the higher castes. A large share of the people of India to-day belong in this caste, which is composed of tradesmen and artisans, many of whom have grown wealthy.

These are still the four main castes among the two hundred and seventeen million Hindus, but they are so divided and sub-divided that no Westerner could ever untangle their mazes. And then beneath all these castes and sub-castes are the pariahs, or untouchables. Even they are divided into castes of occupation, such as the sweepers, the cobblers, the cow skinners, the corpse bearers, and the scavengers, who are lowest of all. The untouchables are sometimes called *panchamas*, or fifth-caste people.

An untouchable sweeps my room and is so humble and servile that he does not lift his eyes as he creeps about with his dusting. If even by accident he should touch the person of my bearer, the latter would have to go

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through elaborate rites of purification. When my servant pays his helper he throws the money on the floor and the pariah picks it up. It would pollute my man to pass anything from his hand direct to the sweeper's. In the same way when buying things from a Hindu merchant I always put the money down for him to pick up, for to him I am an untouchable.

In the Hindu villages the pariahs live by themselves. They may not use the well of the people of caste and sometimes have to walk miles to get water. They are not permitted to enter the houses of the higher classes; in some provinces they may not even walk along the public streets. They may not enter the temples, and their children are either not admitted to the ordinary schools, or must sit apart from the other pupils. In some parts of India a Brahman will not allow an eater of beef to approach nearer than sixty-four feet, while members of the groups of masons, carpenters, and leather-workers will contaminate him if they draw nearer than twenty-four feet. There are cases where untouchables summoned to court have had to sit several hundred feet down the road so as not to pollute the Brahman awyers and justices.

It is next to impossible for a stranger to understand how the Hindus regard caste matters. Each accepts his position in society as a religious dispensation, and few hope to alter it. All castes are hereditary. The son of a Brahman is bound to be a Brahman, and the son of a Sudra, a Sudra. The poorest Brahman always considers himself superior, and he would spurn a millionaire of any class lower than his own. What is more, the millionaire would stay spurned. I was talking the other day with one of the chief officers of the British army in India. Said he:



It is a part of the Hindu religion to despise spirituous liquors, but the pariahs, or men without caste, gather juice from the tops of the toddy palm, from which they make an intoxicating fermented drink.



As an orthodox Hindu will not put on leather footwear, the merchants in the shoemakers' bazaars sell mostly wooden sandals, held on the foot by a knobbed peg between the toes.



No Hindu of caste will touch the soiled clothes of another, so in India your laundry goes to washermen of about the lowest grade of untouchables, and comes back little the better for the experience.

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"No matter how wealthy or how powerful a native becomes, he cannot rise above his caste. Take the Maharajah of Gwalior. He is one of the richest of the native rulers, and vast sums flow into his coffers. He has a big territory and several million subjects to govern. Nevertheless, the poorest Brahman among them would not give him his daughter in marriage."

The rules of caste are most rigid as to marriage, especially among the Brahmans. The Brahman thinks he condescends if he looks upon a woman of a caste below his. Marriages are made only in the caste and in the divisions of the caste to which one belongs.

It is easy to see that democracy could never flourish in a country in which two thirds of the population are divided into such iron-bound classifications as these. But as the ideals of western civilization have made their way in India the rigidity of caste has begun to yield. The presence of the British, the education of Indian youths abroad, the new industrial order, and other innovations are weakening the power of the Brahmans. I have spoken of how railroad travel is helping to break down caste. Hindu soldiers who crossed the "Black Water," as the orthodox call the ocean, to fight in the World War came back with new ideas about caste. Two societies are especially active in attacking caste and trying to improve the lot of the untouchables. One of these anti-caste organizations is the Brahmo Samaj, or Society of the One God, which is doing much to raise the standards of the Hindu religion and the status of the pariahs.

The Arya Samaj, another religious organization, founded about fifty years ago, numbers some four hundred and fifty thousand followers. One of its leaders, Lajpat Rai,

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declared that the Arya Samaj repudiates caste by birth and considers pernicious and harmful the artificial barriers which caste has created in India to divide men from their fellow men. Their creed is "The fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, equality of the sexes, and justice and fair play between men and men and nation and nation."

The Arya Samaj has, I understand, special ceremonies for raising whole groups of untouchables to the Sudra, or lowest caste. The candidates for promotion live on milk alone for three days, and then at a public meeting they make a profession of their faith in the principles of the sect. In three years the society gave caste to a group of ten thousand untouchables in the territory of the Maharajah of Kashmir. In another district it raised a group of thirty-six thousand.

The Servants of India Society, formed in 1905 "to train national missionaries for the service of India", has among its leaders university men of high attainments and their work is telling for the good of the country. Among other activities this society is organizing the Boy Scout movement and encouraging the formation of coöperative societies to rescue the oppressed classes from the hands of the loan sharks. In their schools and churches the Christian missionaries have also done a wonderful work among the untouchables, who form the vast majority of the five million Christian converts of India.

The late Gaekwar of Baroda, one of the most progressive of all the native rulers, stood out conspicuously for the rights of the pariahs. He built separate schoolhouses for their children and set up schools for training untouchables to be teachers. He even invited students of these lowest

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classes to receptions at his palace. Gandhi, while maintaining that castes are necessary and right, says untouchability is "not a sanction of religion, but a device of Satan" and "a crime against humanity."

The Brahmans themselves have modified certain caste rules as to food and drink. For instance, it is now possible to take patent medicines and drink soda water without losing one's soul. A man is not damned if he buys ice made by a foreigner, and he can eat soda crackers without being polluted. Our canned goods, especially California fruits, are becoming more and more popular here in India, where they seem to satisfy a definite need. I have been told that if our American canners would label their goods for India with the words: "No human hand has touched the contents" and advertise their fruits in this way, they would have a much greater sale among the Hindus.

With improved wages the untouchables themselves are beginning to defy the Brahmans here and there, and in the industrial centres caste feeling is not nearly so strong as it once was. There is a saying that "In Bombay there is no caste." The other day I heard of a Brahman who was learning the plumber's trade. When asked how that could be, since touching filth was against all his caste rules, he laughed and said that whereas his college-bred brother was getting less than fourteen dollars a month, he himself could make forty dollars as a journeyman plumber and later on, earn one hundred dollars as a foreman. Not long ago a Hindu graduate from one of our American universities wrote his parents that when he returned to India he expected to set up a steam laundry. His high-caste father and mother were greatly distressed at the thought of their son's going into the trade of one of the

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lowest of all the social grades in India, that of the washer-man. They offered him a large sum of money if he would change his mind and not bring this terrible disgrace upon the family. High-caste young men have been seen at national congresses of Hindus carrying on their heads and shoulders the trunks and bags of low-caste delegates. In India this is nothing short of a social revolution.

Will caste ever be wiped out? Recently I talked in the same day to two intelligent and thoughtful men, both of whom had lived in India for some years. When I put this question to the first, he replied: "Caste is interwoven with the social fabric of the country. It will never disappear from India."

But the second man said "Yes", and turning to my young secretary added: "and in your lifetime."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE HUNGRY FARMERS OF HINDUSTAN

I HAVE seen the farmers of every land, but I know of no place where they work so hard and get so little as in India. This is primarily an agricultural country. Three out of every four of its people get their living directly from the soil. Compare this with England, where out of every one hundred workers fifty-eight are engaged in industrial pursuits, fourteen in domestic service, thirteen in trade, and only eight in agriculture.

The wages and profits of these Indian farmers are low beyond American conception. Farm servants and field labourers, of whom there are some forty-one millions, are often paid in kind. Where money is used, wages of twelve cents a day are considered high. In the Bombay Presidency the annual per-capita income in the rural districts is twenty-five dollars; but where the soil is shallow and poor it is only eleven; whereas the cost of the barest necessities comes to about fourteen. The farmers who own their lands are mortgaged up to their eyes, and the money lenders and tax collectors leave them but little peace.

The home of the average peasant is not as good as an American cowshed. It is often a windowless mud hut from ten to fifteen feet square, with a thatched roof and a floor plastered with cow dung. The furniture usually consists of a rope bed and a few pots and pans. There is

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seldom more than one room, in which the whole family must accommodate itself as it can. Meals are cooked over a fireplace made of three or four bricks set up on end and cow dung is used for fuel. This manure is picked up by the women and girls, who follow the cattle. They carry the droppings to their houses and mix them with dirt, patting them into shape with their bare hands, and then plastering the cakes on the walls of the huts to dry. In times past India destroyed her forests recklessly, so that now she must use this valuable fertilizer for fuel.

Most of the farmers live in villages. There are in India some seven hundred and fifty thousand hamlets with an average of less than four hundred inhabitants. In riding across the country I have seen the villages everywhere dotting the landscape. They are built along mud roads and have none of the surroundings or conveniences of American towns. There are no big school-houses or churches, no street lamps, no gutters, and no sidewalks. There is an absence of paint and whitewash.

The peasants of India have reduced feeding to an art in doing without. They eat barely enough to keep them alive, their diet being chiefly rice, wheat, beans, millet, and coarse grains, with chili peppers and other condiments. They seldom have meat, for many of them would as soon think of chewing their grandparents as of eating beef-steak. For fats they use a melted butter called ghee. Ordinary butter would not keep in the hot climate of India, where ice is, of course, to be had only in the large centres and where salt is expensive because it is heavily taxed. So the Indians boil their butter in a pot with a little water. The casein, which causes the fat to become rancid, is separated from the butter, which floats on top

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and can be poured off. If this is carefully done, the fat will keep for a long time without spoiling. Ghee is little used in Burma, but is universally eaten in Hindustan, where not much butter or butter substitute is imported because of the Hindus' fear of contamination. Ghee, by the way, contributes one of the characteristic smells to the cities of India. Much of the milk consumed comes from buffaloes, which give more than twice as much as the average cow. The poorer people depend largely on goats for their milk.

The Indian farmer rises at daybreak and takes a bit of cold food to the field, where at noon his wife may bring him a hot meal. At home the people have no tables but set their bowls on the floor. If they are rich they have several large dishes; if poor, one or two. All eat with their fingers, and the men always help themselves first.

It is a well-to-do family that has two full meals a day. I am told that not one third of the natives can afford to eat rice, and that the majority live on flour made of coarse grains, which they cook up into unleavened cakes called *chupattis*.

One of the reasons for the poverty of the Hindus is their belief in the sacredness of animals. Because of this, useless, half-dead cows, buffaloes, and other stock, as well as the snakes, vermin, and crop-destroying birds and insects, are a constant drain and menace. The man who would sell his crippled ox to the butcher would incur a life-long reproach from his neighbours and be heavily fined by his caste. The flea-borne pestilence, bubonic plague, carries off about a million people every year. Poisonous snakes cause the death of something like twenty-five thousand annually. Sometimes one sees a Hindu going along the

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road with some rats caught in a wire trap. After he gets away from his own small plot he will turn them out. He must not kill them, but it is considered all right for him to let them go onto someone else's land.

Another burden upon the Hindu peasant is the heavy expense for funerals and weddings. When his daughter is married off she must be given a dowry as well as a banquet. Neither can he escape the funeral feast on the death of an adult member of his immediate family. Such demands send him to the money-lender, who exacts the pound of flesh without mercy.

Except on the farms of the wealthy and the government experiment stations, agricultural machinery is practically never used. Rice is transplanted by hand in fields oftentimes irrigated after the most primitive fashion. The ripened grain is harvested with a hand sickle and threshed out by the feet of oxen. The cultivation of five acres gives a man almost more than he can do.

Most of all, the Indian farmer is at the mercy of the winds. In Burma, the rice crop is assured year in and year out, but in the greater part of India food depends on the rains, brought by the monsoon that usually begins to blow over India in June. The moisture-laden air currents from the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea continue to circulate over the country until the middle or end of September, and during this period there are more or less general, though not continuous, rains. But there are all kinds of variations from the normal. Sometimes the rains delay in starting, sometimes they break off for a long time in July or August. In any part of the country they may cease before the middle of September. If any of these things happen, millions of acres of crops may



With their crude ploughs the farmers of India can only scratch the surface of the ground, yet the soil is so fertile that the country produces all its own food except sugar.



Great hoards of wealth such as that which helped to put up the palace of the native ruler of Udaipur have been gathered through the centuries by exploiting the toil of the Indian peasant.

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wither and die, and as the farm population lives almost entirely from hand to mouth, famine results.

Famines have been the bane of India for centuries. The people live on so narrow a margin that they have no reserve vitality, and when their food is cut down they drop off like flies. One famine in Bengal caused the death of ten millions, and about a century ago eight millions starved in one province. During the famine in 1896 more than one million rations a day were issued by the British government, notwithstanding which almost a million people died of disease or starvation.

Four years later there was a famine affecting nearly half a million square miles with a population of some sixty millions. There was no fodder, the cattle died by thousands, and there was a terrible scarcity of water. At that time four and a half million people had to be supported by the state. While deaths from actual starvation were not numerous, cholera and an epidemic of malaria snuffed out a million lives in the famine-stricken area.

Yet when the rains failed over an even greater area in 1918, not more than six hundred thousand persons needed public assistance. This was largely because by that time machinery for combating the effects of drought and famine had been improved. Irrigation, highways, and railroads have done much. Nowadays with improved transportation and organized relief work an Indian famine seldom means actual starvation. The food can be had, but the trouble is that so many of the people are too poor to buy it. As a rule, instead of giving food in a famine-stricken district, the government now starts public works, such as road building and irrigation projects, to give employment and wages to the people. It also buys up

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grain and sells it at a price that the natives can afford to pay.

In a country like India irrigation is a vital need. The Indian Irrigation Commission, after two years' investigation, reported that between the region with sufficient annual rainfall and that in which no agriculture at all is possible without irrigation, there lies a tract of nearly a million square miles which, unirrigated, cannot be considered secure against the uncertainty of the seasons and the scourge of famine. Irrigation is accomplished in various ways. Much land is watered by the cultivators themselves without the aid of the government. Almost every known system of raising water from wells is in use, from the primitive method of lifting it by hand to power pumping.

The total irrigated area in British India is now a little more than twenty-seven million acres, about two thirds of which is served by irrigation canals and other works installed by the government. Many large irrigation projects are in prospect or now under way.

From my talks with the agents of both the imperial and the provincial departments of agriculture, I am convinced that the British are alive to the needs of the farmers of India and are doing a great deal to improve their condition. For instance, when I talked with the Secretary of the Agriculture Department of India, he told me that every province has now its agricultural schools. Each is making a study of the conditions peculiar to its region, and doing what it can to improve them.

"Our modern agricultural movement," said the Secretary, "was practically begun by one of your millionaires, Henry Phipps, of Pittsburgh. When he came out to Calcutta he spent some time with his friend, Lord Curzon,

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then Viceroy of India. During his visit he became interested in the condition of the farmers of this country. He believed that the famines could be prevented to a great extent by the improvement of our farming methods, and he gave one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to start an agricultural school and farm at Pusa, in Bengal. Experts were hired and an up-to-date agricultural college was established. Additions have been made to the fund originally given by Mr. Phipps, until we have expended something like seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in building up the institution. To-day it ranks with the best of its kind in the world.

"One of the biggest things we are doing is the work for the betterment of the quality and yield of our cotton crop," continued this official. "Our farmers find that, in the long run, cotton is more profitable than any other crop. India stands second only to the United States among the world's cotton-producing countries, but our product is shorter in staple, poorer in spinning value, and smaller in yield per acre than is yours. We are trying to improve the staple by seed selection and by cross fertilization, but it is difficult to persuade the farmers to make such experiments. Still, last year we distributed sufficient improved cotton seed for planting three hundred thousand acres. We have acclimated your long-staple Sea Island cotton and give out thousands of pounds of the seed every year. At present we have in all India something like thirty-six thousand square miles under cotton. In a recent year the yield was ninety-eight pounds per acre, but this is not impressive compared to your average in the United States, which, I understand, sometimes goes beyond two hundred pounds to the acre."

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"How about your competition with us?" I inquired.

"That has already reached considerable proportions and I think is likely to grow," was the answer. "For instance, we have doubled our yield in the past thirty years, whereas in the United States I believe there is now a distinct tendency toward a decreased cotton crop. The greater part of the several million bales we export goes to Japan. She makes our cheap cotton into cloth and ships it back to us at a price that is driving from our markets the product of the British mills, which is made from American cotton. The boll weevil and the high costs of land, labour, and fertilizer in the United States have helped to raise the price of American raw cotton until goods manufactured of it are beyond the reach of the lower classes of India and China. So, altogether, I should say that within the next ten years our cotton will be a serious competitor of yours."

"Tell me something about your wheat crop," I said.

"As you know, rice is our chief cereal crop," said the Secretary. "Wheat comes next. Since Canada ran ahead of us, India takes fourth place among the world's wheat producers. Ordinarily, we have a surplus for export, but in bad years we must import wheat. We sow in October and harvest in March and April, so that our crop has the advantage of appearing on the European market in the spring, when wheat from other sources is scarce.

"Our agricultural stations are now doing all they can to introduce modern machinery. They encourage the use of iron ploughs and of reapers and threshers. They show the wheat farmers how to use such machines and stage competitive demonstrations on the part of the dealers in

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the different makes. But it is difficult to get the people to take up any new methods or try out new seeds. For one thing, their holdings are generally too small to make the use of much machinery profitable, even if they could afford to buy it.

"Another crop we are trying to stimulate is sugar cane," continued the Secretary. "You know that it is thought that this plant is native to India, where it has been grown for hundreds of years. Yet the methods of cultivation and juice extraction are so poor that India does not now produce enough for her needs. Indeed, sugar is the only agricultural product in which the balance of trade is decidedly against the country. The growers usually raise what they need for home consumption, press out the juice in the crudest kind of mills, and boil it down without removing the molasses. There is a strong prejudice among the orthodox Hindus against sugar refined by means of animal charcoal. Nevertheless, the Sugar Bureau at Pusa is steadily expanding its activities and has already accomplished something in the way of bettering sugar culture and manufacture."

"What are you doing to improve your live stock?" I asked.

"We have breeding establishments connected with some of the agricultural stations, and there is a breeding farm at Pusa. Many of the provincial governments hold agricultural shows, where prizes are given for the best-bred animals, and there are dairy farms under government supervision."

"Are the sacred cows of India good milkers?"

"Not as a rule," was the reply. "One of our best milk breeds comes from the Gir hills and others are from Sind,

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where the Mohammedans drive them in herds from one jungle pasture to another. The Punjab has good dairy cows, but those of Bengal are poor."

Our conversation next turned to the efforts of China to abolish the use of opium, and the agreement between the Chinese and the British government to shut off the supply from India. I asked how this had affected poppy growing here.

"When China ceased buying our opium," he answered, "many of our farmers stopped planting the poppies. The agreement with China has meant the sacrifice of a revenue of twenty million dollars a year.

"The amount of land now under poppy cultivation in British India is comparatively small. Except in the native states, the government decides what fields may be planted in poppies and restricts these to certain sections of Bengal and the United Provinces. The cultivators receive advances to enable them to prepare the ground and raise the plants, but are bound to sell their whole crop to the government."

"Is much opium consumed in India?" I asked.

"In proportion to the population, no," was the answer. "And consumption is decreasing. People generally appear to misunderstand the position of the government in this matter of the control of the opium traffic. The main facts are these: For many centuries before the British came the people of India had had the habit of taking small quantities of opium. Furthermore, opium has for hundreds of years been used on ceremonial occasions, being passed around as a refreshment somewhat as we offer cigarettes to guests. In my opinion, the government would have made a mistake to lay violent hands on a

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custom so long established. Opium addicts are rare in this country, and the drug evidently does not produce the same effect upon Indians as upon the Chinese, or else the former exercise far more self-control in its use. The government's policy is to control the trade in such a way as to insure effective regulation and keep the business from falling into the wrong hands. Owing to its measures the prices have steadily risen and consumption and production have steadily declined."

CHAPTER XXIV

DELHI

I AM at Delhi, official seat of the government of British India since 1912, stronghold of the Mohammedan conquerors for six centuries, and long before the coming of the followers of the Prophet the capital city of peoples whose story is shrouded in the mists of tradition. The eighth Delhi is now going up. This is the so-called New Delhi, which is being built on the site of the ancient city to give proper housing and prestige to His Majesty's government in India.

It is estimated that the new capital will cost not less than forty millions of dollars. Included in the elaborate plans are specifications for an enormous Government House for the Viceroy and his staff, and an equally imposing Secretariat. Between the Secretariat and Government House is a raised causeway leading into the Viceroy's Court, an open space nearly a quarter of a mile long filled with grass, trees, and fountains. The new Parliament Building will have assembly halls for the Chamber of Princes, the Council of State, and the Indian Legislature, which holds its winter session in Delhi. While all these ambitious plans are being executed, the Viceroy and other officials occupy a temporary city, gradually moving into the new buildings as they are completed. For some eight months of the year the Viceroy and his



In the thirsty land of Hindustan, where agriculture is largely dependent on irrigation and water is precious, wells assume an enormous importance. This one, with its modern lifting contrivance, was presented to a village of Orissa by an American woman.



So often has Delhi been sieged and sacked that the new capital being built for the British Viceroy and his government is the eighth city to be raised on this site. Meantime, life in the native quarters is that of centuries past.



Since Shah Jehan set them there nearly three hundred years ago, the elephants at the Delhi Gate to the Mogul fort and palace have watched conquering Persians, Afghans, and Britishers pass in triumph between them.

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staff are at Simla, the summer capital, where the summer sessions of the Legislature are held.

Between the temporary capital and the new western metropolis rising on the plain is the old Delhi, scene of the six centuries of Moslem rule in India, and in many respects but little changed since the days of the Moguls.

To get an idea of the native Delhi of to-day, throw away all your preconceived notions of what you thought it would be like; jumble together a dozen different types of men and women; put them in the queerest costumes that you can imagine; and let the brightest of colours be contrasted with the yellowest, the brownest, and the blackest of skins. Here are the long-haired, savage-looking men of Kabul, come down with their horses and camels from Afghanistan. Here are sleek Hindus dressed in round caps and long white gowns, with rich shawls of Kashmir thrown about their shoulders. Here are Moslems in turbans and tall Sikhs in soldiers' uniforms, their long hair gathered up beneath their enormous coloured headcloths. All of these and a hundred other specimens of humanity crowd along the great business thoroughfare of Chandni Chauk and jostle each other on the narrow side streets.

The Chandni Chauk is one of the famous bazaar streets of India. It is one hundred feet wide, and has a strip of grass and a row of trees through its centre, and is lined on both sides with two-story houses. Each house has a balcony, upon which at evening gather the Hindu families, the women with their heads covered so that only an eye can be seen, and the children with almost nothing on. The first floors of these houses, which have no sidewalks in front of them, are taken up with little box-like stalls in

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each of which squats a merchant. The customers sit on the ledges in front of the cubbyholes and haggle for an hour over every purchase.

Here in the dirtiest and most squalid of quarters half-naked men are working gold and silver into long threads with such skill that two shillings' worth of silver may be drawn out to eight hundred yards of fine wire. In the next pig-pen establishment these threads are being stitched into rich pieces of silk of the most delicate hues. In another cell is a jeweller; like other great-great-grandsons of those who built the Delhi of the Moguls and inlaid precious stones in the decorations of their gorgeous palaces, he now works to catch the fancy of European and American tourists.

The Delhi of to-day moves on amid the grand monuments of its past. It was some eight hundred years ago that the place was first conquered by the Moslem hordes from beyond the northern barrier of mountains. Within eleven miles of the present city a marvellous structure commemorates the victor, Kutb-ud-din Aibak, who came down into India at the end of the twelfth century. This monument, known as the Kutab Minar, is supposed to be the most perfect tower in the world and is one of the seven architectural wonders of India. The base is forty-seven feet in diameter and the tower rises to a height of two hundred and forty feet. It is built in five stories of fluted sandstone and white marble and its colouring shades from the purplish red of the base through the pale pink of the second story to the white marble of the summit.

This part of India is filled with tombs, some of which cost millions of dollars. At Sikandra I saw the grave of the Mogul Emperor Akbar, over which stands a

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temple of marble and sandstone. Akbar, whose grandfather, Baber, founded the Mogul Empire in 1526, was a contemporary of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Queen Elizabeth, and he established a government in many respects the peer of any of that day. He had courts, military and police departments, and a regular system of taxation, taking one third of the products from the land every year. About him he gathered poets and literary men just as did Queen Elizabeth on the other side of the world. His grandson was Shah Jehan, who built the Taj Mahal at Agra, besides building most of the Delhi of the Grand Moguls.

I have spent some time going about from one to another of the splendid structures within the old fort here. There are two fine gates through its walls of red sandstone. The Delhi Gate, built by Shah Jehan, is flanked by stone elephants, the beasts of royalty. The Lahore Gate, erected by Shah Jehan's son, has a grand archway and its vaulted cavern-like entrance leads through the walls to an inner gateway. It has been called "the noblest entrance to any palace." Its beauty was marred with bloodshed when, in the mutiny of the native troops in 1857, the British commissioner of the district was killed here.

Inside the walls of the fort is a big grassy space on which stand the halls of audience, the women's apartments, the royal baths, the mosques, and all the marble and other stone buildings that made up the magnificent court of the Grand Moguls.

Most wonderful of all and most representative of the splendour of these Moslem emperors of India is the Diwan-i-Khas, the hall of special audience. The Grand Moguls dispensed justice from a marble throne in the

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larger hall of public audience, but only ministers of state and other important personages were admitted to the Diwan-i-Khas. This room is of noble proportions, being ninety by sixty-seven feet, and its walls are of white marble inlaid with semi-precious stones. In Shah Jehan's time the ceiling was covered with silver, but this was later stripped off and carried away. Lord Curzon put up a wooden imitation of the original ceiling, which the white ants have damaged considerably.

As I stood in this audience hall my Hindu guide, who, by the way, is very conceited, pointed to a Persian inscription upon the wall, giving its translation:

If there is a paradise on earth,
It is this! It is this! It is this!

and as he concluded he said: "When Her Highness the Vicereine was here I showed her through this room and explained all its beauties. I read her the inscription and at the end she remarked:

"Yes, and if there is a good guide in India you are he! You are he! You are he!"

Perhaps the boy told the truth, but he is such an accomplished liar upon all other subjects that I doubt it.

At the end of the hall the emperors sat in state upon the Peacock Throne, made for Shah Jehan at a cost of thirty million dollars. It was a platform of solid gold, six feet long by four feet broad, resting on six massive feet of gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. Over it was a golden canopy fringed with pearls and supported by twelve pillars encrusted with gems. At the back were the figures of two peacocks with their tails spread and so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and other

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jewels as to display all the gorgeous colours of a real peacock. Between the two great birds was a life-size image of a parrot, said to have been carved from a single emerald. The eyes of one of the peacocks were formed of two immense diamonds, one of which was the Koh-i-nur, or "mountain of light," which is now among the crown jewels of England. The throne itself was broken up by Nadir Shah, the Persian, who overthrew the Mogul emperor in 1739 and massacred many of the people of Delhi. The pieces of the throne carried away by Nadir after his two-months' occupation of the capital were patched together to make the present Peacock Throne of Persia.

Not far from the walls of the fort is another monument to the genius of the great Shah Jehan. This is the Jumma Musjid, one of the biggest mosques in the world. It is situated here on the banks of the Jumna on a plateau of rock between the fort and the city. It was built in 1644 and five thousand workmen laboured upon it, laying up, day by day, its white marble and red sandstone. Its three gateways are approached by grand flights of stairs of forty steps each. Once the great doors of the main gateway swung back for none save the Mogul emperor himself; nowadays they are opened only for the chief Commissioner of Delhi or the Viceroy of India.

There is room in the courtyard of the Jumma Musjid for ten thousand worshippers. In its centre is a great fountain where they wash before praying, and there are cloisters on its three sides.

The floor of the mosque itself is divided into kneeling places of white marble bordered with black. Each is large enough to accommodate one man upon his knees with sufficient space in front for him to bow his head to the

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stone. All point toward Mecca, and as I walked through the building I saw many praying. In the alcoves worshippers were reading their Korans, and off at one side sat a crowd of women shrouded in white veils.

A priest pointed out to me the beauties of the building, translating the texts of the Koran inlaid here and there. He took me to the pulpit which is cut out of a single block of marble and as a special favour showed me the greatest treasure possessed by the mosque. This is kept in a vault of stone behind numerous doors guarded by two gray-bearded followers of the Prophet. At the direction of the high priest these doors were opened. My curiosity rose as key after key was turned, and when at last I was shown a casket covered with glass I expected to see a great diamond or some collection of rubies and pearls. I looked in and saw nothing at all until my Mohammedan guide pointed to a single rough, red, wiry hair in the centre. The hair was about two inches long and fastened by glue to the casket so that it stood straight up. I was told that it was a real hair from the moustache of Mohammed and that its possession made the mosque especially holy.

We are accustomed to look upon India as a land of the Hindus. It is; yet it has one Mohammedan for every three Hindus, and in muscle and in independence of spirit the Moslem is frequently stronger than his caste-bound fellow countryman. He forms a big element in the unrest of to-day, and many people believe that if a civil war should break out, or if the British should leave India, he would ravage the land from one end to the other.

The power of the Moslem rulers was broken long ago, but the followers of the Prophet are scattered all over India, and in some of the provinces they are in the major-

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ity. The Mohammedans of India now number almost seventy millions, or about one fifth of the whole population. This is nearly one third of all the Mohammedans on earth, and more than there are in the five Moslem countries of Turkey, Morocco, Zanzibar, Persia, and Afghanistan put together.

I find the Mohammedans here somewhat different from those of Egypt, Turkey, or Arabia. Their religion has been modified by contact with Hinduism. In some villages, for example, there are followers of the Prophet who believe in witches, who employ the Hindu astrologists to fix lucky days for their marriages, and who pray to the Hindu gods to give them sons. In some of the Moslem sects of India there are castes similar to those of the Hindus.

There are about as many sects among the Mohammedans as there are among Christians. The Prophet told his followers that after he died the religion would be divided and seventy-three parties would arise, only one of which would survive. There are more than seventy-three sects in the Mohammedan world of to-day. In India the four principal groups are the Sunnites, the Shiahhs, the Wahabis, and the progressives. In the last named division are those Mohammedans who favour education and almost everything modern and are the leaders of political unrest among the Moslems of India.

The Sunnites and the Shiahhs, who split off on the question of the Caliphate, or leadership of the Faithful, have long been the most prominent sects in the Mohammedan world. As to the Wahabis, they are the Unitarians of Mohammedanism. They claim to have the purest form of the religion and to found their faith not upon saints, but solely upon the Koran and the Prophet. They do not venerate

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the tomb of Mohammed, and when they captured Medina about a century ago they destroyed the relics and stripped off the ornaments of that sacred spot.

There is another sect in India known as the Order of Assassins, which is found also in Arabia and Persia. It was instituted by a mahdi, or Moslem religious leader, who appeared at the time of the Crusades and who believed in political assassination as a cure for various social ills.

Somewhat different from the other Mohammedans of India are the Moplahs of the Malabar territory in the Presidency of Madras. They are people of mixed Arab and Indian descent, densely ignorant, and extremely fanatical. In that district there are about one million of the Moplahs to two million Hindus, and it is the latter who are the landlords. The Moplahs are kept in a constant ferment by the precarious tenure of lands from the Hindus, by the difficulty of acquiring sites for mosques and burial grounds, and by waves of religious agitation. During British rule there have been no less than thirty-five outbreaks of Moplahs possessed by a frenzy to kill as many non-Moslems as possible and thus win the martyr's crown. Among the most terrible was that which occurred in August, 1921. Spurred on by Mohammedan extremists who preached the right of the Turkish sultan to be the leader of the Moslem religion throughout the world, as well as by the Hindu enemies of the British, the Moplahs started another massacre. They killed such Europeans as could not escape, slaughtered many of the Hindus, especially landlords, desecrated temples, and forced thousands of Hindus to accept conversion to Islam or be put to death. Pillage, arson, and destruction reigned in the Malabar region until the British were able



At all hours the followers of the Prophet throng the stairway up to the Jumma Musjid—worshippers going and coming, friends exchanging the news of the city, and peddlers offering their wares.



In the Jumma Musjid I was shown the chief treasure of the Mosque. It was a single red hair from the beard of Mohammed, now carefully preserved in a glass casket.

DELHI

to restore order. One effect of this bloody outbreak was to weaken the alliance between the Hindus and the Moslems in working for self-government in India.

There is a big awakening among the Mohammedans in India. They are asking and getting their full share of the government positions open to natives. There seems to be a feeling among them that hitherto they have been slighted by both the British and their fellow countrymen of other religions. In a recent speech one of them compared their position to that of the toad in the schoolboy's fable. Said the man to the boy: "Why are you throwing stones at it? It's only a toad." "Yes," was the reply of the boy, "and I'll teach it to be a toad."

The orator claimed that the other sects were trying to teach the Mohammedan to be a toad. He declared that this has been their policy for years, and concluded by saying that the Mohammedan toad, like that of Shakespeare, might yet have a "precious jewel in its head," and it should be properly treated.

The desire for education is spreading among the Moslems. Cheap translations of the sacred books are being circulated, and associations for the improvement and elevation of the Mohammedans are being formed. The more progressive are now sending their boys to government schools, and many are patronizing the Mohammedan University at Aligarh. This institution is situated about seventy-eight miles from Delhi in one of the old cities of India. It was started about half a century ago as a modern university, and has a staff of English university graduates as teachers. But its trustees are Mohammedans and many of the professors are followers of the Prophet. Besides offering the usual university courses, it pays especial

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attention to Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian, and the students are instructed in the Mohammedan religion. The Koran is read in the chapel and prayers are enforced, the boys bowing toward Mecca as they go through their devotions.

The Aligarh students are devoted to athletics. Their cricket team is one of the best in India, and they strain and tug at football and go in for track sports. The university is largely independent of the government, and is supported principally by the contributions of Mohammedans. Although it represents the more progressive element, it has refused to support the political agitations of the extremists, and has remained loyal to the British government to which its support is of immense value.

CHAPTER XXV

WOMAN'S GREATEST MONUMENT

IT WAS at four o'clock this afternoon that a turbaned Hindu drove me from my hotel at Agra to the Taj Mahal. That hour is one of the best to view this wonderful monument, for then the sun hangs low in the heavens, striking the minarets at the corners so that they cast long shadows upon the white stone floor. Its rays soften the marble of the Taj, changing it from dazzling white to the rich cream of old ivory, and the airy dome seems almost to float in the blue sky. Near sunset, too, the gardens about the Taj are alive with birds. There is a sweet singing in the trees, and peacocks come out and walk across the lawns and in and out through the tropical shrubbery. Indeed, the glorious Taj Mahal has a worthy setting.

About the ten-acre garden is a wall of low buildings of dark red sandstone in perfect harmony with the entrance gate. Besides being the tomb of an emperor and his empress, the Taj is a mosque to which Mohammedan pilgrims come from all parts of India, and these surrounding buildings are rest houses where they may stay overnight. The great entrance gate, built twenty-eight years after our Puritan forefathers landed on Plymouth Rock, is of red sandstone inlaid with inscriptions from the Koran done in white marble letters. It was in passing through this gate that I had my first view of the Taj. It stands at the

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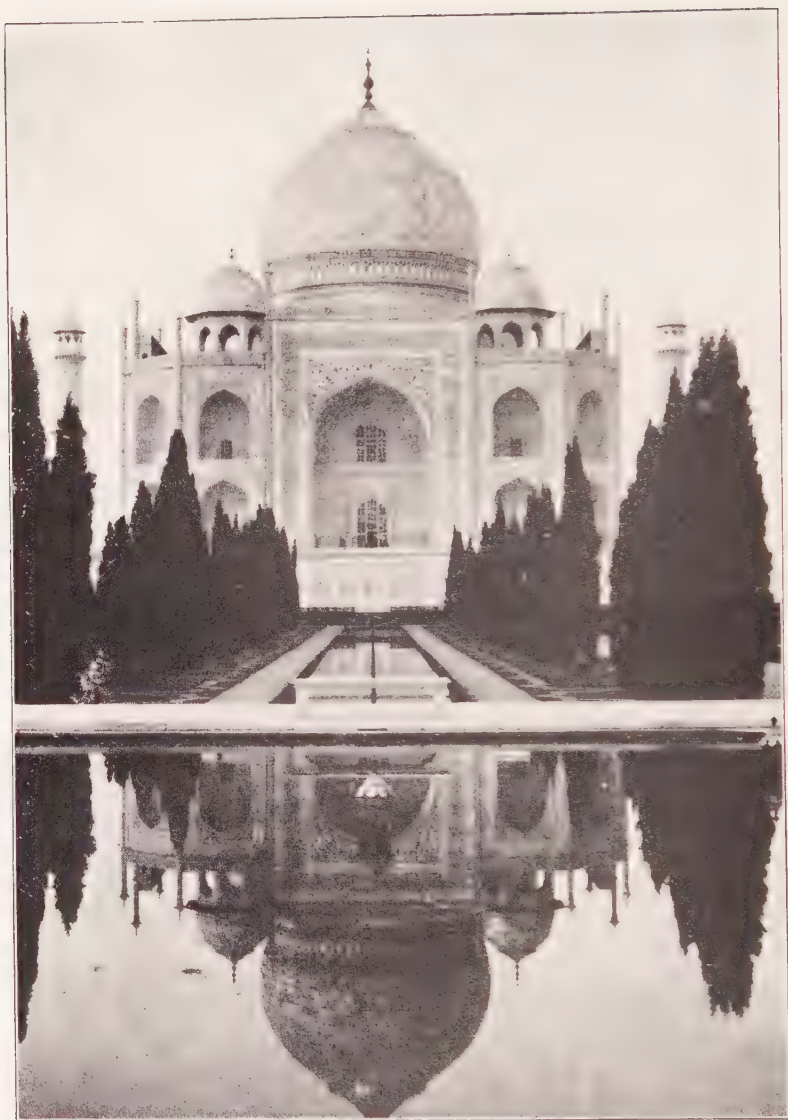
end of a long row of fountains bordered with cypress trees, and is, I should judge, one thousand feet from the entrance. The dark green of the trees shuts out the view on each side, and you look down over the flashing waters at the great ivory monument outlined against the clearest blue sky that heaven ever gave to man.

In the distance the Taj looks small. As you approach, it grows larger, but it is only when at last you mount the steps and stand upon its platform, or terrace, that you realize its size. The marble foundation upon which it is built covers more than two acres and at each corner there is a marble minaret as tall as a seven-story building. The tomb itself takes up almost three quarters of an acre and is topped by a central dome nearly two hundred feet high. The whole is built of the purest white marble, so symmetrically joined that it seems to be carved out of one block. The dome appears to rest so lightly upon the structure beneath that it looks like a great silvery bubble.

Words are powerless to describe the exquisite beauty of the Taj Mahal. Every point of view gives a different impression and each shows new perfections. Walk with me through the gardens. They are filled with plants of all kinds gathered from every corner of the world. Now you are in a forest of fir trees. The green is so thick that it shuts out all else. Take a step forward. You have a glimpse of the marble dome, but a tall palm has thrust its bushy head against it and its fanlike branches half hide, but add to its wonder. A pace farther and you are in a long avenue where the trees overhang so that you have only a glimpse of the sky at the end. A step to the right and you enter a rose garden, over which you can look at the minarets with the white bubble floating between.



The Kutab Minar, sometimes called the most perfect tower in the world, commemorates the victory of the first of the Moslem conquerors of Delhi. Five balconies and sculptured texts from the Koran girdle its fluted sandstone and marble.



Among all the beautiful buildings on earth, the Taj Mahal has no rival in loveliness save its own reflection mirrored in the clear waters of the great pool before it.

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Upon one of the minarets stands a muezzin, his red shawl like a spot of blood upon the white marble. Over the garden floats the call that has sounded there for nearly three centuries:

“Come to prayer, come to prayer! There is but one God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God. Come to prayer! Come to prayer!”

Now climb again to the platform and take a closer look at the building. Was there ever such workmanship? Around the windows are scrolls and garlands of flowers carved in the marble and set with coloured stones. Some of the decorations have fifty different colours in a single setting, and before the Taj was robbed of some of its beauties many of the flowers contained a hundred or more. Princes and kings sent their offerings to help adorn the tomb of Shah Jehan's beloved.

About the doorway are texts from the Koran inlaid in black marble upon the dazzling white. One of them reads:

Saith Jesus, on whom be peace: “This world is a bridge. Pass thou over it, but build thy soul not upon it. The world is one hour. Give its minutes to thy prayers, for the rest is unseen.”

But let us enter this beautiful building and stand beneath its dome. We take off our hats and bend our heads low, but our Mohammedan guide removes his shoes, for the very floor upon which we are standing is holy ground. We are in both a church and a tomb. Moreover, we are in the most beautiful structure in all the world. The walls and floors are of the purest of marble. Upon the walls lilies and roses are so delicately carved that they look like frost flowers, while above these are bands of other flowers

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made of jasper, malachite, amethyst, mother-of-pearl, coral, and lapis lazuli.

Just beneath the centre of the dome is the screen surrounding the tombs of Shah Jehan, the emperor, and his wife, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the "Light of the Palace." This screen is considered one of the most flawless pieces of decoration in existence. It is a mass of marble lace-work set between columns as exquisitely made as the most perfect of Florentine mosaics. The sarcophagi are inlaid with jade, lapis lazuli, and other semi-precious stones.

Suspended by a golden chain just where it will shed its soft light over the tombs is a bronze lamp of rare design and workmanship, inlaid with silver and gold. This was the gift of Lord Curzon who presented it with a letter in which he said:

I would beg that this lamp may always hang in the tomb as my last tribute of respect to the glories of Agra, which float like a vision of eternal beauty in my memory, and to the grave and potent religion which is professed by so many millions of our fellow-subjects in India.

The lamp is on the pattern of one fashioned in Cairo more than two hundred years ago to hang in a sultan's tomb. When Lord Curzon was trying to find someone to make it he was told that there were only two men in Egypt capable of such delicate workmanship. One of these was employed and it took him two years to do the job.

The whole structure of the Taj Mahal is a marvel well fitting the description of Bishop Heber, who said that these Mohammedan artists "built like Titans and finished like jewellers," adding that "it would be as easy to tell

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how the birds sing or the lilacs smell as to describe the Taj." I feel the same way and am reminded, too, of the Russian artist who remarked when he looked upon the building: "The Taj is like a lovely woman. Away from her, you may abuse her as you please, but the moment you come into her presence you submit to her fascination."

A famous traveller said in writing of the Taj:

"I asked my wife at the close of our visit what she thought of the building.

"‘I cannot,’ said she, ‘tell you what I think, for I do not know how to criticize such a building, but I can tell you how I feel. I would die to-morrow to have such another over me.’"

Almost as remarkable as the Taj itself is the reason why it was built. We Christians are apt to think of Mohammedan wives as unloved or at best only the playthings of their sensual husbands. They may be divorced at will or cast aside for others more beautiful. Yet the Taj Mahal was erected by a Moslem emperor to his admired and respected wife. Shah Jehan had one of the most gorgeous courts ever known and in his harem were ninety-nine wives. Of all these, however, he is said to have loved only the bride of his boyhood, the fair Mumtaz-i-Mahal. He married her before he came to the throne and for all their seventeen years of wedded life he was devoted to her alone. She was noted for her beauty, and was his companion and friend. He consulted with her on state affairs and trusted her with the royal seal. When she died in camp at the birth of her fourteenth child, her husband's grief was so terrible that his hair turned white within a few weeks. He denied himself to courtiers and for two years refused all the pleasures of life. Every

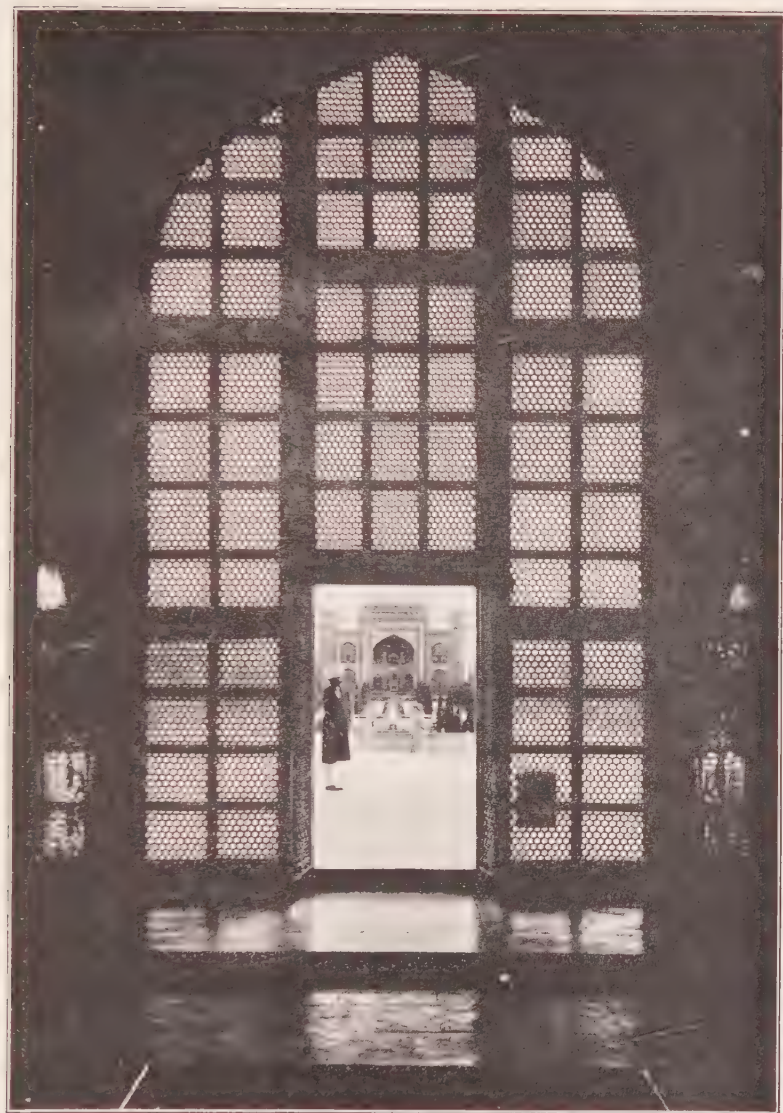
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Friday he visited his wife's grave and there read again the prayers for the dead.

Construction of the Taj was begun two years after the death of Mumtaz-i-Mahal. Twenty thousand workmen were employed on it for seventeen years, and the structure represents an outlay of something like thirty-five million dollars, or four times as much as the cost of our Congressional Library at Washington. It took ten years to make the marble screen I have described. Originally it had a door of jasper, later changed to a screen of pure gold set with gems, and the sarcophagus was covered with a pall embroidered with pearls.

After the Taj Mahal was completed Shah Jehan set aside the revenue of thirty villages to maintain it. Yet this "vision of eternal beauty" was allowed to fall into disrepair and one viceroy actually proposed to tear it down and sell its marble. That, however, was years ago, and to-day the Taj Mahal has the most scrupulous care from a British board entrusted with the duty of keeping it up.

Not far from the Taj is the old fort of Agra built by Akbar, the grandfather of Shah Jehan. It has a circuit of more than a mile. Its red sandstone walls are nearly seventy feet high and its moat is thirty feet wide and thirty-five deep. The massive sandstone gates are inlaid with marble richly carved. Within the walls are some of the most wonderful buildings erected by the Moguls. Here is the Pearl Mosque, a companion to the mosque of the same name at Delhi. Bayard Taylor said that the Pearl Mosque of Agra seemed to him so perfect a symbol of the spirit of worship that he felt humbled to think that the Christian religion had never inspired its architects to surpass it. This temple to God and Mohammed is of the



Through the open doorway in the marble lacework at the front of the Taj Mahal one may look down the long vista of cypress-bordered fountains and pools to the great entrance gateway.



A seven-year-old scion of a leading family of Ahmedabad is being led to his wedding with a four year old girl. His baby bride will not, however, come to live with him at his father's home until she is ten or twelve.

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purest white marble, with three great silvery domes rising above it. The court is paved with marble squares, and inside are prayer spaces like those of the Jumma Musjid. There is a great marble tank in the centre, and upon the walls are inscriptions inlaid in black, which compare the building to a pearl and describe its builder as the king of kings and the shadow of God.

In the white marble royal palace are audience halls, suites of magnificent rooms, women's apartments lavishly decorated with carvings, and cool subterranean chambers in which the palace ladies took refuge from the heat. The interior walls are a lacework of marble, there are pillars inlaid with mosaic, and room after room contains screens of marble cutwork. The columns of some of the chambers were set with semi-precious stones. There were costly hangings and rugs worth a king's ransom. The best part of the palace was built by Shah Jehan and one of its most beautiful portions was the harem where he kept his ninety-nine wives. I walked through it to-day. At one place is a marble balcony where Shah Jehan and Mumtaz-i-Mahal used to fish in an artificial lake lying below, and in another is a noble audience hall. The floor of one of the courts was divided into a chess board upon which the Emperor played, using pretty slave girls as pieces and directing their movements by his voice.

I went through some of the bedrooms occupied in the past by the ladies of the harem and my guide showed me their treasure boxes. In the ledges of the windows circular holes were cut just big enough for the fair ladies' arms and about three feet in depth. Into these the houris dropped their diamonds and barbaric gold. I thrust my arm down one of them up to the shoulder, hoping to find

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a stray gem. The treasure box was empty, but I could feel my flesh thrill as it touched the stone.

In one corner of the palace is a tiny building known as the Gem Mosque, which was reserved for the women of the harem. Near by is the bazaar where tradeswomen brought their wares to be looked over by the ladies sitting on their balcony above. A man caught here would have paid the penalty of instant death. Most beautiful of all is the Jasmine Tower, so called from the fact that the inlay of its decorations takes the form of the jasmine blossom. Here lived Mumtaz-i-Mahal, "the Light of the Palace." In her day gold-embroidered awnings protected the open courtyard from the sun and the air was cooled by a fountain of perfumed water. From her balcony she might look through a screen of marble lacework upon the courtyard where her husband amused himself with sports becoming a warrior. A stairway led from her rooms down to the baths, the walls of which are inlaid with tiny mirrors.

It was in the Jasmine Tower that Shah Jehan died. Arungzebe, one of his sons by Mumtaz-i-Mahal, murdered his two brothers, imprisoned his father, and seized the throne. Thus Shah Jehan spent the last years of his life shut up in the women's apartments in the palace and passed away with his eyes turned toward the spot where he had raised in memory of the great love of his life the most beautiful building on earth.

CHAPTER XXVI

BABY BRIDES AND CHILD WIDOWS

AS I left the Taj Mahal to-day I saw a wedding procession. It was headed by camels with trappings of gold-embroidered cloth and ridden by bare-legged men in red-and-gold turbans. Next came an elephant, followed by twelve Arabian horses, each of which had gold leglets above its fore-knees and silver bells around its neck. The saddles were of cloth of silver and the decorations on the bridles were of gold. Behind these animals came the wedding chair, and farther back a band of musicians and a crowd of men singing and dancing.

The wedding chair was a litter covered with a red-and-gold canopy. Upon the mattress in the curtained litter sat the bride and groom, facing each other and leaning back among the pillows. I peeped in through the curtains and saw them. They were children! The groom was a ten-year-old boy of a gingerbread colour, and the bride a little brown baby of five. The boy wore a gold cap and a suit embroidered in gold, and had heavy gold rings on his ankles and wrists. Around the girl's neck was a gold chain, and she, also, was decked in gold bracelets and anklets. As I looked in, the groom smiled and waved his hand at me, but the baby bride did not open her eyes, and I was told that she had been drugged to keep her quiet during the ceremony.

Since I have been in India I have seen a score of wedding

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processions, and in every case the brides have been children, although some of the grooms have been full-grown men. Several of the brides were six and eight years of age, and I have seen two of five. Such child marriages take place every day among the Hindus, and number millions in a year. According to the last census taken by the British, India has now more than two million wives under ten, and two hundred and fifty thousand of five years and less. It has six million married women of from ten to fifteen, and nine million more between fifteen and twenty. There are altogether about seventy-two million wives in the country, and one fourth of them are far below the average age at which our girls marry. The baby marriages are really not quite as shocking as they seem to us, for they are usually little more than engagements, or contracts that may not be broken. After the wedding the little bride is taken back to her parents, with whom she stays until she is ten or twelve years old. After that age she must go to live with her husband and his father and mother. In India the girls mature so rapidly that when they reach the early teens they are really women grown.

Among the Hindus, marriages are always arranged by the parents. They are a matter of bargain and sale, and the father of the groom gets the bride's dowry. Every Hindu male must marry so as to beget a son to perform his funeral rites and rescue his soul from hell, while failure to marry off a daughter before she reaches womanhood brings disgrace upon her father in this life and hell fire in the next. Hence girls are often betrothed in their cradles. They are married as soon as they are able to walk, and are old women at the ages at which many of our girls become wives.

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Not only with the Hindus, but among the Moslems as well, marriage is practically universal in India, so that in the whole country but four per cent. of the males over forty and one per cent. of the females over thirty are not and have never been married. These unmarried men and women are usually sufferers from some infirmity or disfigurement, or they are beggars, prostitutes, concubines, or religious devotees, or belong to some group prevented by their caste rules from finding suitable mates.

The code of Manu is most specific about the selection of a wife. It advises the Brahman to wed a female free from bodily defects, one with small teeth and soft limbs, a moderate quantity of hair, and a gait as dignified as that of an elephant. Let him beware of the maiden with reddish hair or of one who has no hair at all or who is sickly or red-eyed.

There is little race suicide in India. The people want children. They marry to have them, and the more they bring into the world the better they like it. A woman who has no children is considered a curse to the family, and she who does not bear a son is branded as a failure. In that case her husband is expected to take a second wife, though polygamy is not usual among the Hindus. The marriages take place at such an early age that thousands of girls become mothers at twelve or thirteen, and even at eleven. Twenty-five-year-old grandmothers are not unknown, and I have heard of great-great-grandmothers only forty-eight years old.

It is written in the books of the Hindu law that:

The first three years of a girl's life belong to the gods, to each god in turn, the Great God, the God of Preservation, the God of Destruction; from her fourth year onwards, a girl is marriageable. If you marry her

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between her fourth and her seventh year, you go to a first-class heaven, between the seventh and the ninth year, to a second-class heaven; between the ninth and the eleventh year, to a third-class heaven. For the parent who delays marriage longer than the eleventh year, there remains only hell.

Hindu scholars have proclaimed over and over again that this is not an authentic passage from the sacred books, but was put in long after the divine revelations had been made. Still, the old, the illiterate, and the bigoted take it quite seriously.

One of the worst things that can happen to the child bride is to be married to an old husband. This is not uncommon, for a father is often glad to make an alliance with a well-to-do elderly man. In such cases the girl is almost sure to become a widow in a few years, and in India widowhood is a horrible fate.

Of all the women on earth there is none, I think, whose misery is so great as that of the widow of India, especially if she is condemned to remain in her husband's family. The moment he dies she becomes the servant of the household. She must dress in coarse cottons. Her head must be shaved and she cannot bathe as do the rest of the family. She must not sleep on a bed, but on the bare floor with nothing but a piece of matting beneath her. She cannot eat with the family and may have but one meal a day and that of the coarsest food. She must fast every two weeks, with special fasts now and then, the idea being that the more she is tormented the greater will be the happiness of her husband in heaven. She will bring bad luck to any one who meets her, and no man will continue a journey if he passes a widow on starting.

Such is the widow's life at home, and she cannot get

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away. She is ostracized everywhere. She cannot hire out as a servant, for no one will take her, though if she is good looking she may be employed at the temples. Least of all is she supposed to marry again. It is an almost universal belief among the Hindus that a woman becomes a widow because of sin in some past existence. Hence, she devotes her widowhood to service and prayers to avert the wrath of the gods and to insure a happy rebirth for her husband. Cruel enough is this fate for the woman full grown or the old woman with but a few years to live. How much more terrible is it for the babies and children who become widows before they know what marriage means! Their whole lives are overshadowed, and they suffer until death.

And to think that nearly twenty-seven millions are now enduring such an existence! India has one widow for every six women and girls. There are more than three hundred thousand young girls less than fifteen years of age living in the slavery of widowhood.

Until comparatively recent times, widows used to be drugged with opium and burned alive on their husbands' funeral pyres but this practice of *suttee* has been pretty well stamped out by the British. When the government passed a law forbidding it there was a storm of disapproval from the women themselves. *Suttee* means "pure," and a woman burned alive on the funeral pyre of her husband was believed to be purified of all sins committed in this life or past lives and was thus insured a fortunate rebirth. One still learns from native papers of cases in remote districts where widows have soaked their clothing in oil and applied a match, thus showing their determination to share the pyres of their husbands. After all, it is de-

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batable whether death by fire would not be preferable to such a widowhood. The Hindu widow of to-day burns daily with want, disgrace, and shame; her predecessor was happy in that she died but once. It does not seem strange that whereas, the world over, three times as many men as women take their own lives, in India more women than men commit suicide.

The condition of women in India is such that I should think no husband would want his wife to bring a daughter into the world. He knows she will be an expense at her wedding, a slave when married, and an outcast if widowed. For these reasons the killing of female infants was common some years ago, and is still practised here and there in out-of-the-way places. About fifty years ago the government passed an infanticide act, and at that time investigated conditions. It was found that in certain localities every year hundreds of children were reported as "carried off by wolves" and, strange to say, the wolves took only girls. In the year 1870 three hundred girl babies were "stolen by wolves" from the city of Amritsar alone. In times past the wells of some parts of India have been polluted by the bodies of drowned baby girls. I hear it whispered that even now girl babies are strangled and that poison is sometimes laid on the mother's breast so that when her baby sucks she may sleep for ever. Poisoning with opium was once a common practice, and the Indian mothers still give their babies enough opium to keep them quiet. British women have to watch the native nurses like hawks to prevent their dosing their little English charges in like manner.

I attended a wedding the other night at which about five hundred Hindus were present. The groom was a bright



The upper caste Hindu woman is rather proud of the custom that decrees that she must hide her face from all save her husband and even when travelling in a bullock cart must seclude herself within smothery curtains.



Perhaps the worst feature of being the wife of a middle-aged Hindu is the great risk of becoming a widow. If her husband dies, even at a ripe old age, his wife is considered somehow to blame and passes the rest of her life in penance and virtual slavery.



In India there are six million wives between the ages of ten and fifteen and nine million more between fifteen and twenty years old. Thousands of girls become mothers at twelve or thirteen and twenty-five-year-old grandmothers are not unknown.

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little fellow of six dressed in a red velvet coat, tight velvet trousers, and a cap of cloth of gold. The bride was not present, and whether she was a baby or not I do not know. The chief feature of the ceremony was the performance of some Nautch girls, the professional dancers of the country, to the music of two drums and an Indian fiddle. The girls went through the most surprising contortions. They twisted themselves this way and that; they bent back and forth as though they were India rubber. Most of their dancing was done without lifting their feet from the ground and some of their movements were beyond description indecent.

Somewhat like the Nautch girls are the temple brides who are trained to dance at the shrines, to pander to the priests, and to sing obscene songs to the gods. While yet children they are obtained by the temples through purchase or as gifts from the parents. Sometimes a man who has recovered from illness buys a girl and presents her to a temple in token of his gratitude for the return of his health, or if one has a stroke of good luck he may make the priest such a present. All daughters born to the temple brides are brought up as dancing girls, being instructed in all the arts of seduction. Of late years public opinion has grown so strong against them that temple brides are no longer in evidence, although they are probably quite as numerous as ever. Some years ago a number of Hindus asked the Bombay government to outlaw the temple brides in that presidency, and there was an attempt to do so. It failed because the masses of the people looked upon the institution as having the sanction of religion, and it is the policy of the British to do nothing contrary to the religious beliefs of their subjects. The

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law against *suttee* is a conspicuous exception to this principle.

The awakening of India, now going on, cannot but better the condition of the native women. They could scarcely be worse off than they are, so that any change must be an improvement. The British are using all their influence against child marriages. Both the Brahmo Samaj and the Arya Samaj discourage them, and the Social Conference, which meets annually in connection with the Indian National Congress, has made the abolition of child marriages a plank in its platform. The native ruler of Mysore has made a law prohibiting the marriage of girls under eight, and forbidding men over fifty to marry girls under fourteen. The late Gaekwar of Baroda, perhaps the most advanced of all the Indian princes, passed a law twenty years ago forbidding marriages of girls under nine and permitting girls of less than twelve and boys less than sixteen to marry only when their parents have obtained the consent of a special tribunal. The more progressive Hindus now marry between the ages of fifteen and eighteen.

There is also a growing demand for reform in the matter of dowries, and some of the native newspapers insist that parents must come down on the extortionate charges imposed on a bride and her family. Some years ago a poor but educated Hindu of Calcutta was required by the family of his prospective son-in-law to furnish with his daughter a "bride-gift," of more than two hundred and fifty dollars in coin and four hundred dollars in jewellery. This meant that he must mortgage his home and put the rest of his life in pawn to the money-lender. But his daughter, who was only about fourteen, poured kerosene

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oil on her dress and set it afire. This was the note she left behind her:

After I am gone, Father, I know that you will shed tears over my ashes. I shall be gone, but the family will be saved—May the conflagration I shall kindle set the whole country on fire.

Following this tragedy there was an epidemic of suicides of young girls in similar circumstances. One result was a league formed among young men of Madras who pledged themselves not to allow dowries with their brides.

Pundita Ramabai, who lectured in the United States some years ago to raise money for her girls' school at Poona, was a pioneer in the effort to better the condition of the Hindu widows. Born a Brahman, she was educated in England, and for a time she was professor of Sanskrit in one of the colleges there. In her school at Poona all of the pupils are child widows, some of them only five or six years old. They are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as such arts as will fit them to make their living outside. They learn to sew and embroider, and the school has the contract for making the embroidered devices on the caps and sleeves of the trainmen on the government railroads. On the school farm some of the women learn dairying and sheep raising. Many of the graduates have become teachers, others are matrons of institutions, and not a few have married again. Some have become missionaries.

Education is what is most needed to raise the Hindu women from their poor estate, but education of women is peculiarly difficult in India. The upper-caste women are as carefully secluded as are their Moslem sisters. They are said to be *purdah*, which means that they are to be

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seen by no men except their husbands. The lower-class Hindu woman is not *purdah* and goes about unveiled, but since it is a kind of distinction to be *purdah*, if a lower-caste husband grows wealthy his wife is likely to adopt the custom. No male doctor can treat a *purdah* woman, so that women doctors are really essential to the welfare of India, and one of the best things that has been done in late years for the women of India is the work of the Lady Hardinge Medical College at Delhi in training female doctors and nurses.

More difficult to overcome than the custom of seclusion is the lack of interest in education on the part of the women themselves. In India about one male in every hundred can read and write English, and one male in every ten can read and write in some one of the many languages of the Indian Empire. This is bad enough, but among the females only thirteen in a thousand are literate. The women are really too ignorant to want any education.

In all India less than a million and a half women and girls are getting instruction of any kind and at least half the population is growing up without any schooling whatsoever. Our missionaries are doing much, particularly for the girls of the depressed classes. Twenty years or more ago women of the American Methodist Church founded the Isabella Thoburn College for women at Lucknow. There are now in the country fifteen colleges and more than a hundred and twenty-five training schools for women, but there are only about twelve hundred women getting a higher education and but three or four thousand in the training schools. I have been told that there would be little trouble in increasing the number of such institutions if there were any chance of filling them with students.



In the heart of the capital of the rich and powerful Nizam of Hyderabad stands the Char Minar. Its minarets face the cardinal points of the compass and under each of its four arches runs a principal street of the city.



Many of the rulers of the native states scattered throughout India are immensely rich and have incredible hoards of gold, silver, and jewels. To their subjects they appear absolutely supreme, but in reality they are under British control.

CHAPTER XXVII

JAIPUR AND THE RAJAHS

IMAGINE miles of pink houses laid out along checker-board streets. Through the latticework over the windows that jut out from the second stories let dark eyes peep, or here and there let nut-brown fingers loaded with rings clasp the woodwork. Seat on some of the balconies dark, turbaned men and richly dressed boys, beside them slender maidens, with faces modestly covered by bright coloured scarfs. In the midst of the houses set a great enclosure in which are many pink palaces and their beautiful gardens, and erect about the whole a crenellated wall pierced by seven gateways. Now you have the outlines of my surroundings to-day in the "rose-red city" of Jaipur, capital of one of the most prosperous of the native states of northwest India.

Jaipur is said to be the finest native capital of India, and it is one of the few cities of the Orient laid out on a regular plan. Its main thoroughfare is two miles long and one hundred and ten feet wide, and this is intersected by other streets of the same width, with narrower ones crossing between them. The roads are as hard as stone and as smooth as a floor. All the plaster houses are painted pink, so that I feel in Jaipur almost as if I had strayed on to a stage set for a musical comedy.

Under the balconies of the houses are tiny shops in which are merchants selling the thousand and one things used by

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the people. Moving along the streets is a throng of natives and their beasts. Here is a little caravan of gaunt camels, ridden by bare-legged men in turbans who bob up and down as they rock on their way. There is a camel ridden by a woman. Her bare legs ringed with anklets are astride the hump and one eye peeps out as she directs the driver where to lead her mount. Here is another camel carrying stones and going along with his lip hanging down, pouting like a spoiled child. Up the street is an elephant. It belongs to the Rajah and its rider is one of the servants of the palace who is taking the beast out for exercise. There is a herd of donkeys, no bigger than Newfoundland dogs, and almost hidden under their heavy loads. Their drivers pound and yell at them as they urge them along without either bridle or rein. Here, too, are many humped bullocks, bearing on their backs panniers filled with hay, stone, or merchandise.

Now and then Arab horses come prancing by and as you look at them and their riders you have no doubt that there is wealth in Jaipur. What gorgeous costumes! These native nobles wear enough gold embroidery to deck all the diplomats at a White House reception. There are gold chains about their necks, and their arms and fingers are heavy with jewels. They have gold-embroidered turbans and vests of cloth of gold. Their bridle bits are often of silver. Each sits straight in his saddle, while the groom at his stirrup runs along shouting to the people to get out of the way.

The crowd on foot is as gay as that upon horseback. Here comes a party of singing girls dressed all in red and gold, chanting strange songs as they dance through the streets. Their silver bracelets and anklets jingle as they

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move. After them come Moslem maidens in short waists and garments like dirty red drawers that are wide at the waist, but taper down into tights at the calves. They have a saucy way of walking, like their kind the world over. There are working women also. Some of them are mending the road, breaking stones or carrying the crushed rock in baskets on their heads. A corps of brown men in waist-cloths, their skins glistening with sweat, are stamping the gravel into the roadbed, and as they do so a water carrier sprinkles the crushed stone with a thin stream from his water bag. Everywhere in India one sees these men, watering the streets or peddling water from house to house. Their bottles are each made of the whole skin of a pig, and as they pass you feel as if you had stepped back into the days of the Bible.

The best time to see Jaipur is in the evening, when the air is cooled and the sinking sun flushes the pink buildings to a deeper rose. Then along the wide main street booths are opened and hundreds of merchants spread their wares upon the pavement. Here for a block only shoes are for sale, and the turned-up slippers of the Mohammedan and dainty footwear of satin embroidered in gold are set out to await buyers. Here are a score of brass merchants, there a whole block is taken up with the fruit and vegetable sellers, and in the side streets carpenters are sawing away. Walking through long aisles of Hindus displaying the gaudiest cottons, we come to a Kashmir cloth merchant and haggle over a shawl. His stock includes shawls worth thousands of rupees, but some can be bought for a few dollars. He asks for all of them three times what he expects to get and in case you object is willing to throw up a coin and let head or tail decide the bargain.

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Most American visitors buy shawls in this part of India and after a sale is made the merchant invariably demands that a recommendation be written in his notebook. This he shows to other travellers, and I find scattered over India the autographs of many of my prominent fellow countrymen. At Delhi I saw an autograph of a man so noted that the merchant who had it at the bottom of a statement that his wares were good, told me that he had been offered one hundred rupees for it, and that he would not sell it for one hundred thousand rupees. Over another well-known signature is the testimonial that the writer finds a certain man's shawls good and he supposes they are cheap. The dealer at that stand tells me that this notable bought a dozen Kashmir shawls, saying he wanted to use them for making undershirts. These were of the kind called ring shawls, so fine that one can be pulled through a wedding ring. It must be nice to have an undershirt so filmy, and I can see the advantage of such a garment in the case of a man who travels with his extra clothing in his hat.

Over all these traders and other residents of the city, as well as over the more than two million souls in the state of which it is the capital, the Maharajah of Jaipur has the power of life and death. He lives in the pomp befitting such a potentate. His palaces here cover acres and in his gardens are silvery fountains and peacocks spreading their gorgeous feathers as they strut in and out of the court-yards. These courts are floored with marble, over which are scattered Persian rugs of great price. In one of the palaces I saw a billiard room the floor of which was covered with the skins of tigers and leopards. I passed from one to another of a series of small rooms filled with



Some of the wealthiest of the native princes keep elephants for ceremonial occasions. Until the completion of the carriage road from Jaipur to Amber, the Maharajah of Jaipur always furnished distinguished visitors with elephant mounts for the ride.



Indian entertainers are always on tour, and conjurers, acrobats, snake charmers, and monkey and bear leaders go about picking up a precarious living. The Indian acrobatic feats are really remarkable and may be classed with those of the Japanese.

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beautiful works of Indian art—carved ivory, jewelled and inlaid caskets, and enamels such as are made only in the state of Jaipur.

I saw also the outside of the zenana where His Highness keeps his numerous ladies, and then took a look at the stables. They are built around a space of six acres or more, and are heavily roofed to keep off the sun. The stalls are filled with fine stock. There are stallions from Arabia, America, and Europe, as well as some from different parts of India. The Maharajah has, besides, a dozen or more state elephants for use on ceremonial occasions. Some are of enormous size. Their tusks have been cut off and the ends bound with brass rings. These beasts are tattooed on their foreheads and ears in the patterns of a shawl. When they are brought out for the ruler they are covered with fancy trappings and have brass chains around their necks.

On my first visit to India I accepted the invitation of the secretary of the Maharajah to ride to the ruined city of Amber upon one of the royal elephants. He was brought around for me shortly before noon and at the command of the Hindu driver sitting on his head he knelt down so that I might mount to his back. I scrambled up a step-ladder into a cushioned saddle with bars around the sides, and the driver showed me how to hold on while the huge creature lumbered to his feet. He raised himself upon one leg at a time, and I bobbed back and forth like a ship in a storm. After we started, the motion was a swaying this way and that, and I became half seasick as we wound our way up the mountains. In front of me was the driver, with his brown legs clasped over the elephant's neck just back of the big, flapping ears. With a sharp

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steel hook he stirred up the great beast, and now and then made him trot.

After a time I got used to the motion, and when we were out in the country and climbing the hills I began to enjoy my strange ride. I had to watch out, however, for every now and then something made the elephant shy. At one place a monkey ran across the road and a long-tailed ape jumped through the branches just over our heads, whereupon my beast swerved and almost threw me out of my seat. At other places we saw wild peacocks, and among the trees wild hogs were feeding.

By and by we came to the ruined city of Amber, which long ago was the capital of Jaipur. It was once a magnificent city, with fine residences, big business quarters, and temples and palaces. But one of the rajahs of the past became dissatisfied with his surroundings and decreed that the capital should be moved down to the plains. Amber is now quite deserted and the monkeys play in its ruins.

The present Maharajah succeeded to the throne only recently. I do not know what he is worth, but he certainly has money to burn. When on one occasion his predecessor went to England, he is said to have spent a million dollars on the journey, besides giving away something like a half million dollars in charities during that trip. He chartered a special steamer which was fitted up with six different kitchens to comply with the varying caste requirements of his retinue. He took with him his own drinking water from the Ganges, and had a little temple built on the ship where he worshipped Rama, his divine ancestor. In his train were priests, servants of all kinds, several wives, and a troupe of Nautch girls, and when he

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reached London his cortège filled to overflowing the palace that the government allotted to him.

Indeed, the wealth of some of these native princes seems fabulous. In every jewellery store in the cities of India one finds flashy jewellery set with diamonds worth a fortune. At Calcutta I saw two amazing rings. One had a diamond of about the size of a hickory nut set around with a cluster of small diamonds as big as peas and the whole was affixed to a finger ring containing enough gold to make a hunting-case watch. In the other, the central stone was a ruby fully as big as a chestnut, and the diamonds about it were very beautiful. The settings of these rings were larger around than a twenty-five cent piece, and I asked the jeweller who would wear such gorgeous and unwieldy objects. He replied:

“Oh, we sell these to the rajahs. They want the most extravagant jewellery, and some of them fairly cover themselves with gems.”

The treasure of the Gaekwar of Baroda includes gun-carriages and cannon of gold and silver, containing two hundred and eighty pounds of precious metal apiece. In state processions these are drawn by white bullocks, covered with gold-embroidered trappings and with horns encased in silver. In this collection also is a great necklace containing the sixth largest diamond in the world and three pearls said to be valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

The richest of all the princes is the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose revenues are about fifteen million dollars a year. His palaces are enormous, and he has seven thousand retainers and servants. His courtyards full of elephants, camels, and horses, remind one of a page

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from the "Arabian Nights." The country ruled by the Nizam is more than twice as large as the State of Ohio. He is a Mohammedan, but the bulk of his thirteen million subjects are Hindus.

His collection of jewels is said to be worth thirty million dollars. He has the Nizam diamond, one of the finest stones of its kind, and in his realm is Golconda, the diamond-producing centre of the past.

There is a story that on one occasion the late Nizam of Hyderabad was walking with his small son, who expressed a desire for a red-tailed nightingale he saw on another small boy's wrist.

The Nizam turned to one of his courtiers. "Go buy that bird for seven hundred rupees," said he.

"Seven hundred rupees!" exclaimed the courtier. "Why, Your Highness could get it for a sixteenth of that sum."

His Exalted Highness frowned. "Indeed!" said he. "Go, pay the boy seven *thousand* rupees and bring me the nightingale and the receipt."

Another prince who has magnificent jewels and who lives in great state, is the Maharana of Udaipur, whose ancestors refused to mingle their blood even with that of a Mohammedan emperor. He claims to have the bluest blood of any of the native rulers and clings to all the old customs. Progressive rulers like those of Jaipur, Baroda, Mysore, and Gwalior, have spent their revenues on improving their domains, but Udaipur has no use for such modern ideas. He is an ultra-conservative, speaks no English, and never leaves India. On one occasion he heard that at a great durbar, or official gathering, to which he was invited, the Viceroy was to ride at the head of the procession with his wife on an elephant beside him.

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Udaipur declined to attend, for he would not lower himself by riding behind a woman. Instead, he sent a richly caparisoned elephant to walk in his place in line.

Because of his traditional descent from the sun god himself, the Maharana of Udaipur claims to outrank every human being in India. But the Nizam of Hyderabad, by virtue of having the most extensive territory, the biggest income, and the largest army of any native prince, claims that *he* is the premier native ruler. When King George V and Queen Mary came to Delhi just after their coronation, the Nizam asserted his right to lead the grand procession of princes which was to file past their Majesties. Udaipur declared that if he had to follow the Nizam he would not come. The situation was delicate, for the British cannot afford to offend the sensitive feelings of the more powerful of the native princes. Finally both the rulers' claims were satisfied; the Nizam led the procession, but Udaipur, as personal aide-de-camp to King George, stood on the dais beside the King-Emperor while the other princes of India passed in review. The man who thought of this happy solution was knighted.

The native states of India are scattered all over the country from Kashmir and Nepal in the Himalayas to the southern end of Hindustan. The princes and rajahs are supposed by the common people to have absolute power, but they are all to some extent under the control of the British and all have British advisers at their elbows. These princes may not make war or peace or send ambassadors to each other or to outside states. They are permitted to keep limited military forces as police, or for coöperation with the British government, but even the Nizam has only sixteen thousand soldiers.

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No European may reside at any of their courts without the sanction of the government, and in case of outrageous misrule, the British can come in and take charge.

Some few of the native states pay a cash tribute. Leading states, such as Hyderabad, Mysore, Baroda, and Kashmir, are in direct relations with the government of British India, while others are grouped under the direction of agents of the Viceroy. Sometimes for misconduct a ruler is deposed by the British, or he may lose his title of Maharajah, or the number of guns accorded him in salute may be cut down. Every rajah is extremely jealous of his quota of guns. One with a salute of less than nine guns may not be addressed as "Your Highness." It must gall the haughty Udaipur to have to get along with only nineteen guns, while the rulers of Gwalior, Hyderabad, Baroda, Kashmir, and Mysore are twenty-one-gun rajahs.

While many of the native rulers are extremely backward and some, like the Maharao of Cutch, boast that they spend nothing on public improvements, others are notably progressive. The late Baroda was tireless in his efforts to better conditions. The maharajahs of Gwalior and of Mysore are leaders of progress. The latter has hired experts, some of them Americans, to help him with his various projects, such as a great hydro-electric plant, a blast furnace, cotton and woollen mills, and irrigation works. He has granted his people representative institutions, and Indians claim that Mysore is as well administered as British India itself. Bangalore, the capital city, has such fine sanitation that it is practically plague proof. Yet this ruler is not a university graduate, has never been out of India, and is a fanatical Hindu.

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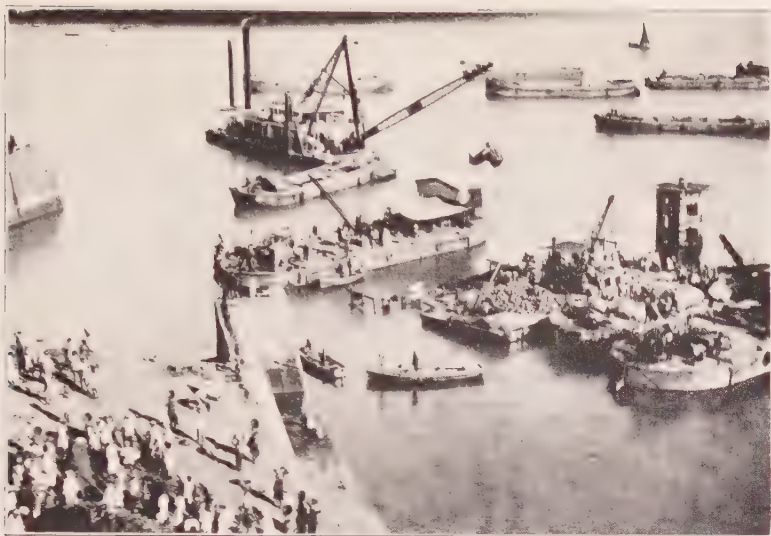
Quite a number of the reigning princes of India have been educated abroad, at Paris, or in England, or even in the United States. The late Gaekwar of Baroda sent his son to Harvard. The British virtually oblige the rajahs to send their sons to one of the four princes' colleges, which are situated at Lahore, Ajmer, Rajkot, and Indore. The most important of these is Mayo College at Ajmer, less than one hundred miles south of Jaipur. It is managed by a committee of native rulers and was founded in 1873 by Lord Mayo especially for the noble youth of Rajputana. In the United States the college would rank as a preparatory school with the standing of, say, Andover or Exeter. After completing the regular course a young man may take post-graduate work in the same institution equivalent to university training with us. The teaching is in English, Hindi, Urdu, Sanskrit, and Persian.

I was interested to learn that as taught at Mayo the multiplication table does not stop at twelve times twelve, but with twenty-five times twenty-five. Some of the two hundred young princes in attendance are under the care of tutors and all are allowed one servant, while some are granted more. Some of the wealthy ones have their own automobiles. Athletic exercise is compulsory and the masters try to inculcate the ideals of such British schools as Eton and Rugby.

When the East India Company began expanding its scope in Hindustan, the states under native rulers came gradually under British influence and the princes were usually confirmed in their possessions. This policy was more or less abandoned not long before the Mutiny of 1857 and in the régime of Lord Dalhousie, either because of failure of heirs or because of gross misrule, some of the states fell

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into the hands of the company. But when, following the Mutiny, the British Crown took over the management of British territory in India, Queen Victoria made a pledge to the Indian princes that they should be protected in their rights and dignity, and that the integrity of their domains should be preserved. So now when the nationalist agitators declare that the rajahs are bloodsuckers fattening on the poor, and demand their deposition, the British feel bound to protect the rulers from aggression. This is probably the main reason why the rajahs have remained loyal to the British during all the unrest of the last fifteen or twenty years.



Bombay has one of the finest open harbours in the Far East and is well equipped with docks and modern cargo-handling machinery. Via the Suez Canal it is nearer both New York and London than is Calcutta.



Within easy reach of Bombay are the principal cotton-growing areas of India, the third largest cotton producer in the world. Thousands of bales go out to the mills of England and Japan, returning as cheap calicoes for the millions of Hindustan.



Bombay policemen are forbidden to buy food when in uniform, as it was found they used to frighten tradesmen into lowering their prices. They evade this ruling by ordering supplies when on duty and paying for them later.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BOMBAY, WESTERN GATEWAY OF INDIA

I MADE the seven-hundred-mile journey from Jaipur to Bombay in less than twenty-four hours. Yet in that short time I seem to have been transported from one world to another. Jaipur with its wide streets of rose-coloured houses appeared to be dreaming away under the strong sunlight, unmindful of time and change. At Bombay I am in the industrial capital of Hindustan. The smoke of factory chimneys streams across its skies and ships from the four corners of the earth throng its port.

Its position in relation to the other big centres for sea trade, its harbour, and cotton have made Bombay a world port and a halfway station for all voyagers around the globe. Via the Suez Canal it is nearer New York and London than is Calcutta, on the opposite side of the Indian peninsula. Hence the bulk of our trade with India, as well as a large part of Great Britain's, is handled through this entrance on the western coast of the country. Sixty per cent. of Bombay's trade is with England, about twelve per cent. is with Japan, and about ten per cent. with us. We buy here such raw products as manganese for our steel and shellac for our varnish, and ship in iron and steel, machinery, dyestuffs, and paper. Some of our big industrial concerns, such as sewing-machine, typewriter, oil, and automobile firms, have their Indian headquarters

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at Bombay. There is quite a colony of Europeans and Americans, and their activities lend an atmosphere of western push and energy to this city of the Orient.

Near to or in easy reach of Bombay over excellent trunk lines of railway are the main cotton-growing areas of India, the third largest cotton producer in the world. For many years thousands of bales have been pouring through this sea gate to the mills of Manchester and Japan and coming back again as cheap cotton cloth for India's millions, while the growth of textile and other industries in the city itself has led to large imports of machinery and other manufactured goods.

Bombay has one of the finest open harbours in the Far East and the demand for factory workers has made wages in the Bombay district so much higher than those in other ports of India that it pays here to use the most improved cargo-handling machinery instead of human muscle. The Port Trust has built excellent docks with ample accommodations and modern equipment for the endless procession of vessels coming into or leaving its piers.

Like New York, Bombay lies on an island. This is twelve miles long, but very narrow, and is connected with the mainland by a causeway. Like Boston, the city has its Back Bay. It lies between the two points, Colaba and Malabar Hill. Along this bay, and fronting on the Esplanade Road, are the handsome public buildings that make Bombay so imposing to passengers on the incoming steamers. Architecturally, there is a considerable mixture of style and ornate decoration in the public offices, yet the effect of the whole is certainly impressive.

Along the shore of the bay runs Queen's Road, a fine

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boulevard leading out to residential quarters of the wealthy on Malabar Hill. Right on the point is the residence of the governor of the presidency, who, with the governor of Madras, ranks next to the Viceroy himself.

I am staying at the Taj Mahal Hotel, across Colaba Point from Back Bay. It is a huge building placed where it will catch any breeze that comes in from the sea. The rooms are as big and airy, I suppose, as they can be, but my quarters, like all Bombay, are hot, hot, hot. At any rate, there are electric fans everywhere, and the air circulates freely. The big windows have no curtains; they would be too smothery in this heat. The floors are cool tiles. Outside my door is a little recess where my servant sleeps. When I want him I clap my hands and he is here in a moment.

This afternoon when the heat has moderated I shall go out on the streets and join the crowds once more. The street scenes of this great meeting-place of the eastern world never lose their fascination for me. Here are Arab traders, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Negroes, besides all the various peoples of India—Afghans and Sikhs from northern Hindustan, Rajputs, Bengalis, Mahrattas, and many others. There is colour on all sides. The men and women wear orange, pink, blue, saffron, brown, purple, and red. Even the native carts are of bright hues and the horns of the small white bullocks drawing them are gaily painted. Everyone must have some kind of head covering as a protection against the sun, and there are turbans, caps, and hats of every cut and colour. One man says that at the races here he once counted fifty-odd different kinds of headgear in the crowd. Most noticeable of all are the glazed oil-cloth hats of the

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Parsees, which look somewhat like one of our high silk hats without any brim.

Among the Parsees, by the way, are the prettiest women of all India. They are slender and well formed, and have clear olive-brown skins, beautiful eyes, and fine, intellectual faces. Their dress consists of one large piece of silk, called a *sari*, gracefully draped around the body, and carried up over the top of the head so that the face is framed in the soft folds. Many of them, I note, have silk stockings and slippers to match the colour of their draperies. Most of the young Parsee girls dress like Europeans, except that they wear red caps embroidered in gold thread. In the teens they adopt the *sari*, which is always worn by the orthodox Parsee women in India, though some may put on French hats and gowns when travelling abroad. Some of their *saris* are beautiful and one may cost more than a thousand dollars. Many of them are made in the town of Surat, where handweaving and printing silks are the chief home industries. Though the Parsee men are often rather fine looking, their hideous hats and their preacher-like coats keep them from seeming as attractive as the women.

When one drives along the Queen's Road and sees the fine public buildings facing Back Bay, when he goes up to Malabar Hill with its houses set in ample grounds, or when he sits drinking tea on the terrace of the Yacht Club overlooking the harbour, it is hard to realize how the other half lives in Bombay. Indeed, not a half but more than three fourths of the people of the city are huddled into wretched hovels with scarcely room to breathe. Most of the more than a million inhabitants of Bombay are crowded into an area of about eleven square miles. The

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town grew up haphazard without regard to street planning or sanitation. The landlords, bent on getting the last cent they could from their properties, put up five- and six-story tenements consisting of mere nests of rooms, with but little attention to ventilation and light. No wonder Bombay has had a long history of terrible plagues in which tens of thousands have died like flies, nor that of every thousand babies born here six hundred and sixty-six do not live through their first year.

It is estimated that ninety-seven per cent. of the working class families dwell in one-room tenements, and according to a recent census, there is only one building for every twenty-two persons. In a single room, twelve by fifteen feet, there were found living six families, a total of thirty adults and children. To remedy such conditions the Bombay Improvement Trust was formed some years ago. This body has done much for better sanitation and is now embarked on a large enterprise for housing the industrial workers.

Thousands of the people who live in the overcrowded tenements are employed in Bombay's cotton mills. Of the two million persons employed in all the factories of India, a little more than six hundred thousand work in textile mills of one kind or another—jute mills, carpet- and rug-weaving plants, silk mills, and cotton mills. By far the greater number of these textile workers are in the cotton mills, and of the two hundred and eighty-one such factories in the Indian Empire, one hundred and eighty-three are situated in Bombay or its suburbs. These employ nearly a quarter of a million natives.

Cotton has been raised in India for centuries, and has been manufactured here for more than a hundred years,

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but it was our Civil War that gave the industry its first big growth. When England could not get cotton from our Southern States, she turned to India. In four years the value of the cotton export increased twelve hundred per cent. and Bombay enjoyed a great boom. Peace in the United States caused a great slump here, in which many fortunes were lost, but for the last thirty or forty years the Indian cotton industry has steadily grown.

The exports of raw cotton now amount to more than \$200,000,000 worth a year, while manufacturing has been so developed that India now makes a considerable part of the cotton goods she requires. She still imports, however, about \$234,000,000 worth of cotton manufactures, including twist and yarn. With more than 300,000,000 people all wearing cotton, the home market for India's textiles is enormous. Just over the way is China, with 430,000,000 who also wear cottons, and there is, in addition, a big market in Africa.

Indian labour, though cheap, is in many respects not so satisfactory as that available in Japan and it is far less efficient than that of English and American mills. The factory workers of Hindustan are underfed and have been for years. Discipline is difficult. For instance, while the workers come early to the factories, in many instances they knock off for the breakfast brought them from their homes any time between nine and eleven in the morning. Whenever the spirit moves them they stop for a smoke or a chat. In some mills the children come along with their mothers and play around the machines. In odd corners one may run across babies swung to cross beams in coarse hammocks, and at any minute their mothers may leave their work to attend to infantile demands. Often, too, the

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native factory hand retains an interest in a bit of land back in his home village, and at sowing and harvest times, or in the wedding season in June, off he goes, perhaps staying for months before coming back to the factory. In the Bombay cotton mills the proportion of absenteeism sometimes amounts to as much as seventeen per cent.

The natives seem unable to manipulate anything except the simpler machinery. The majority of the machine weavers of India handle two looms, whereas I am told that in England it is rare to find a weaver who cannot manage from eight to twelve looms of the same kind as those in use in the Bombay mills. It seems to be the general opinion here that it takes from four to six Indians to do the work of one American. It is therefore a question whether or not the native labour of India is really so cheap after all.

The employers complain of the high wages. They are higher than they were before the World War, just as living costs are higher, yet they certainly would not be considered exorbitant with us. The average daily earning of a man in the Bombay cotton mills is under forty-five cents, while the women receive about twenty-five cents. A weaver tending two looms gets sixty-three cents a day, while a man looking after but one may be paid thirty-three cents. The monthly income of an average working-class family in Bombay consisting of a man, his wife, and two children, is a little more than fourteen dollars of which nearly seventy per cent. must be spent on food alone.

One of the first acts of the Indian Legislature was to pass a factory law reducing the maximum working hours from seventy to sixty in a week and prohibiting night work for women. It also set the minimum age for employment of children at twelve years. This measure was

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based on the recommendations of the first International Labour Conference, held at Washington in 1919, and marked a big step forward in improving the condition of the mill workers of India.

Many of the mill owners have grown enormously wealthy. I heard of the president of one of the big mills apologizing at a directors' meeting for the fact that in the year covered by his report the business was paying only forty-two per cent. dividends. Such big dividends are not being realized to-day, yet I understand that the Indian mills are quite able to compete with those of England, Germany, and Japan, and still earn handsome profits on their capital.

The terrible poverty of India is not confined either to her farmers or her factory workers. This morning I had an illustration of how still another class feels its pinch. I was waiting at the post office to register a letter when I heard a quarrel going on among the clerks. The noise was so great that I went to the window and looked in. I saw there a big, fine-looking *Babu*, or native petty official, dressed in a long white coat and gold turban, cursing a lean Hindu in a cheap garb of white cotton. The *Babu* shook both his fists in the little man's face, and denounced his ancestors to the seventh generation. The little fellow protested and apologized; but the *Babu* only cursed him the louder and ended by shoving him back to his place at the sorting table. When I asked what the matter was the weighing clerk whispered:

"The mail is late and that clerk is partly the cause. It is not his fault, though. He is poor and has not had enough to eat. Hungry men cannot work fast. That man gets only fifteen rupees (five dollars) a month, and one cannot



Like New York, Bombay is built upon an island, and the influx of factory workers has crowded the native quarters almost past endurance. Three fourths of its population live in one-room tenements.



One reason that there are few fatal accidents from the deadly cobras used by the Indian jugglers is the fact that every day the snake-charmers force the reptiles to bite through thick cloth and thus expend their venom.

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buy much rice for that. It used to be better; but things are so high now that the poor have not enough."

The incident, together with what I had been hearing of wages and conditions among the factory people here, gave me food for thought. On the whole, I am not surprised that there are numerous strikes in Bombay or that this city at once so prosperous and so poverty-stricken should be a centre of unrest.

I was diverted a moment ago from such depressing reflections as these by the sound of a flute beneath my window. Stopping my writing, I looked out to see an Indian juggler on the pavement below. I tossed him a few annas so that he would go through his tricks. He gave his performance on the pavement without table, cabinet, or any of the paraphernalia of the American wizard. His equipment consisted of three small baskets, ranging in size from half a peck to a bushel, a couple of cloths, and a tripod of sticks. Three little wooden dolls with red cloths tied around their necks represented the gods that enabled him to do wonderful things. He was black-faced and black-bearded, and like all magicians, had his shirt sleeves pulled up above his elbows. His only assistant was a little turbaned boy.

He performed first the basket trick of India, one of the most noted juggling feats of the world. The boy's hands were bound and he was put into a net, which was tied over his head and enclosed his whole body so that apparently he could not move. He was then crowded into a basket two feet square, and the lid was closed and strapped down. The juggler took up a sword and made a few passes over it with the doll gods, muttering incantations as he did so. Then he thrust the sword again and again

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into the basket, and it came out red. There was a crying as though a child were in terrible pain. I held my breath and felt like pouncing on the man, though I knew it was only a trick. After a moment the cries ceased, the juggler made a few more passes, unbuckled the straps, and showed that the basket was empty. He called "Baba! baba!" and in the distance I heard the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword and where the blood came from I do not know.

The tripod was used for the mango trick. First the juggler poured water over a little pot of earth. Next he held up a mango seed about the size of a walnut and putting this into the earth he threw a cloth over the tripod and the pot. He blew on his flute, made mysterious passes, and after a few moments raised the cloth. There was a mango tree sprouting from the soil! More passes and more music followed and the cloth was pulled down again. After a few moments he drew out the pot and the plant had grown about a foot. Further watering and longer incantations, and his final triumph came in revealing a bush nearly a yard high, and covered with leaves. Uprooting this, he showed me the seed at the bottom.

The other day I saw a juggler do the snake trick. Asking me to hold out my hand, the man laid a piece of paper upon it. He then began playing his flute and staring as if he saw something near my hand. He danced around me like a wizard, playing all the time and keeping his eyes on my palm. Now he started back and pointed to it. I saw nothing and he only played louder and danced more wildly. Suddenly he dropped the flute but continued his dance, chanting as he whirled. He pointed to the paper again and then swiftly clapped his hand down upon it

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and pulled up three great snakes, which raised their hooded heads, darted out their tongues, and squirmed and wriggled as he held them up before me. I started back, for they were the deadly cobras. There were four other people with me, and we tried our best to ascertain how the thing was done. One of our party stood upon a chair and overlooked the juggler as he snatched up the snakes, but could not see where they came from. I only know that he had them and that they were so big that it was with difficulty that he crowded them into a little round basket the size of a peck measure.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE ON MALABAR HILL

ON MALABAR HILL, five miles away from downtown Bombay, are the finest homes of the city. The Britisher living in India wants nothing better than a bungalow on this palm-clad ridge cooled by the winds from the Arabian Sea. And yet the blue sky overhead is full of vultures and any morning he may find on his veranda the fingerbone of a baby or a man's big toe, which some carrion bird has dropped there in its flight. For here also are the Parsee Towers of Silence, upon which the fire worshippers of India lay the naked bodies of their dead to be eaten by the fowls of the air.

Of all the religions of this land of religions it seems to me that in many respects the faith of these Parsees is the strangest. Their name, meaning "Persians," is derived from the fact that in the eighth century they fled from Persia, which was then overrun by the conquering Moslem Arabs, and came down to Sanjan about sixty miles north of Bombay. Here they were kindly received by the Hindus. From their home country they brought the beliefs of Zoroaster, to which, with modifications, they have clung ever since.

Zoroastrianism was the religion of the Wise Men who followed the Star to the stable when Christ was born at Bethlehem. Five hundred years before that it was the guiding belief of Cyrus the Great of Persia. When Jerusalem

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was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, Zoroaster was a boy of twelve. He lived in northern Persia and the old Persian writings chronicle many miracles of his birth and life. After a period of preparation, he received at thirty a spiritual revelation of the one God, and came forth to reform the ancient creed of Persia. He was tempted again and again by the spirit of darkness, but always came off triumphant. His teachings spread all over Persia, where they were supreme until the Mohammedans suppressed them by persecution.

A white-haired, silver-bearded old Parsee here at Bombay tells me that one of the chief elements of Zoroastrianism is a conviction that the soul is immortal, and that all human beings are free moral agents, and therefore responsible. The Parsees believe in rewards and punishments, and that in this life we settle our future existence. As to the Parsee God, he is called the Doer, the Creator, and the Governor of the World. He is the emblem of light, and for this reason when the Parsee worships he stands before the sacred flame or turns his face to the sun as the symbol of the Almighty.

We have often heard the Parsees called worshippers of fire. In a sense this is correct, for they have fire always burning in their temples, but they worship it, as one of them told me, only as an emblem of the sun, the source of all life and hence the visible representation of God. The fire in the temples at Bombay is said to have been kept alive for hundreds of years. The hallowed flame was brought from the altars of Persia, where it was first lighted centuries before the Mohammedans conquered that country. With it the Parsees kindled their altars at Sanjan and later still they brought it with them to Bombay.

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Strangers are not permitted to see this fire. The Parsees regard their worship as too sacred to be viewed by outsiders, and they make no display of gorgeous churches or elaborate ceremonies. In some of their new temples they have started the fires by coals from a tree or building struck by lightning, and have fed them with chips and dust of sandalwood. I understand that they will not spit in a fire or blow out a light. For a long time many of them would not smoke tobacco, and some of the most orthodox have refused to serve in the fire department, not wishing to sin by putting out fires.

This worship of fire is by no means original with the Parsees. Our own ancestors of the long ago were worshippers of fire as representing the lightning and the sun. The Hindus had a fire god called Agni, and bowed down to it as a means of purification. Sacred fire is a feature of many of their domestic rites to-day, and at their weddings the bride and groom walk around a fire lighted by a priest. The Grand Mogul, Akbar, made his own holy flame by igniting a piece of cotton by the rays of the sun shining through a crystal lens, and all the fires of his household were started in that way.

The Parsee method of disposing of their dead is an outgrowth of their reverence for fire. Fire is too consecrated to be defiled with a corpse. By the tenets of Zoroaster, not only fire, but earth and water also must never be thus polluted. So the Parsees lay the bodies of their dead on towers out under the sky and the vultures pick them to the bone.

Malabar Hill, where the Towers of Silence stand, rises almost straight up from the sea. The place of the dead is covered with a beautiful garden and you walk up to it

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over well-paved roads shaded by tropical trees and bordered with flowers and shrubs. Winding through this luxuriant vegetation you reach at last a point from whence you can see far out over the Arabian Sea, and turning landward can view the whole of Bombay. Here among the trees at one side, shut off by an iron railing so that none but the priests may enter, are five circular towers as white as the bones that lie on their tops.

Each tower is about twenty-five feet in height and ninety feet in diameter. It is crowned with a grating which slopes toward the centre, where there is a well connected by drains with the sea. A small tower is reserved for the bodies of suicides. In each tower there are certain divisions for the different classes of the dead. One section is devoted to the bodies of men, another to those of women, and a third, the part nearest the well, to the corpses of children.

The bodies are carried into the towers by two bearded men dressed all in white and known as the carriers of the dead. At every funeral they take the remains and, entering the tower, walk up a flight of steps, and place the naked corpse in its proper section. After the flesh has been devoured by the birds, which do their gruesome work in less than an hour, the skeleton is left to bleach in the hot sun. When the bones are dry the carriers of the dead take tongs and throw them into the well, where they are left to crumble to dust.

These towers are well drained. The heavy rains of the tropics fall upon them, but the water goes off into the sea and there are filters below them filled with charcoal so that all is kept clean. Indeed, the bone dust accumulates so slowly that it has taken forty years to cover the bottom

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to a depth of five feet. There is absolutely no bad odour about this strange cemetery.

I shall never forget my visit to the Towers of Silence. None but the Parsees are supposed to go close to them and it was through a Parsee of high rank that I gained admittance to the enclosure. With one of the sextons, I made my way about through the paths of a park comprising perhaps sixty acres of trees and flowers. I was shown the Parsee temple and then taken to a place where I could get a view of the towers.

Each seemed to me a huge cylinder of white with a frieze, or coping, of big black birds. As I watched, the birds sprang into life. They raised their heads and craned their necks, and I thought they must imagine us corpse bearers. A moment later, a funeral made its way up the hill, and I saw that the vultures were gazing at it. In front came the two carriers of the dead, bearing upon their shoulders the body of a baby, which was clad in white. The carriers had their faces covered, and behind them came mourners in white clothing. All Parsees walk to their funerals, which are the same for every class and condition.

"Naked we came into the world and naked we must depart from it," said my old Parsee guide. "The bones of us all go into these reservoirs, and the flesh of rich and poor feed the same vultures."

As the procession drew near the birds grew excited. They flapped their wings and flew from one side of the tower to the other. Because of the slope of the grating I could not see the little body as it was stripped and laid in its place. Such sights are visible only to the carriers, but I could tell when it was exposed by the flapping of the wings



In the midst of the fashionable residence section of Bombay rise the low stone structures on which the Parsees expose the bodies of their dead to be devoured by vultures, for in their eyes, fire, earth, and water are too sacred to be polluted by corpses.



The Parsee women, descendants of the fireworshippers of ancient Persia, are the prettiest women of India. Unlike the Moslem and high-caste Hindu ladies, they are neither veiled nor kept in seclusion.

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of the vultures as they hurried over to the tower. The sight was a horrible one, but after all is this so much worse than our way of disposing of the dead? There is a movement among the more advanced of the Parsees to give up this practice, which has prevailed among them for centuries. They do not regard applied electricity as fire and I understand that at least some of them have been negotiating with an American company for the purchase of an electric crematory. I am sure such an innovation will be viewed with horror by the strictest of the Parsees.

The Parsee sect is managed by a *punchayat*, or council of elders, which controls more property than Trinity Church in New York. It has charge of all the church funds, amounting to more than two million dollars, and real estate holdings of great value. The Parsees are conservative and want to keep out of the fold converts not of pure Parsee blood. For example, the French wife of a member of a millionaire Parsee family became converted to her husband's religion and was received into the membership. Thereupon the bigots of the faith objected, and the trustees of the *punchayat* decided that converts might not worship in the Parsee temples or be laid in the Towers of Silence to have their flesh torn from their bodies by the vultures. The French lady stood upon her rights, bringing suit in the courts of Bombay to enforce them. The judges decided in her favour, and converts now come into the church under certain restrictions. One of the justices suggested that the outsiders might have separate temples and towers, and another protested that the verdict might open the church to undesirables and ruin the prosperity of the Parsee community.

There are only a little more than a hundred thousand of

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the Parsees, but they are a rich and powerful class. Four fifths of them are in the Bombay Presidency, while the rest are scattered throughout India. Their combined wealth aggregates untold millions. They are the financial kings of India and have to be considered in every big business undertaking in the country. They are noted for both their integrity and their progressiveness, and just now, when India is stirred up by the Nationalists, the fact that they stand by the government is of immense importance to Great Britain.

The Parsees are well educated, and many of them are graduates of colleges and universities. They maintain large schools for boys and girls at Bombay and other places in Hindustan for the education, not only of their own children, but of those of other creeds if they care to attend. One of the finest institutions in India is the Science Institute at Bangalore, in the native state of Mysore, which was founded by a wealthy Parsee to provide scientific training for young people.

Charity appears to be the very essence of the Parsee religion. From one end to the other India swarms with beggars, but not one of the mendicants is a Parsee. The whole sect would consider itself disgraced if one of their number should be reduced to begging. They give largely to public enterprises, and have spent millions on institutions for their own people. For instance, when one of the family of Wadias died, his bequests for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and the promotion of education among the Parsees amounted to more than five million dollars.

I drove to-day past the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Institute, founded seventy-five years ago by a Parsee of that name.

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He began life as a poor boy and died worth ten million dollars, a great part of which went to charity. He gave five million dollars to hospitals, colleges, and rest houses, and about one hundred thousand to this school. The government of India took charge of the gift and agreed to pay six per cent. upon it as a loan. Since then other Parsees have added to the endowment, and the capital of the institute is many times as large as when it was opened. The Parsees of Bombay are building sanitary houses for the poor of their communities, from which they expect only enough rent to get four per cent. on their investment.

Such charities are not confined to the men. Rich Parsee widows have made gifts that compare with those of Mrs. Russell Sage, and there are Parsee women whose generosity ranks with that of Helen Gould Shepherd. For example, one of the women of the Petit family gave jewellery valued at nearly half a million dollars to found a girls' orphanage. One of the Parsee givers of the past, whom we might compare with certain of our millionaire widows, was Motli Bai Wadia, who gave away a million and a half dollars in public charities, and almost two millions in private alms, and who built Bombay's first hospital for native women. Notwithstanding these gifts, she left a big fortune to her descendants.

The Parsees are much Europeanized and mingle with the British in the society of Bombay. Their women are not and have never been secluded, but go about just as freely as do our western wives and daughters, and have quite as dignified a position in their homes.

CHAPTER XXX

INDIAN CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

I HAVE just had a chat with one of the most progressive millionaires of all Asia. I refer to Sir Dorabji Tata, the head of the rich Tata family, and senior member of the Bombay firm of Tata Sons, Ltd. The Tatas own the Taj Mahal Hotel, the biggest in the Far East—and one of the most uncomfortable; they hold the majority of stock in the largest cotton mills of India; they have undertaken the greatest hydro-electric development in the country, and they run an iron and steel works employing more than twenty-five thousand men.

The Tata family is to Hindustan what the Mitsuis are to Japan, the Rothschilds to Europe, or the Morgans to the United States. They are millionaires, who make their money breed like Australian rabbits, and Midases whose touch seems to turn all things to gold. Their ancestors were priests of Zoroaster, and are supposed to have descended from the ancient kings of Persia. The Tatas were driven out of that country with the other Parsees and in India they drifted away from the priesthood and went into trade. At the time of our Civil War the great-grandfather of the present head of the family was a government contractor. In his day he made and lost several fortunes and gave large sums to charity and the support of his religion.

Jamsetjee Nusserwanji Tata, the grandfather of the man

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with whom I talked to-day, came to Bombay as a boy and engaged in general trading. He made money and invested in some of India's first cotton mills, and later on established spinning and weaving plants that revolutionized cotton manufacturing in India. He built mills not only at Bombay, but in different parts of the interior, and handled them so well that the stockholders got a large return on their money every year as well as stock dividends aggregating millions. From the earnings of one mill he paid back in profits more than thirteen times the original capital and he founded other enterprises equally successful. This man became a multi-millionaire and when he died he had interests in all parts of India, as well as in England, and in China, Japan, and other countries of the Orient.

The scheme for furnishing hydro-electric power to the cotton mills of Bombay originated with J. N. Tata, though it was put through by his son and grandsons. This development, which is constantly undergoing expansion, is in some respects one of the biggest water-power undertakings of the world. Its success is due largely to the Western Ghats, hills that rise two thousand feet above sea level within a short distance of the Arabian Sea. When the monsoon winds sweep inland from the ocean, the mountains force them to break into tremendous rains, while the table lands behind the range form an ideal catchment area.

At the suggestion of an Englishman, David Gostling, Mr. Tata got foreign experts to investigate the possibilities of a water-power project. This they did for six long years, during which both Tata and Gostling died. But the Tata heirs continued with the plan, formed a syndicate, and at

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last got the scheme under way. Now the rainfall stored in three lakes in the hills furnishes hydro-electric energy for lighting Bombay and running her mills and street cars. The development was carried on largely by American engineers, and the American formerly in charge is now a partner in the Tata firm.

Most important perhaps among all of the enterprises mentioned is the Tata Iron and Steel Company. I learned something of it in my interview with Sir Dorabji Tata, in his Bombay office. The steel works are situated at Jamshedpur, about one hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, and not far from beds of iron ore and coal. The plant was built by an American engineering firm of New York, and to-day some fifty of the most important executives are Americans.

The Tata company is one of the largest iron and steel corporations of Asia, and its future appears almost unlimited. India now consumes something like 700,000 tons of steel every year, much of which is imported. It annually buys about \$50,000,000 worth of railway steel and rolling stock, as well as machinery, hardware and tools to the amount of more than \$110,000,000. The government requirements alone are enormous. It operates eighty-seven large railway shops, and arsenals and dockyards employing altogether more than 100,000 men. All of these works feed on iron and steel. In addition, factories are now springing up in India, and they all need machinery. Besides the cotton mills, there are jute mills, sugar mills, and iron and brass foundries. At present Great Britain furnishes about all the machinery and mill equipment, most of the railway materials and the greater part of the iron and steel; but it seems certain that India

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will ultimately do far more of her own iron and steel manufacturing, thus providing employment for thousands of natives and increasing the wealth and prosperity of the country.

As it is now, the Tata plant, which employs more than twenty-five thousand men, is the biggest single enterprise in all India, and the only plant making steel. But it cannot yet meet India's requirements in steel rails, let alone supply the demand for other steel products. In fact, the combined output of the Tata plant and all other Indian iron works can take care of only a part of the available market. Consequently, there is plenty of room for expansion.

I asked Sir Dorabji Tata to give me the history of the beginning of the enterprise at Jamshedpur. Said he:

"Of course we investigated thoroughly before building the steel works. My father, you know, originated the idea. He took it up years ago with the hope of making this a great manufacturing nation. After some study of England he concluded that her industrial strength came from the development of her iron and coal. To find out whether India had similar resources he hired prospectors to go all over the peninsula. They found at last certain deposits that he thought might be used for pig iron. The available coal, however, was of a low grade and needed special treatment to fit it for coking. He offered prizes for the invention of suitable processes and when they were developed, he proposed to the government that it grant him concessions for starting the industry. But he could get no satisfaction and was forced to drop the matter. Twenty years later he succeeded in interesting Lord George Hamilton, then Secretary of State for India. Lord George declared

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that the government would be glad to aid him in such an undertaking, and so my father began his investigations anew, spending a hundred thousand dollars or more upon them in the last years of his life. We continued the work."

"What did you find?" I asked.

"Much that no one imagined existed," was the reply. "The Geological Survey had mentioned several iron deposits. We re-prospected the places designated until we had located deposits large enough for our purpose. My father went himself to the United States, where he engaged mining experts to come out and tell us whether it would pay to work the mines. The first deposits we examined were not far from Nagpur, and upon our arrival at that place we went into the Mineral Museum. As we looked at the specimens there, one of our American mining engineers observed some fine ore labelled with the location of the deposit.

"We sent to the place and discovered there two great hills of almost solid iron. The ore was between sixty-five and seventy per cent. pure, superior to the best of your ores, and the equal of almost any in the world. We reported this to the government geologists who claimed there must be a mistake. So they sent out their own investigators, who stated that the iron was even better than we had represented.

"At the same time," continued Mr. Tata, "we discovered deposits of good coking coal not far away, as well as limestone and the other essentials for making steel, and obtained concessions for the various deposits. The results you know."

Sir Dorabji and a few other Parsees tried to get British capital interested in their scheme. But London's shekels



The Parsee millionaires have done much to develop both the water-power and the cotton manufacturing that make Bombay the industrial capital of the Indian Empire. India now spins and weaves a considerable proportion of the cotton goods she requires.



The Royal Yacht Club is the great social centre for the British and American élite of Bombay, but no Indian, not even the richest or most cultured of the native princes, has ever been invited inside its doors.



Since Gandhi began to urge his countrymen to discard all phases of the "satanic" industrial civilization brought to India by the British, there has been a revival of interest in the ancient native handicrafts, particularly spinning and weaving.

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were not forthcoming and finally the Parsees turned to their own countrymen. No such appeal for capital had ever been made in India before, but the native princes and men of wealth responded at once with ample funds, and from that day to this all the capital required by the company as it has expanded has come out of Indian pockets. The Jamshedpur plant was opened for business just on the eve of the World War, and furnished steel rails for the military railways not only in Mesopotamia, but in Egypt, Palestine, and East Africa.

Twelve years after the first stake was driven for the iron and steel town at Jamshedpur its population numbered close to one hundred thousand. The Tatas are making a model industrial centre of their city, the planning of which was entrusted to an Englishman. Another Englishman serves as a kind of city manager, but for the most part Indians are employed where they can do the work. There are only about two hundred positions in the plant held by British or Americans, who are needed as supervisors of the furnaces and rolling-mills and in positions where special executive or mechanical abilities are required. Educated Bengalis and Madrasis, many of them Brahmans, are chiefly engaged in clerical, technical, and managerial work. Moslems from the Punjab, Pathans from the northwest border, and Sikhs are trained to do skilled manual labour. The bulk of the unskilled workers are Sontals, the sun-worshipping aboriginal inhabitants of the region, who as a rule are industrious and cheerful, though extremely ignorant and liable to violent outbursts of passion.

"Your works should succeed the better on account of the *swadeshi* movement," I said to the Parsee capitalist, re-

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ferring to the nationalist agitation for the use of made-in-India goods.

"Our products will be favoured by the Indians on that account," was the reply. "Our people will patronize home industries, and *swadeshi* goods will undoubtedly be purchased in preference to imports from abroad of the same quality and price."

At one time the Tatas seemed likely to have to meet stiff competition from the big Han-Yeh-Ping steel works at Hankow, China. But this company has not as good ore deposits as have the Tatas, and, besides, it got into difficulties. It borrowed a good deal of money from Japan, which had to be repaid by shipments of ore and pig iron to the Japanese who in this way got control of the only big iron and steel works in China. Japan looks to India also for some of her imports of pig iron. In a recent year we imported from India nearly twenty thousand tons of pig iron. These imports have given rise to considerable speculation as to India's future as an exporter of iron to America. She has inexhaustible supplies of cheap ore, and plenty of manganese, chromium, and coal.

Big native enterprises like those of the Tatas are bringing into circulation some of India's vast stores of hoarded wealth. This country has been called "the sink of precious metals" and the "money graveyard of the world." For twenty-five centuries gold and silver have been flowing into India to satisfy the craving of the people for tangible wealth to be stowed away in the earth, hidden in princely treasure vaults, or turned into bracelets, anklets, and other personal adornments. There are cases where natives have died of famine rather than break into their hoards for the price of food.

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Records kept by the British for nearly a century show that more than fifteen hundred million dollars' worth of gold has gone into India above what has come out again. Since Columbus discovered America India has absorbed one fourth of the world's silver production, and years ago an economist estimated the wealth locked up in the golden trinkets and silver adornments of the people of India at two thousand million dollars. Just think what such sums would mean if turned over to industrial undertakings!

As for the capital frozen up in precious stones, there seems no way even to guess at the amount. I venture that a view of the treasures of the native princes would convince any one of the great size of the total. Among them are some of the world's most famous diamonds and one ruler has a carpet of pearls, eight by ten feet in dimensions. Many years ago this was valued at five million dollars; it is worth much more now. I have heard that London bullion dealers carry an assortment of beautifully polished gold bars especially to satisfy the wants of the Indian princes. But now the Indians are showing a tendency to put their money to work for them and their country rather than to keep it hidden away. India appears to be at the beginning of a great industrial expansion, the pioneer work in which has already been done by the Tatas and other wealthy Parsees.

CHAPTER XXXI

JOHN BULL'S BIGGEST POLICE JOB

MANY government officials tell me that the army is John Bull's best paying asset in India. It is kept up without taxing his people at home, and it gives him a big fighting force which he has used in South Africa, in China, in Egypt and the Sudan, in Tibet and Afghanistan, and in France and the Near East, as well as in other parts of the world. Recently there were units of the Indian army serving the British Empire in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and colonial stations. These troops were, however, paid from the British exchequer while outside of India.

John Bull's hold upon India is the wonder of colonial governments. He has here a mixture of the most turbulent and the most peaceful peoples on earth. He has some whose religion teaches them it is their duty and business to prey on and plunder their fellows; and millions who have feuds with one another and who would fight to the death except for the strong arm of the British.

Nevertheless, Great Britain controls and protects the country with a military force averaging a little less than one soldier to each thousand people. The whole army, including both British and natives, numbers only about three hundred thousand men. The ratio between the British and the native troops is ten English to twenty-five Indian soldiers.

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One reason the British can maintain control with so few troops in such a large territory and among so many alien people is the fact that of India's three hundred and twenty millions, only about twenty-five millions have to-day any strong warlike spirit. It is from these that the Indian army is chiefly recruited. Among them are the Gurkhas, the Rajputs, and the Sikhs; the Mahrattas, mountain people of the western coast; the Jats, strict Hindus; and the Pathans of Afghanistan. A Pathan infantryman was the first Indian to be decorated with the Victoria Cross, which, until the World War, had never been granted to a native soldier.

Some of the best of the fighters are the little Gurkhas from Nepal and Sikkim. They are on the average only about five feet tall and an exception to the minimum enlistment height of five feet four inches is made in their case. After the Gurkhas were thoroughly beaten by the British just about the time of our War of 1812, they conceived a great respect for their conquerors and enlisted in large numbers in the Indian Army, in which they have made fine soldiers. The Germans have cause to remember hand-to-hand trench warfare in which the Gurkhas used their terrible *kukris*, crescent-shaped, razor-edged knives, against the foes of Great Britain.

In contrast to the little Gurkhas are the tall Rajputs, whose name is derived from the Sanskrit for "King's Sons," or "Men of Royal Descent." They are a survival of the ancient military caste and are said to trace their ancestry back to the Sun dynasty. The Moguls had a hard time subduing them. They are fine, muscular fellows with fierce moustaches turned upward and sometimes looped behind the ears.

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Among the Rajput warrior princes was Sir Partab Singh, the regent of Jodhpur. When the World War broke out he was about seventy years old, yet he offered his troops and his services. The Viceroy urged that a man the age of the prince should stay at home, but the warrior replied that he would sit on the steps of the Viceroyal Lodge at Simla, refusing food and drink until he was permitted to go to France with his men. Convinced that the old man meant what he said, and that such a performance would cause a commotion throughout India, the Viceroy consented and not long after Sir Partab Singh led his Lancers overseas.

The Sikh soldiers generally stand out because they are cleanly in person and usually taller than the other Indians. They wear immense turbans of white or some light colour, some of which bear the sharp-edged steel quoit that their forefathers used to hurl at their enemies in battle. The Sikhs number some two millions and come from the Punjab. The sect was founded in the fifteenth century by a peasant religious teacher who proclaimed a pure form of Hinduism, denouncing both idolatry and the caste system. During the next three hundred years the Sikhs became a powerful military order, whose fighting men regarded death on the battlefield as a passport to salvation and never showed their backs to an enemy. For a time during the early days of British occupation they gave a great deal of trouble, but later settled down and became the most loyal soldiers in the Indian Army. One of the serious phases of the present unrest in India is the fact that through the trouble at Amritsar in April, 1919, the British lost the friendship of the Sikhs.

Because of some disorders in the district, Sir Michael

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O'Dwyer, governor of the Punjab, obtained from the Viceroy a proclamation of martial law. All gatherings were forbidden, suspects were imprisoned, and there was generally a bad state of affairs. The crowning horror occurred at Amritsar, the stronghold of the Sikhs. About two thousand men and women were gathered in a meeting in a square surrounded by tall houses, when Brigadier-General Dyer arrived with about a hundred soldiers. These he posted on a ridge commanding the shut-in space and after ordering the mob to disperse, told his men to shoot. A fearful scene ensued, and the place was strewn with wounded and corpses before General Dyer gave the order to cease firing. According to the official accounts, three hundred and seventy-nine were killed and several times that number were wounded. Governor O'Dwyer wired his general that he had done exactly right, but later the British government censured the conduct of both men and retired them from further service. Still, General Dyer was presented with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars raised by public subscription from friends and admirers and in some quarters he was lauded as a saviour and protector of the British.

The "Punjab wrongs" decided Gandhi to start his campaign of non-violent non-coöperation, which has made John Bull's police job in India so extremely difficult. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born of well-to-do parents and had a university education in London. His father and grandfather before him were leaders of the people and he began his career as a champion of the Indians in South Africa where he practised law for a number of years. When the World War broke out Gandhi and his wife, whom he had married when he was twelve,

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went to London to organize an Indian ambulance corps. Like many other leaders, he hoped that in recognition of India's services to the Allied cause the British would grant self-government in India as soon as the war was over. When this was denied, there was a burst of indignation all over India and Gandhi became the leader of the agitation for *swaraj*, or home rule.

The way to gain this end, Gandhi thought, was by a policy of non-coöperation. Non-coöperation meant, among other things, giving up titles of honour and honorary offices under the British government, taking no part in government loans, boycotting government schools, refusing to accept any military or civil post, and conforming to the doctrine of *swadeshi*, or patronage of home industry. Gandhi considered *swadeshi* the most important of all. He declared that English manufactures had ruined local industries and were draining the resources of India at the rate of more than twenty million dollars a year. He reminded his fellow-countrymen of how in the days of the East India Company the native handwoven cloths had competed so successfully with the British goods that in 1701 the sale of India's calicoes in England was forbidden by law. Then when the power loom and spinning jenny were invented Hindustan became an importer of cotton goods and dependent on the British mills. Go back, said Gandhi, to the old handweaving crafts and wear only cloths made in India. His emissaries went about setting up their looms in the market places and singing the old spinning songs of India as they wove before the crowds. A certain kind of cap of coarse homespun, or *khaddar*, became the sign of Gandhi's followers, who multiplied all over the land. Women,



Day or night, the British flag has never come down from the staff on the ruins of the Residency at Lucknow since it floated there throughout the eighty-seven-day siege of the garrison by native mutineers in 1857.



Most important of the "Gates of India" on the northwest frontier is the strongly guarded Khyber Pass through which in times gone by, conquering armies of Aryans, Tartars, Moguls, Persians, and Afghans have invaded the plains of Hindustan.

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even wives of well-to-do Indians, adopted *saris* of *khaddar*. Thousands of yards of imported cottons were burned on the docks at Bombay.

Although Gandhi stood firm against violence, after a time riots began to break out. Finally he was tried and sentenced to a term of six years' imprisonment. On account of ill health, he was freed early in 1924, after he had served but one third of his term.

During his imprisonment the non-coöperation movement waned and when he was freed, though he was still the adored spiritual leader of his countrymen, he was no longer their political dictator. Political leadership had passed to more practical men, who have continued to press for *swaraj*, or "India for the Indians."

Among the native leaders there is great dissatisfaction with the way in which the army in India is financed and managed. They do not want it to be considered as a branch of the army of defence for the British Empire, and seek legislation to prevent its serving outside India. They maintain that it should be for the protection of India alone, and that, moreover, it should become more and more Indianized. As it is now, British officers have all the higher positions and Indian officers, no matter what their age or length of service, must often take orders from raw subalterns just out from "Home." Steps have been taken toward satisfying the demands of the native leaders. King's commissions have been granted to a number of native officers serving in the regular Indian Army and Indian cadets are now qualifying for commissions at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England. At Dehra Dun in the United Province has been established the Prince of Wales' Royal Indian Military College, a pre-

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paratory military school for a limited number of Indian boys who may wish to go to Sandhurst.

One item of army expense that the Nationalists especially resent is the cost of sending the British soldiers up to the hills in the hot weather. This, the government maintains, is absolutely essential as the British are not accustomed to the Indian climate and cannot keep in good condition without this change. The government also justifies its expenditure of almost half the Indian budget for the maintenance of the army by pointing to the fact that nowhere else in the world is a population of three hundred and twenty millions defended at so low a cost.

As to what the army means to India, a general whom I met at Calcutta said:

"If the British rule were removed for a week, India would relapse into a state of anarchy. The Mohammedans would sweep down on the Hindus, and the Gurkhas would loot and massacre the people of Bengal. The only salvation for India is in a strong power in control."

And not long ago one of the northern native chiefs said in this connection:

"I should like to see the British leave. If they did I would take half-a-dozen regiments, and within three weeks there would not be a two-anna bit left on the plains of the Ganges. We would loot the Bengalis and capture their women. I tell you it would be sport."

Undoubtedly without the British the modern structure of trade and distribution that has been established would break down. Disaster and famine would follow, for example, if the irrigation systems, port works, and railroads were to become disorganized. At present, at any rate, it looks as if the British alone were capable of han-

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dling the situation and keeping a balance between the various princes, creeds, and peoples.

I am told that the agitators do all they can to stir up sedition in the army. Anarchistic publications are smuggled into the native barracks, and attempts are made to create dissatisfaction among the troops. Though the soldiers are loyal and stick to the British, nevertheless they have been thinking hard since the Russo-Japanese War. To the Oriental it was a great surprise that the Japanese beat the Russians. It was the defeat of the white man by the brown man. Then the question arose among the fighting classes of India: "If the Japanese were victorious why should not the Indians be, too, in some great war of the future?" Yet the Indian troops stood by the British in the World War, to the great surprise and chagrin of the Germans. As a German newspaper of 1915 put it: "We expected that the whole of India would revolt at the first sound of the guns in Europe, but behold, thousands and tens of thousands of Indians are fighting with the British against us."

In addition to the army, India has a large civil police. Every town has its local watchmen, every city is patrolled by police, and, on the whole, order is fairly well kept. The watchmen are under the eyes of the headmen of their villages, and major crimes are reported to the district authorities. In the big towns there are police commissioners and at the stations lists are kept of released convicts, suspected characters, and habitual offenders. Such persons are carefully watched and when they move their records follow them.

Upon such lists are the names of the descendants of the thugs and others who made crime a business. The

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Kuru Marus, professional thieves and pickpockets, still flourish. They rob houses, not by entering through the doors or windows, but by digging through the mud walls. In many cases, I have been told, individuals employ a member of the thieves' caste as a watchman, holding him responsible for any theft that occurs. As a rule, he makes no attempt to keep awake, but sleeps on the premises, for he knows that it is contrary to caste rules to rob a place where one of the thieves' caste is on guard.

The thugs have about disappeared. This clan of assassins first strangled and then robbed their victims, who were offered to Kali, their patron goddess. They had maps of the country on which were indicated murder stations, or places where a thug could kill with least danger of discovery. They murdered by wholesale. In one of the trials a certain thug confessed that he had been engaged in nine hundred assassinations.

The road poisoners of to-day are said to be the descendants of or allied to the thugs. They work in small gangs, following pilgrims and travellers and administering poison so that they may be able to rob. One of the most common drugs used is *nux vomica*, and another is the native *dbatura*, which produces insensibility and death. The latter, which comes from a plant common throughout the country, is one of the famous poisons of ancient India, and kills without leaving trace of the cause of death.

Poisoning has always flourished in India. The legends of the gods are full of the custom, and love charms and death charms may still be bought. The tanners used to poison cattle for the sake of their hides by placing arsenic in their feeding troughs; and within recent times an at-



Even the poor seller of live peacocks has a lower caste porter to help him in handling the birds. Peacocks are native to Ceylon and India, where the young birds are considered a table delicacy.



Many Europeans spend their summers in houseboats along the Jhelum River in Kashmir. In the valley grow most of the vegetables of the western countries, as well as pears, peaches, apples, and cherries equal to our best.



Nowhere does one get such service as in India, where a British hostess has three servants to one "at home," but housekeeping is complicated by the caste rules which limit the duties any one domestic is willing to perform.

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tempt was made to poison an army official with diamond dust mixed with arsenic.

However, law and order are now better established in India than in any other country of Asia, with the exception of Japan. There are courts everywhere, and every native has the right to bring suit. The Hindus are fond of litigation, and spend freely in defending their rights. Something like two million civil cases are instituted each year. The civil justices and the majority of the magistrates are natives, and the native lawyers, many of whom are graduates of the universities, are both able and efficient. There is a regular system of appeal courts, and there are also supreme high courts, from which appeals may be made to the privy council in England.

I have been told that two facts alone prove how well John Bull has handled his police job in India. One is that for more than one hundred and fifty years no conquering army has swept down through the gaps in the Himalayas; the other, that the natives generally prefer to be tried by a British rather than an Indian judge.

CHAPTER XXXII

HUSBAND HUNTING AND THE SOCIAL TUG OF WAR

THE British in India are almost as provincial as the people of London and seem to think theirs is the only nation on earth. At a dinner in Government House at Rangoon, the charming lady beside me was the daughter of an important official, and, from the British standpoint, well educated. When she learned that I was from the United States, she said she knew all about our country from her brother, who had just travelled through it.

"Where did he go?" I asked.

"He landed in Montreal and rode for days across country to Vancouver. That is a big city, the chief place on the west of your continent. When he came back he stopped in another large place, called Chicago. He visited most of the settlements of the United States, and remained a long time in one at the north. I wonder if you have ever heard of it? He called it Minnie something."

"You must mean Minneapolis?" said I.

"I think so. I knew it had something to do with fruit."

"I did not say Minne-apples—but Minne-ap-o-lis."

"Yes, I think it was Minneapolis. I know the first word was Minnie. Is it much of a place?"

Whereupon, I told her that Minneapolis was one of the greatest cities of the world, that it was the flour barrel

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of John Bull, and that it had been feeding the English for a generation or more. At this she raised her eyebrows, and I could see that she did not believe me.

My pride received another blow the other day when I spoke to a minor official of the wealth of our great West and referred to Chicago and its big banking houses. As I started the man interrupted me by asking in a surprised way: "And do they have banks in Chicago?"

As a rule the British officials in the Indian Empire are men of fine education. Most of them are graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, and many are officers of the British Army. The majority come from the better classes of society, and some from the nobility. As to things Indian they are well posted; and nowhere will you find a civil service with higher standards. The average official certainly knows his job; yet he appears abysmally ignorant of things beyond it. For example, one day I was talking in Calcutta with a prominent Britisher with a Sir to his name. He was speaking of the enormous irrigation schemes of the British in India, and then asked me if we had irrigated lands in the United States, saying he could not see why a land so well watered should need them. I described the Rocky Mountain plateau and mentioned the vast sums we have spent on reclaiming the western deserts. I referred also to irrigation in Canada, especially to the great undertaking at Calgary, where the Canadian Pacific railroad turned the Bow River upon fifteen hundred thousand acres of arid lands and made them yield like the fertile valley of the Nile. Upon that the Britisher exclaimed:

"Indeed! I thought Canada was a wet country! Fifteen hundred thousand acres! I had no idea there were any

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such works in the world! I wonder if you are certain as to your figures?"

"I know, for I have been there," said I. And His Excellency was polite enough to pretend to believe me.

The English have brought with them to India their love of sports. Every city has its clubs, and the larger places have race tracks, polo grounds, and golf courses. Native teams sometimes take part in matches, especially polo, which originated long ago in India and is still supported by the rajahs and other wealthy Indians. Every big army station has its polo grounds and every officer who can afford the sport has his polo ponies. Horse races are run with gentlemen riding their own mounts. There is plenty of cricket and football, and as for hunting, that is one of the chief pastimes of the British. The game available includes everything from elephants and tigers to wild fowl and hare. The rajahs often organize hunts for their guests and to the man properly introduced in India every sort of diversion is open.

During the season there are dinner parties, dances, and private theatricals at all army stations. It seems to me that on most matters of etiquette and dress, society here is even more rigid than in London. Every one who gives a dinner has to be careful how the guests are seated, or else those who should be last may come first. I have heard of one rajah who actually fainted because he was not placed as near the head of the table as he thought he should have been. The members of the Indian Civil Service and the army officers rank at the top. After them come the men of big business, manufacturers, lawyers, planters, and missionaries, but not the shopkeepers, who are of a class by themselves.

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The military and the civil classes are always jealous of each other, and every social centre is a hotbed of their rivalries. The position of a family is usually governed by the office held by the man of the house. In the higher positions the salaries are ample enough for one to entertain comfortably, but the military men are not so well paid as the civilians. Still, as a rule the army officers have larger clubs, more fun, and less formality.

There are two social seasons in India—one in summer, when everyone who can possibly afford to do so goes to the highlands, especially to the summer capital, Simla, and the other in the winter.

The winter season is so lively that it even attracts *débutantes* and *post-débutantes* of Great Britain. There is a constant influx of young maids and old maids, several hundred well-bred girls coming out every year to stay with friends or relatives. These girls have good letters of introduction, which help them in the pursuit of husbands. Many of them, I understand, have been unsuccessful at home, and have been sent to India as a last resort. Some succeed in marrying and remain. Those who have to go back still unwed are spoken of as “returned empties.” It is said that at the first of each season a list of this invading army of husband hunters is made up by the gossips. Each girl is assayed, and her record, including the amount of her fortune, if any, is examined. All this information is set down and secretly passed around to the bachelors of the military and civilian sets.

Among the social features of every winter are the masked and fancy-dress balls. I attended one such ball held at Government House in Calcutta. It seemed as if all the characters of the world had stepped from the pages of

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history and were going mad in the dance. I noticed a convict in chains gliding across the floor with a sombre-gowned sister of charity. There was Old Mother Goose, with her broom and cocked hat, arm in arm with a silk-clad Chinese mandarin. One girl was decked out as a carrier pigeon in a dress made of iridescent feathers. Another was labelled "Dresden china," and a third was Galatea. One woman, covered with native newspapers, represented the press, and editorials about the prevalent unrest could be read on her back. And then there were Burmese noblemen, Japanese *daimios*, and priests of every religion. As I walked through the crowd, observing the fresh, rosy faces of the English girls, I asked how they were able to keep their colour out here in the tropics. The reply was:

"Oh, they spend nine months of the year in the Himalayas, and come to Calcutta only during the winter. Some of them go home every few years, leaving us men here to work. I assure you, India is not a bad place for a woman, if she has an easy-going husband and money to spend."

They tell me that marriage is an expensive luxury in India, especially in the cities. House rents in Calcutta are high, an establishment of ten or twelve rooms in a good location costing about four hundred dollars a month. A small apartment of six rooms rents for one hundred and fifty dollars. Fashionable couples must entertain a good deal and every wife must have her long summer vacation at Darjeeling, Simla, or some other hill station.

Keeping house in India seems cheap until you understand the conditions. Servants get almost nothing in comparison with domestics in the United States. One can

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hire fair cooks for ten dollars a month and housemen for seven. The trouble is that, mainly because of the caste rules, the Englishman has to employ a dozen servants in India where he needs one at home. The man who serves at the table will not wash the dishes; the man who washes the dishes will not make the beds; he who makes the beds will not sweep the floor or bring water; while the one who brings clean water will under no circumstances carry out the dirty water. The cook will not clean the pots and pans, and so it goes. If you keep horses, you must have a groom to each animal, and a man to cut grass for every two mounts. Every child must have its own nurse. The servants are nearly all men, the women acting only as ladies' maids and sometimes as nurses.

As to food, it is expensive when the quality is considered. Meats are invariably poor, and the fowl generally tastes like frayed rope. Eggs are occasionally fresh, although little larger than the big white alleys with which I used to play marbles.

The ordinary meals here are tea, bread, and butter upon rising, which is called *chota hāzri*, or "little breakfast." There is a second breakfast at about ten o'clock, luncheon comes between two and three, and dinner along about eight. Late in the afternoon everyone takes his carriage or motor and goes driving, stopping at the clubs to listen to the music, to meet friends, and have tea.

One of the big items of expense in India is the commission one must pay on all he buys. The ten-per-cent. rake-off demanded by servants often comes to more than their wages. If you order a cab your servant wants his commission, and if the cabman takes you to a native merchant he expects to get his percentage on what you

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purchase. The merchant makes his prices accordingly. The cook gets a commission on all the food that comes into the house, and the hostlers feed fat on your grass, corn, and oats. It is the same with the butler. He gets his tip from every native who calls upon you, and if your major domo is not feed your caller may cool his heels indefinitely and you will not get his card.

In this connection I talked the other day with a British commissioner in one of the most important Indian provinces. Said he:

“My very doorkeeper makes money off my official callers. When a native appears and asks to see the commissioner, the doorkeeper will say that the *sahib* is busy. The native knows what he means and he will drop eight annas or a rupee into his hand. He is then introduced to the chief clerk, and he may have to pay five rupees more before he gets farther. If he does not offer to pay he will probably be told to call around to-morrow, and it may be days before he can get in to see me. We know what goes on, but cannot prevent it.”

Very few natives are admitted to the circles of British society. The average Englishman regards the Indian as an inferior and will not allow him to be a member of his club, or to come to his house as a guest. This is especially true of the middle-class British business men, for the officials must not let their feeling of superiority become apparent.

Not even Parsees may become members of the Bombay Yacht Club, one of the finest clubs in the British Empire. It admits no Indians, not even highly educated rajahs, and, in fact, I understand that no Indian has ever been invited inside its big, cool rooms. It was the extreme exclusive-



On the slopes above Simla, high in the foothills of the Himalayas, are homes of some of the British, who come here to escape the summer heat.



Educated women, like this Hindu professor's daughter, are beginning to play a part in the affairs of India. The number of girls in colleges, though still small, has greatly increased in recent years, and there is a well-organized movement for woman suffrage.

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ness of this club, which is naturally somewhat offensive to leading Indians, that led Lord Willingdon, a recent governor of Bombay, to found the Willingdon Club. In this Parsees, Hindus, and Moslems, as well as Englishmen are eligible for membership.

The British say that they are not wholly to blame for the social barriers between them and the upper-class Indians. With few exceptions the well-born Indian ladies are *purdah* and hence have no social contacts with men other than their husbands and members of their families. Furthermore, the Indians have, as a rule, such a poor opinion of women generally that the Westerner does not care to expose members of his family to their contempt. Again while a high-caste Hindu may play bridge all night with a party of Englishmen, he hesitates to eat at the same table with them and, if he does so, usually performs ceremonial ablutions to make up for having broken the rules of his caste.

The Anglo-Indians, or half-breed offspring of Indians and Europeans, form a social class by themselves. Many are half Portuguese, others half French, and others half British. There are also Indian mulattoes and octoroons. But whatever the mixture of blood, it is considered a disgrace by both native and foreigner, and such persons are not received in either British or Indian society. There are about two hundred thousand Anglo-Indians, many of whom are clerks. Some go into trade and make money, and now and then one rises to distinction. But always they flock by themselves, having their own society with customs patterned after those of the British.

THE END

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